* April 17, 1937

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents Checked

LIVE BAIT
CONTAINS LEAD
ETHYL

"Road's pretty bad this time o' year... better use Ethyl!"

1 You get more anti-knock fluid (containing lead tetraethyl) at pumps marked "Ethyl" than you get in the best regular-grade gasoline.

2 You get all-round quality (including quick starting) that is *double-tested*—by the oil company and by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

3 You get 100% performance from your high compression engine.

4 You save on oil as well as gas by preventing knock and overheating.

NEXT TIME GET ETHYL . . . A BETTER RUN FOR YOUR MONEY

Chateau Wedding

The bride in daisy-white organza. Camille bonnet.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF
GOODMAN
FIFTH AVENUE at 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 24.]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse—Not very amazing, but, as a study of a doctor who takes on robbery as a hobby, interesting. Sir Cedric Hardwicke is the doctor. (Hudson, 44, E. BRyant 9-5582. Mat. Thurs.)

Boy Meets Girl—Second year of one of the funniest of the Hollywood lampoons. (Cort, 48, E. BRyant 9-0046. 8:50 P.M.)

Brother Rat—Life at Virginia Military Institute, which seems to amuse a great many people. Frank Albertson, Jose Ferrer, and others. (Biltmore, 47, W. CHickering 4-5161. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Thurs. Extra Mat. Tues., Apr. 20, for the Actors' Fund.)

Candida—Katharine Cornell's revival of the Shaw play, with Robert Harris, Kent Smith, and Mildred Natwick. (Empire, B'way at 40. PEnnsylvania 6-9541.)

Dead End—Second year on Broadway. (Belasco, 44, E. BRyant 9-5100. Mat. Thurs.)

The Eternal Road—A really impressive spectacle, whether you care about the Exodus or not. Max Reinhardt and Norman Bel Geddes arranged it, and outdid themselves. (Manhattan Opera House, 34, W. of 8 Ave. WIsconsin 7-4294. Extra performances Sun. Aft. and Eve.; no performance Mon. Eve.)

Excursion—A delightful tale of a Coney Island steamer which goes berserk and almost makes Trinidad. Whitford Kane, Frances Fuller, Shirley Booth, Jennie Moscowitz, James R. Waters, and others. (Vanderbilt, 48, E. BRyant 9-0134.)

Having Wonderful Time—Love life among the campers at Camp Kare-Free, and just about as nice a play, with laughs, as you will find in town. Jules Garfield, Katherine Locke, and others. (Lyceum, 45, E. BRyant 9-0546.)

High Tor—There is no way to explain what this is about, because it combines high jinks with highfalutin' language, all by Maxwell Anderson, but, in general, there are Dutch ghosts and Nyack crooks, all on the same mountain. Burgess Meredith, Peggy Ashcroft, and Charles D. Brown. (Martin Beck, 45, W. PEnnsylvania 6-6100.)

King Richard II—Maurice Evans giving an outstanding performance as the abdicating king in Shakespeare's hitherto little-known (to Broadway) play. (St. James, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-4664. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Apr. 25, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

Marching Song—An extraordinarily expert production of a proletarian drama of strikes and strikers in the automobile district. (Bayes, 44, W. BRyant 9-3648.)

The Masque of Kings—This is the story of the young Hapsburg prince who was found dead with his mistress in the hunting lodge at Mayerling in 1889. Maxwell Anderson has an ingenious solution to the mystery and the Theatre Guild has given it a good production. (Majestic, 44, W. CHickering 4-3141. Mat. Thurs.)

Storm Over Patsy—A mild little comedy about a dog who didn't pay his licence fee, achieving considerable fun in the third act. Sara Allgood, Ian McLean, Roger Livesey, Claudia Morgan, and Leo G. Carroll. (Guild, 52, W. COlumbus 5-8229. Mat. Thurs.)

Tobacco Road—Fourth year. With James Barton. (Forrest, 49, W. LAckawanna 4-6890.)

Tovarich—A hilarious impossibility, dealing with the familiar figures of Russian nobles washing dishes in exile, but in a delightfully abandoned fashion. Marta Abba and John Halliday lead the fun-making. (Plymouth, 45, W. LAckawanna 4-6720.)

Victoria Regina—Helen Hayes still attracting crowded houses. (Broadhurst, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-1515. 8:30 P.M. No performance Mon. Eve.; Mats. Tues. and Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

The Women—Not a man in the cast, but, oddly enough, this tale of New York-Reno life doesn't need one. Margalo Gillmore, Ilka Chase, and lots of others, all good. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CHickering 4-2728. Extra Mat. Fri., Apr. 16, for the Actors' Fund.)

Yes, My Darling Daughter—A very nice comedy about a mother whose daughter wants to follow in her steps toward a fuller love life. Lucile Watson, Peggy Conklin, Violet Heming, and others. (Playhouse, 48, E. BRyant 9-2628.)

You Can't Take It With You—A madcap family furnishing the best comedy in town, if that's what you want. Josephine Hull, Henry Travers, Paula Trueman, George Tobias, and others. (Booth, 45, W. CHickering 4-8168.)

WITH MUSIC

Frederika—An operetta of the old school, which may not send you into gales of laughter but should soothe you with its Lehár score and eye-filling scenes. Dennis King, Helen Gleason, and Ernest Truex. (Imperial, 45, W. CHickering 4-0360.)

The Show Is On—Beatrice Lillie and Bert Lahr doing their stuff to the King's taste. A show you must see to be *au courant*. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CIrcle 7-5161. Mat. Thurs.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates.)

Penny Wise—A comedy by Jean Ferguson Black, with Kenneth MacKenna, Linda Watkins, Irene Purcell, and others. Opens Mon., Apr. 19. (Morosco, 45, W. LAckawanna 4-2520. 8:40 P.M.)

Curtain Call—A play by Leroy Bailey, with Ara Gerald, Selena Royle, Guido Nadzo, and others. Opens Tues., Apr. 20. (Golden, 45, W. CHickering 4-0144. 8:40 P.M.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Babes In Arms—A musical comedy by Rodgers and Hart, with Mitzi Green, Ray Heatherton, Duke McHale, and others. (Shubert, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-7175. 8:30 P.M.)

•

Naughty-Naught—A drama of life at Yale in 1900, to the pleasant accompaniment of self-imposed singing and drinking. (American Music Hall, 141 E. 55. PLaza 3-2106. Nightly at 9:15.)

WPA Productions—"Power," a fast-moving story, believe it or not, about electric light and power and their misuse. (Ritz, 48, W. MEdallion 3-0912. Weekdays at 9 P.M.) . . . Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus," in an excellent production. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. CHickering 4-5715. Weekdays at 9 P.M.) . . . "The Sun and I," a play by Barrie and Leona Stavis. (Adelphi, 54, E. CIrcle 7-7582. Weekdays at 8:30 P.M.)

Dance Recital—Sylvia Manning, Gene Martel, and group: Sun. Eve., Apr. 18, at 8:45. (Guild, 52, W. COlumbus 5-8229.)

For Children—"Aucassin and Nicolette," presented by the King-Coit Children's Theatre, 135 E. 40, Fri. Aft., Apr. 16, at 4.

AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WIckersham 2-1000)—The Trianon Room has Dick Gasparre's orchestra, and dancing by the Vernons. Dress preferred.

Bali, 161 E. 54 (WIckersham 2-6480)—Jim Moriarty's place, with Joe Moss's orchestra and singing by Vanda Mara.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MUrray Hill 2-7920)—Carl Hoff and his orchestra provide the dance music in the Bowman Room.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56 (PLaza 3-8887)—Hugo de Paul's orchestra plays in the Mirror Room. There's also Tisdale's Trio.

Essex Casino-on-the-Park, 160 Central Pk. S. (CIrcle 7-0300)—Vincent Bragali and his orchestra play in this room that looks out on Central Park.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VOlunteer 5-6374)—The Fantasy Room offers music by Eddie Davis's orchestra and singing by Frances Maddux. Dress preferred.

Merry-Go-Round and Maisonnette Russe de Paris, 49 E. 54 (ELdorado 5-7262)—Tony Sarg has decorated the bar, and, in the main room, there's music by Harry Rosenthal's orchestra.

Mon Paris, 142 E. 53 (ELdorado 5-9800)—Gene Fosdick's dance music and songs by Marion Pierce and Lawrence White.

Montparnasse, 50 E. 79 (BUtterfield 8-2345)—Hal Sanders' orchestra plays for dancing in this attractive uptown spot. Dress preferred.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (ELdorado 5-8769)—The perennial East Side favorite offers music by Ernie Holst's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PLaza 3-1740)—Eddy Duchin and his orchestra play for dancing in the Persian Room. Dances by Veloz and Yolanda. Must dress.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (CIrcle 6-1400)—The bill here includes Alec Templeton, a remarkable pianist, and Jack Holland and June Hart, dancers. Ruby Newman's and Eddie Le Baron's orchestras play for dancing. Must dress. . . . Emery Deutsch's orchestra plays in the adjoining Rainbow Grill; songs by Carl and Leone Bonner.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PLaza 3-4600)—The Crystal Garden has Basil Fomeen's excellent dance music and a group of entertainers. Must dress. Closes Sat., Apr. 17.

St. Moritz, 50 Central Pk. S. (WIckersham 2-5800)—The Restaurant de la Paix has Jack Sherr's orchestra and songs by Imogen Carpenter.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PLaza 3-4500)—Emil Coleman's orchestra plays in the Iridium Room. Entertainment by the Merriel Abbott Dancers and Boy-Foy. Must dress. . . . The Maisonette Russe offers Cornelius Codolban's music and "Neapolitan Nights" entertainment. Dress preferred.

Sapphire Room, 151 E. 57 (ELdorado 5-7860)—Guido's attractive place, with Barry Winton's and Don Alfredo's orchestras. Dress preferred.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (VOlunteer 5-2600)—Emile Petti leads the orchestra in the Café Lounge. Sheila Barrett opens here Fri., Apr. 16.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PLaza 3-1940)—Popular after-theatre rendezvous. Music by Sonny Kendis and Gus Martel.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (ELdorado 5-8028)—Where Broadway meets Park Avenue. Everett Marshall, Rosita and Fontana, and others entertain; music by the Meadowbrook Boys and a tango band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (ELdorado 5-3000)—The Sert Room offers Leo Reisman's and Xavier Cugat's orchestras, Eve Symington, Georges and Jalna, and Edgar Bergen, the ventriloquist. Must dress. . . . The Empire Room is open for supper dancing Sat. only; Michael Zarin's orchestra.

Zelli's Royal Box, 130 E. 58 (ELdorado 5-7932)—Decorated to represent a square in Montmartre, with Joe Zelli as master of ceremonies, and a show featuring Illiana. Music by Ellis Thomson's and Danny's orchestras.

Dance Orchestras Here and There—Eddie Lane: Della Robbia Room of the Vanderbilt, Park at 34 (AShland 4-4000). . . . Benny Goodman: Pennsylvania Madhattan Room, 7 Ave. at 33 (PEnnsylvania 6-5000). . . . Guy Lombardo: Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 46 (VAnderbilt

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

Page
BOOKS 75
THE CURRENT CINEMA 63
LETTER FROM PARIS 42
MUSICAL EVENTS 45
OF ALL THINGS 36
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
  FEMININE FASHIONS 52
  ABOUT THE HOUSE 55
PROFILES 27
THE RACE TRACK 50
A REPORTER AT LARGE 66
THE SKY LINE 39
THE THEATRE 26
COURT GAMES 73

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

The New Yorker, published weekly by F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; P. D. Hoyt, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, advertising manager. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XIII, No. 9, April 17, 1937. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1937, by the F-R Publishing Corporation in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.

MACRAE

Spring magic

Kayser's Marvel-Twist* Hose . . . sheer as mist . . . clear as an April sky . . . miracles for wear. In gay new colors that are perfect for the new short 1937 styles. Two-thread, $1.15. Three-thread, $1.25.

BE WISER . . . . BUY **KAYSER**

*Trade-Mark

Copr. 1937, Julius Kayser & Co.

3-9200). . . . Lennie Hayton: Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (MEdallion 3-1000). . . . Jerry Blaine: Park Central Cocoanut Grove, 7 Ave. at 56 (CIrcle 7-8000). . . . Enoch Light: McAlpin, B'way at 34. . . . Joseph Zatour: Shelton, Lexington at 49. . . . Isham Jones: Blue Room of the Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44. . . . Hal Hope: Montclair Casino, Lexington at 49. . . . Ozzie Nelson: Lexington, Lexington at 48. . . . Tommy Dorsey: Palm Room of the Commodore, Lexington at 42. . . . Ray O'Hara: Governor Clinton, 7 Ave. at 31. . . . Bill McCune: "61" Room of the Bossert, 61 Remsen St., Brooklyn Heights.

●

Notes—Places offering music and casual entertainment, where you might drop in for a drink and a bite to eat during the course of an evening: Netherland Bar, 5 Ave. at 59; Weylin Bar, Madison at 54; Armando's, 54 E. 55; Elysée Monkey Bar, 56 E. 54; Lombardy Bar, 111 E. 56; Beverly Bar, Lexington at 50; Bill's Gay Nineties Bar, 57 E. 54; Gabriel's, 68 E. 56; Red Bar, 141 E. 55; Trouville, 112 E. 52.

Le Mirage, 125 E. 54 (PLaza 3-5080), has Harry Horton's and Cookie Williams' orchestras, the Yanyego Voodoo Dancers, and others.

Barney's attractive new place, 86 University Pl. (STuyvesant 9-0209), offers entertainment by the Three Rogues, and Meri and Miriam.

The new Raleigh Room in the Warwick, 65 W. 54, has music by Jack Kerr's orchestra.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—The French Casino, 7 Ave. at 50 (COlumbus 5-7070), has a sumptuous show, "French Casino Folies." Rudolf Friml, Jr.'s and Vincent Travers' orchestras play for dancing. . . . Other places with plenty of floor show: Paradise, B'way at 49 (CIrcle 7-1080); and Hollywood, B'way at 48 (CHickering 4-2572). . . . Jack Dempsey's, 8 Ave. at 50 (CIrcle 7-6666), offers music by Jan Brunesco's orchestra. . . . Jack White heads the crazy entertainment at the 18 Club, 18 W. 52 (ELdorado 5-9858). . . . Mario's Mirador, 201 W. 52 (COlumbus 5-0897), has Red McKenzie and his orchestra, and a fast show featuring Jacqueline Joyce, Alma Bray, and others.

The Cotton Club, B'way at 48 (LAckawanna 4-7300), has Duke Ellington's orchestra and a revue featuring Ethel Waters, the Nicholas Brothers, and others. . . . The Harlem Uproar House, 209 W. 51 (CIrcle 7-4074), also has a lively black-and-tan show; music by Erskine Hawkins and his 'Bama State Collegians.

If you're looking for swing music: The Onyx, 62 W. 52 (WIckersham 2-3619), with Stuff Smith; and Hickory House, 144 W. 52 (CIrcle 7-9524), with Joe Marsala and his Chicagoans. . . . The Kit Kat Club, 152 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-8271), offers Negro entertainment. Go late.

Greenwich Village—Mori's, 144 Bleecker (GRamercy 7-8736), is an old favorite. Music by Eddie Roy's orchestra. . . . Greenwich Village Casino, 5 Sheridan Sq. (CHelsea 3-9417), has a lively show. . . . The Black Cat, 557 W. B'way (GRamercy 5-9033), has a colored show. . . . Pleasantly informal and popular with out-of-towners: The Village Barn, 52 W. 8. . . . Downtown rowdydow: Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan (ALgonquin 4-1414).

Harlem—The Ubangi Club, 7 Ave. at 131 (TIllinghast 5-9366), has a show featuring Gladys Bentley. . . . Dickie Wells, 169 W. 133 (TIllinghast 5-8945), has a hot band. Go late.

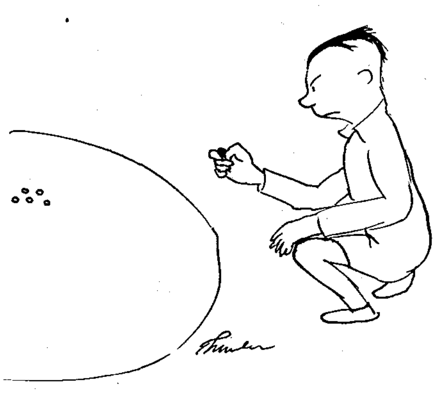
Foreign Atmosphere—Cuban: Club Yumuri, 1678 B'way at 52; and El Toreador, 7 W. 110 (UNiversity 4-8644). . . . Russian: The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (TOmpkins Square 6-9784), and the Caucasian Eagle, 112 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-8072). . . . Scandinavian: Valhalla, 141 W. 54 (CIrcle 7-9821); and Wivel, 254 W. 54 (COlumbus 5-9251). . . . Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CHelsea 2-4646), with a lively show; and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (GRamercy 7-4833), with dancing by Dimitri and Virgil.

MOTION PICTURES

Elephant Boy—India, its elephant hunts and people. A nice Robert Flaherty film for the young. (Rialto, B'way at 42; through Mon., Apr. 19; continuous from 9 A.M.)

Fire Over England—Queen Elizabeth, the Armada, love and adventure, and a big show all around. With Flora Robson, Raymond Massey, and Laurence Olivier. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Mayfair, 7 Ave. at 47; Thurs., Apr. 15, last day; continuous from 9:30 A.M. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Sat., Apr. 24; continuous from 1 P.M.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 24.]

The Good Earth—The Pearl Buck novel of northern China and its farmers made into a handsome picture, with Luise Rainer and Paul Muni. (Astor, B'way at 45; weekdays at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun. at 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sat. at midnight.)

Lost Horizon—Fine mountain scenery and a modish lamasery in Tibet. Ronald Colman is most in evidence. (Globe, B'way at 46; weekdays at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun. 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sat. at midnight.)

Maid of Salem—Witchcraft and romance in old Puritan days, with Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. through Sun., Apr. 15-18; continuous from noon. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Apr. 16-18; continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

Romeo and Juliet—Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, and John Barrymore, as you know, preside in this very successful film. (Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and State, B'way at 45; Thurs. through Wed., Apr. 15-21; continuous from 1 P.M. and 10 A.M., respectively. . . . Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Lexington, Lexington at 51; and Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Thurs. through Sun., Apr. 15-18; continuous from 1 P.M., 11:30 A.M., and noon, respectively.)

Seventh Heaven—The old love story not quite as fresh as it seemed in the earlier versions. With Simone Simon and James Stewart. (Palace, B'way at 47; Thurs. through Wed., Apr. 15-21; continuous from 9:30 A.M. . . . RKO 86th Street, Lexington at 86; RKO 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; and RKO 23rd Street, 143 W. 23; continuous from 11 A.M.)

The Woman Alone—A casual little thriller, with lively moments, about anarchists and their schemes. Sylvia Sidney is the most familiar player present. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; starting Thurs., Apr. 22; continuous from 12:30 P.M.)

You Only Live Once—Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda in the best underworld film of the year. Picturesque and exciting. (Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14; Fri. through Sun., Apr. 16-18; continuous from 9 A.M. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Apr. 17-19; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

Revivals—At the Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.—"Carnival in Flanders" ("La Kermesse Héroïque"); continuous from noon. . . . At the 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68—"The Scoundrel," Thurs., Apr. 15, only; continuous from noon. . . . At the Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57—"On the Avenue," Thurs. through Sat., Apr. 22-24; continuous from noon. . . . At the Lenox Picture House, 52 E. 78—"Lloyds of London," Fri. through Sun., Apr. 16-18; 2:20, 4:30, 6:30, and 8:45 P.M.

Also recommended, if you run across them: "The Man Who Could Work Miracles," Alexander Korda's production of H. G. Wells' lightweight social document, with Roland Young; "Maytime," the old operetta beautifully furbished up anew, with lots of singing by Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, and an occasional John Barrymore scowl; "Quality Street," Miss Hepburn and Sir James M. Barrie working neatly and happily together; "Waikiki Wedding," absurd, comic, and bright, with Bing Crosby and a tune or two.

ART

Abstract—First show of a new American group devoted to abstract art: Squibb Art Galleries, 745 5 Ave. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 17.

African Negro Sculpture—Primitive art from the Frank Crowninshield collection: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Apr. 25.

Americana—Art by early American children; paintings of them, including two recently discovered Vanderlyns; and also a collection of early toys. Admission twenty-five cents, for the benefit of the Little Red School House Scholarship Fund: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Artists Congress—Comprehensive show of painting, sculpture, and graphic art by artists drawn from the New York region: International Bldg., 630 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; starting Fri., Apr. 16.

Botkin—Paintings by one of the more sensitive interpreters of the American scene: Marie Harriman, 61-63 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Apr. 23.

Dirk—Water colors by a painter heretofore chiefly known for his oils on New York themes: Guild Art Gallery, 37 W. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 17.

Dove—One of the most imaginative of the American moderns: An American Place, 509 Madison. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Apr. 16.

Fantin-Latour—Lithographs woven around ideal poetic and musical themes by a nineteenth-century master. Pure Beauty: Room 316, N. Y. Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

French—Some important paintings by Cézanne, Toulouse-Lautrec, and others: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. . . . From Courbet to Seurat: Seligmann, 3 E. 51. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 17. . . . Modern French Masters: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. . . . Figure pieces by Géricault, Delacroix, Corot, Courbet, Monet, Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec, Cézanne, Picasso, and others: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 17.

Gatch—Third one-man show: New Art Circle, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 24.

Gottlieb—Paintings and gouaches by a left-winger: A.C.A. Gallery, 52 W. 8. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 17.

Independents—Grand annual show: 4th floor, Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat. until 10 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 10 P.M.; through Sun., Apr. 25.

Lachaise—Retrospective show of sculpture and drawings: Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8. Open daily 1 to 5 P.M.; starting Tues., Apr. 20.

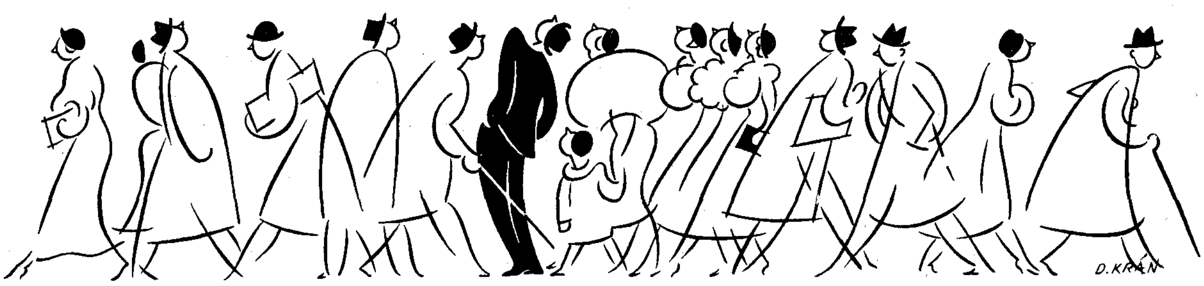
Manet—Important retrospective exhibition of one of the first of the moderns; best chance to see Manet since the Paris show of 1932: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Open 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 17. (Admission fifty cents, for charity.)

O'Keeffe—Twenty-five paintings from 1924 to 1937. Important: Art Gallery of American Women's Association, 353 W. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Apr. 16.

Pennell—Etchings of the London and New York Scene: Keppel, 71 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 17.

Photography—Vast and fascinating procession of photographs from Daguerre onward: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Apr. 18.

Physicians—Art by the profession that gave the painter and sculptor his first lessons in anatomy:



Glamourous Entertainment
in the

SERT ROOM

☆

LEO REISMAN
and his famous orchestra

☆

Songs by
EVE SYMINGTON

☆

Dances by
GEORGES and **JALNA**

☆

EDGAR BERGEN
Ace of Ventriloquists

☆

XAVIER CUGAT
The Tango-Rumba King

☆

Two Performances:
about Nine and Midnight
•
Dinner and Supper Dancing
Couvert from 10:30 P.M. • Reservations: ELdorado 5-3000

Starlight Roof ☆ *Opening May 6*
with LEO REISMAN and XAVIER CUGAT
Beginning July 1: GUY LOMBARDO
and his Royal Canadians

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

PARK AVENUE · 49TH TO 50TH · NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Academy of Medicine, 5 Ave. at 103. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 17.

Picasso—Drawings: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Pintos—Three interesting young moderns, better known in New York for their prints: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 17.

Prints—One hundred prints of the past one hundred years: Room 321, N.Y. Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Regional—Paintings and prints by Cleveland artists: Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8. Open 1 to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Apr. 16. . . . Canadian folk art: National Committee on Folk Arts, 673 5 Ave., entrance on E. 53. Open weekdays 11:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. (Admission twenty-five cents.)

Reproductions—Forty-eight American contemporary paintings, carefully transcribed in color: Living American Art, 55 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Social Scene—Paintings and sculptures by the more radical and social-minded artists: American Artists' School, 131 W. 14. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 2 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 17.

Sport—Prints and paintings: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Gallery D-6. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6.

Weston—Exhibition of one of the best of the "younger" American photographers: Nierendorf, 20 W. 53. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 17.

WPA—New show of black-and-whites by WPA artists: Federal Art Project Gallery, 7 E. 38. Open weekdays 12 noon to 5 P.M.

Miscellaneous—Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., unless otherwise noted—Paintings by Herbert Gurschner: Ferargil, 63 E. 57; through Apr. 17. . . . Paintings and objects by Frelinghuysen, Gallatin, Morris, and Shaw; also, portraits by Kurt Pantz: Paul Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave., at 57; through Apr. 17. . . . Memorial exhibition of paintings by Charles H. Rathbone, Jr.: Montross, 785 5 Ave.; through Apr. 17. . . . Drawings by Alberto Gnecchi: Carstairs, 11 E. 57; through Apr. 17. . . . Lithographs, etchings, and drawings by Kathe Kollwitz: Hudson D. Walker, 38 E. 57. . . . Ancient and modern masks: Westermann, 24 W. 48; through Apr. 19. . . . Water colors of trout and salmon fishing by Ogden M. Pleissner: Sporting Gallery & Bookshop, 38 E. 52; through Apr. 24. . . . Resident New York artists: Temporary Galleries of the Municipal Art Committee, 62 W. 53 (open daily, except Mon., noon to 6 P.M.); through Apr. 25. . . . Sculpture and drawings by Emily W. Miles: Walker, 108 E. 57; through Apr. 24. . . . Paintings of Mexico by H. O. Hofmann: Artists' Gallery, 33 W. 8 (open 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 10 P.M.). . . . Paintings by Max Schnitzler: Contemporary Arts, 41 W. 54 (also open Sun. 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.). . . . Water color and glue tempera paintings by Paul Feeley: Guild Art Gallery, 37 W. 57; through Apr. 24. . . . Lithographs by Thomas Benton: Associated American Artists, 420 Madison; through Apr. 20. . . . Paintings by Eilshemius: Boyer, 69 E. 57. . . . Pastels, water colors, and drawings, from Van Gogh to Miró: Pierre Matisse, Fuller Bldg., 51 E. 57. . . . Water colors by John Whorf: Milch, 108 W. 57 (open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.). . . . Water colors, group show: Uptown, 249 West End Ave., at 72. . . . Pictorial Illustrations: Artists' Guild, Room 819, 480 Lexington (open 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.). . . . Decorative paintings by contemporary Japanese artists: Mead, International Bldg. Concourse, 630 5 Ave. (open 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.); through Apr. 26. . . . Rooms designed around pictures by American artists: Decorators Picture Gallery, 554 Madison. . . . Bookbindings by Marguerite Duprez Lahey: Morgan Library, 29 E. 36 (open weekdays 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.).

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music Society of America—Second of three concerts of chamber music by American composers: Grand Central Galleries, 5 Ave. at 51, Tues. Eve., Apr. 20.

Jascha Heifetz—Concluding the American Women's Association's series of recitals: A.W.A. Clubhouse, 353 W. 57, Wed. Eve., Apr. 21.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Final concerts this season. Rodzinski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Apr. 15, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Apr. 16, at 2:30; and Sun. Aft., Apr. 18.

University Glee Club—Lefebvre conducting: Waldorf-Astoria, Thurs. Eve., Apr. 15.

Continental Concerts—Marrow conducting; Deems Taylor, guest conductor: Plaza Ballroom, 5 Ave. at 58, Sun. Eve., Apr. 18, at 9.

People's Chorus—Camilieri conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Apr. 22.

Northwestern University A Capella Choir—Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Apr. 23.

OPERA

Hippodrome Opera—Salmaggi's popular-priced presentations at the Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43—

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 24.]

"Il Trovatore," Fri. Eve., Apr. 16; "La Traviata," Sat. Aft., Apr. 17, at 2:15; "Rigoletto," Sat. Eve., Apr. 17; "Aïda," Sun. Eve., Apr. 18; "Carmen," Fri. Eve., Apr. 23; "The Barber of Seville," Sat. Aft., Apr. 24, at 2:15; "Faust," Sat. Eve., Apr. 24.

Juilliard School Opera—At 130 Claremont Ave. —"The Poisoned Kiss," by R. Vaughan Williams and Evelyn Sharp: Wed. through Sat. Eves., Apr. 21-24. (Wed., Thurs., and Fri. performances by invitation only; for information call MOnument 2-3302.)

The Second Hurricane—A play-opera by Aaron Copland and Edwin Denby, produced under the auspices of the Music School of the Henry Street Settlement, with a cast of children: Playhouse, 466 Grand St., Wed. and Fri. Eves., Apr. 21 and 23, at 9; Sat. Aft., Apr. 24, at 3.

WPA Opera—At the WPA Theatre of Music, 254 W. 54—"The Romance of Robot," by Frederic Hart, and an English adaptation of Pergolesi's "La Serva Padrona": Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves.; through May 1.

SPORTS

Baseball—Local season opens. At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Washington, Tues. through Thurs., Apr. 20-22, at 3:15 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; 8 Ave. subway; or Jerome Ave. subway.) . . . At Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Boston, Fri., Apr. 23, at 3:15 P.M., and Sat. and Sun., Apr. 24 and 25, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; 8 Ave. subway; or Bus No. 3.)

Crew—Navy-Columbia, Annapolis, Md., Sat. Aft., Apr. 24. . . . Compton Cup, Princeton-Harvard-M.I.T. varsity, Lake Carnegie, Princeton, N.J., Sat. Aft., Apr. 24.

Horse Shows—Squadron A Spring Horse Show, Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, Fri. and Sat. Afts. and Eves., Apr. 16 and 17. . . . Riding and Polo Club Spring Horse Show, 7 W. 66, Thurs. through Sat., Apr. 22-24.

Hunt Races—Grand National Point-to-Point, Hereford Farm, Md., Sat. Aft., Apr. 17, at 4. . . . The Maryland Hunt Cup, Worthington Valley, Md., Sat. Aft., Apr. 24, at 4.

Racing—Jamaica, L.I.: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M.; starting Thurs., Apr. 15. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.)

Rugby Football—Boston Rugby Club vs. New York Rugby Club: Macomb's Dam Park, River Ave. at 161, Sun. Aft., Apr. 18, at 2. . . . Princeton University vs. New York Rugby Club: Randall's Island Stadium, Sat. Aft., Apr. 24, at 3.

Track—Annual Penn Relays: Franklin Field, Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Apr. 23 and 24, at 2.

OTHER EVENTS

Circus—Annual visit of the Ringling, Barnum & Bailey big show: Madison Square Garden, 8 Ave. at 49. Performances daily at 2 and 8 P.M.

Architectural Show—Annual exhibition of the Architectural League of New York: American Fine Arts Bldg., 215 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. until 10 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.; starting Thurs., Apr. 22.

Lectures—At the New School, 66 W. 12—Thomas Mann, speaking in English, on "Goethe": Thurs. Eve., Apr. 22, at 8:30. . . . Six lectures by Ogden L. Mills on "The Future of the Republican Party": Wed. Eves. at 8:20; starting Apr. 21.

Junior League Follies—A revue presented by members of the New York Junior League: New Amsterdam Theatre, 42, W. of B'way, Fri. and Sat. Eves., Apr. 23 and 24, at 8:40.

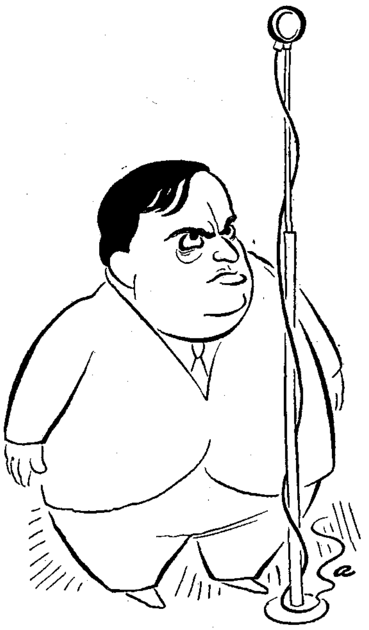
Lambs Gambol—Annual Lambs Club dinner, dance, and entertainment: Waldorf-Astoria, Sat. Eve., Apr. 17.

Public Balls—The annual Greenwich Village Revel and Burlesk Ball: Webster Hall, 119 E. 11, Fri. Eve., Apr. 16. . . . The Mad Arts Ball: Webster Hall, Sat. Eve., Apr. 17. . . . The Almoners' annual supper dance and entertainment, for the benefit of the New York Foundling Hospital: Sherry's, Fri. Eve., Apr. 23. . . . The Tip Top Ball, for the benefit of Stony Wold Sanitarium: Essex House, Fri. Eve., Apr. 23.

Auctions—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—Fine period furniture, rugs, silver, and decorations, the property of the estate of the late A. Mitchell Palmer, and others: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Apr. 16 and 17, at 2. . . . The library of the late George Allison Armour, of Princeton, N.J.: Thurs. Eve., Apr. 22, at 8:15, and Fri. Aft., Apr. 23, at 2.

At the Imperial Galleries, 23 W. 47—English furniture, porcelains, paintings, and silver; the property of R. Dermot Campbell. Also, the stock of John Murgatroyd, taxidermist: Wed. through Sat. Afts., Apr. 21-24, at 1.

• •



ON THE AIR

Boxing—Description of the fight between Max Baer and Tommy Farr, British Empire champion, from London: Thurs. Aft., Apr. 15, at 4:30, WABC.

Coolidge String Quartet—Chamber-music recital from the N.Y. Public Library: Fri. Eve., Apr. 16, at 8:30, WQXR. Playing on the Library of Congress Chamber Musicale program: Sat. Aft., Apr. 17, at 6, WABC.

Metropolitan Opera—"Carmen," with Ponselle and Maison, broadcast from Cleveland: Sat. Aft., Apr. 17, at 2, WEAF.

Racing—Bryan Field describes the running of the Youthful Stakes at Jamaica track: Sat. Aft., Apr. 17, about 3:45, WOR.

Richard Bonelli—Opening a weekly series of musical programs, with Alec Templeton, pianist, Rex Chandler's orchestra, and others: Sat. Eve., Apr. 17, at 7:30, WABC.

Nelson Eddy—Singing with the Ford Symphony, Smallens conducting: Sun. Eve., Apr. 18, at 9, WABC.

Boston Marathon—Start of the twenty-five mile race: Mon. Aft., Apr. 19, at 12:05, WJZ; the finish, at 2:35, WJZ.

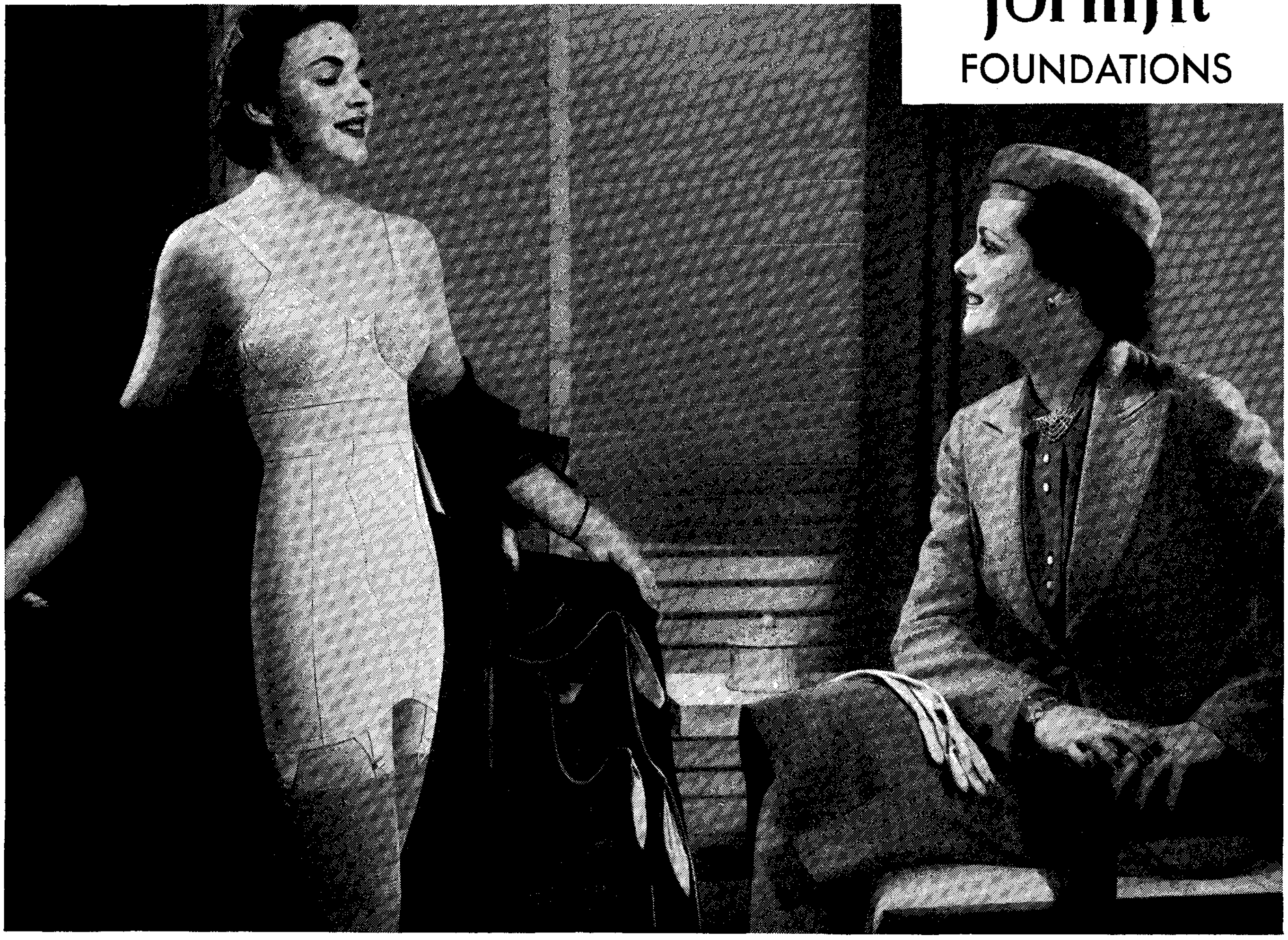
Baseball—Washington vs. Philadelphia, from Washington: Mon. Aft., Apr. 19, at 3, WJZ and WABC. Yankees vs. Washington, from Yankee Stadium: Tues. Aft., Apr. 20, at 3, WJZ. Brooklyn vs. Giants, from Ebbets Field: Tues. Aft., Apr. 20, at 3, WOR.

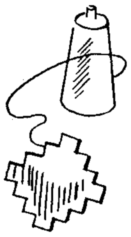
Some Weekly Features (Listing is chronological) —N.B.C. Music Guild: Thurs. at 2, WJZ; Tues. at 2:30, WJZ. . . . Westminster Choir: Thurs. at 4, WABC. . . . Alexander Woollcott: Thurs. and Tues. at 7:30, WABC. . . . Rudy Vallée's Varieties: Thurs. at 8, WEAF. . . . Lanny Ross and Al Goodman: Thurs. at 9, WEAF. . . . Irving Deakin's "Music and Ballet": Thurs. at 9, WQXR. . . . America's Town Meeting: Thurs. at 9:30, WJZ. . . . Bing Crosby's Music Hall: Thurs. at 10, WEAF. . . . March of Time: Thurs. at 10:30, WABC. . . . Walter Damrosch's Music Appreciation Hour: Fri. at 2, WEAF-WJZ. . . . Hollywood Hotel: Fri. at 9, WABC. . . . Deems Taylor: Fri. at 9:30, WJZ. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting: Fri. at 10, WABC. . . . Babe Ruth: Fri. and Wed. at 10:30, WABC. . . . Abram Chasins: Sat. at 12 noon, WEAF. . . . WPA Composers Forum Laboratory Concert: Sat. at 5:30, WQXR. . . . Ed Wynn: Sat. at 8, WJZ. . . . Grace Moore, Sat. at 9, WABC. . . . Joe Cook: Sat. at 9:30, WEAF. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Rodzinski conducting: Sun. at 3, WABC. . . . Oxford String Quartet: Sun. at 7, WQXR. . . . Jack Benny: Sun. at 7, WEAF. . . . Phil Baker: Sun. at 7:30, WABC. . . . General Motors Concert: Sun. at 8, WJZ. . . . Victor Moore and Helen Broderick: Sun. at 8, WABC. . . . Eddie Cantor: Sun. at 8:30, WABC. . . . Gladys Swarthout: Sun. at 10, WEAF. . . . Burns and Allen: Mon. at 8, WEAF. . . . Richard Crooks, Margaret Speaks, and Alfred Wallenstein: Mon. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . Radio Theatre: Mon. at 9, WABC. . . . Al Jolson: Tues. at 8:30, WABC. . . . Fred Astaire, Charles Butterworth, and Johnny Green: Tues. at 9:30, WEAF. . . . Beatrice Lillie: Wed. at 8, WJZ. . . . "Music and You" program, Wallenstein conducting: Wed. at 8, WOR. . . . Helen Menken: Wed. at 8:30, WJZ. . . . Fred Allen: Wed. at 9, WEAF. . . . Lily Pons and André Kostelanetz: Wed. at 9, WABC. (Times are P.M.)

Behind Scenes with today's loveliest

the elastic yarn that refashions figures

As exemplified in **Formfit FOUNDATIONS**



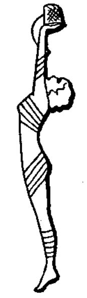


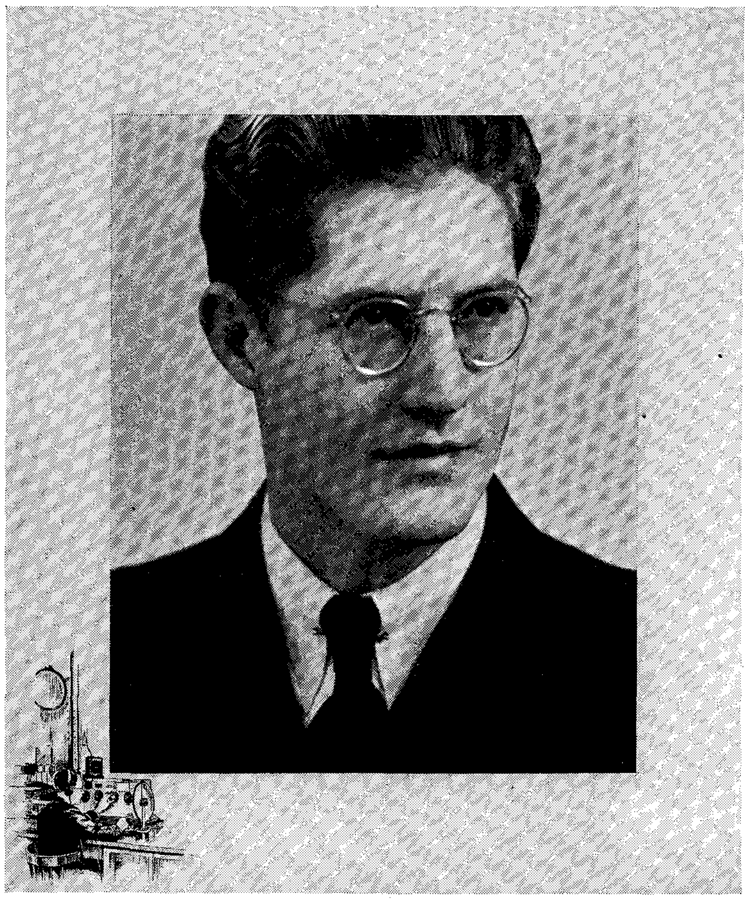
Refreshing are the foundations for Spring and Summer, smoothly designed for the Romantic silhouettes inspired by the Coronation. Be sure the foundations you choose have the moulding and holding technique that only "Lastex" yarn can give them. "Lastex," you know, is not a garment or a fabric or a design, but the all-purpose elastic yarn that revolutionized fashion, that refashions figures. It imparts permanent and washable elasticity to any type of woven or knitted fabric, silk, cotton, wool or rayon, for better fit and greater comfort. It is the priceless ingredient for making a smooth, firm foundation for your costumes. Illustrated, a new 16-inch "Sleek" Girdle, by Formfit, with up-and-down stretch back, Talon side closing. Specially reinforced over the abdomen, with light diagonal boning at waist in back to prevent rolling. Worn with new "Thrill" Brassiere, by Formfit. These and other foundations by Formfit, made with "Lastex," at leading stores everywhere.

Lastex . . . THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

An elastic yarn manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Products, Inc., 1790 Broadway, New York City





D. A. TURNER, WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON

"IMAGINE," *said Mr. Turner . . .*

{ *A True, Unsolicited Story of a Schick Shaver* }

"Imagine a little gadget, no bigger than the palm of my hand, clicking along day after day, month after month, year after year—never failing to give the same cool, smooth, comfortable shave. And never a repair or replacement of parts necessary. That's the miracle of it, especially to a man who knows electric motors.

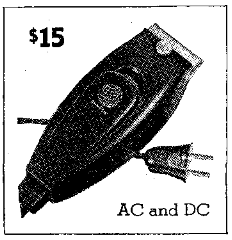
"This is an anniversary of mine. Just three years ago I stepped into a San Francisco store—Schwabacher Frey Co.—and purchased my Schick Shaver . . . it has never once faltered.

". . . I shall, in all probability, be using the same old shaver for many a long year yet. It's your own fault for building such a long-lived instrument . . ."

IS THIS MAN'S EXPERIENCE GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU?

Three years of quick, close shaves in the tropical heat of Panama and the cold of Northern America. Three years of painless, comfortable shaves with never a cut nor a scrape—and the shaver as good as new today! Only the Schick has made such a record—*and even much better records.*

ASK A DEALER TODAY

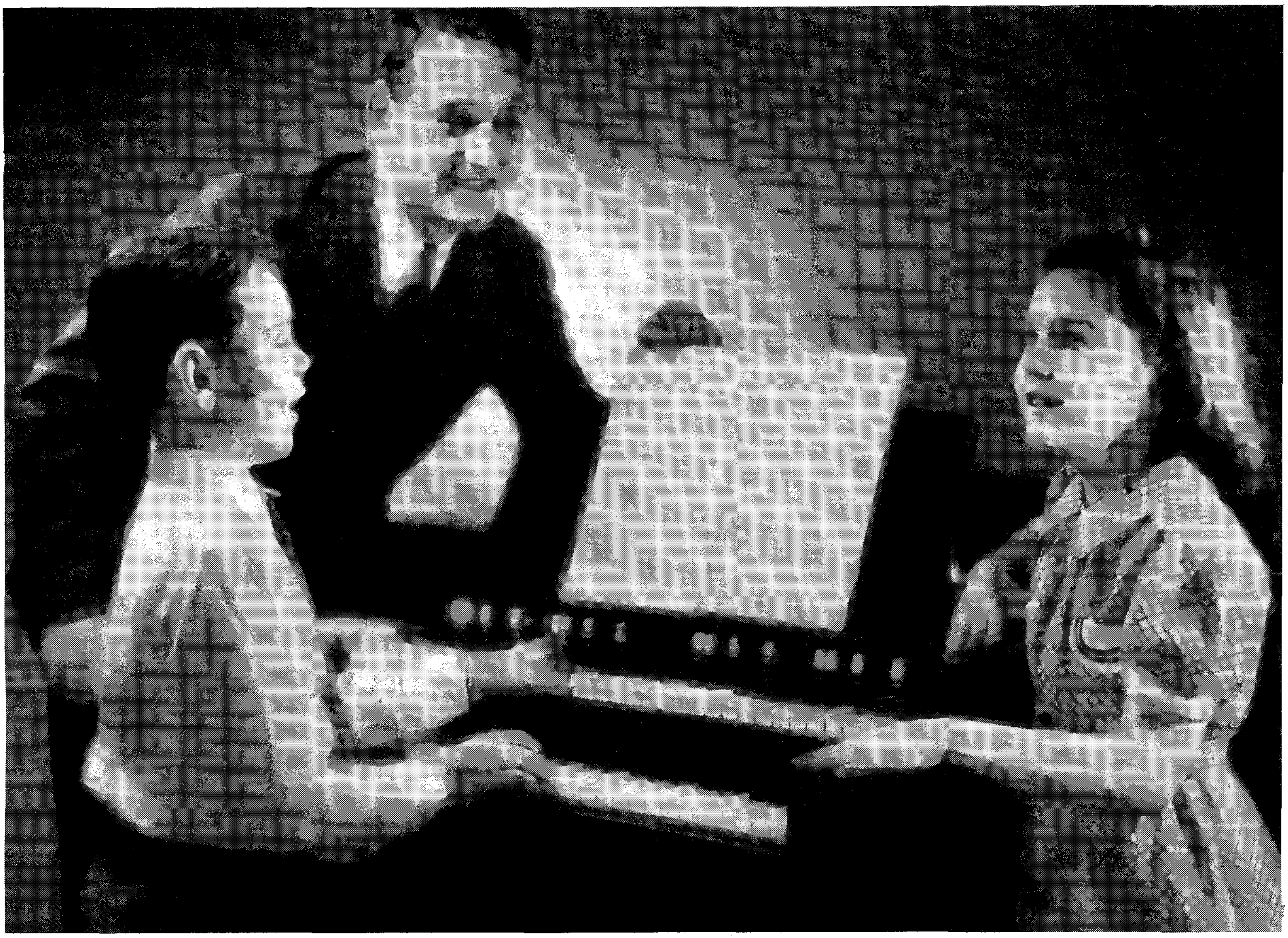


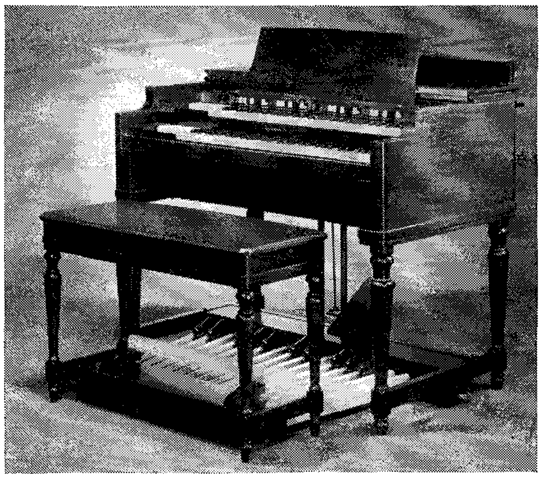
Let one of our dealers demonstrate a Schick Shaver to you. He will tell you why the Schick gives you a new skin, why its double-stroke shaves quickly and *how it saves you money,* for you no longer need blades, soap, creams, brush or lotions.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco
In Canada, Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores. (Canadian price, $16.50.)

SCHICK SHAVER

A new wonderland of music for him and the children





FITS IN A FOUR-FOOT SQUARE

Electrical impulses, instead of air-pressure, produce the exquisite tones of the Hammond Organ. It requires no pipes, no reeds—fits into any living room. The console and bench occupy only a four-foot square and can be easily moved by two men. The Hammond is installed by merely connecting it with an electric outlet

A superb concert organ at the price of a fine piano

ANYONE WHO HAS ever played the piano can, almost immediately, produce satisfying music on the Hammond Organ. It offers a rich, new musical experience—a whole new realm of self-expression.

At the keyboard of the Hammond, all the beautiful and varied voices of the organ are at your command—fascinating tone colors that give new depth, new charm to favorite compositions.

To children taking their first lessons these exquisite, easily-created tones are a constant inspiration and encouragement.

This remarkable instrument provides the full, lovely tone range of the concert organ. Yet it costs no more than a fine piano, fits into even a small living room

The enthusiasm which the Hammond Organ has aroused among famous musicians is impressive. Noted artists and composers were among the first to buy it

Give yourself the pleasure of hearing an organist play the Hammond—and of trying it yourself. Stop in soon at the showrooms of any of our dealers. Each one is the leading music merchant of his community. Consult your classified directory or write The Hammond Organ, 2909 N. Western Ave., Chicago.

$1250 and up f. o. b. Chicago—slightly higher for large installations

NEW YORK RETAIL SALES ROOMS—50 W. 57TH ST.

THE HAMMOND ORGAN

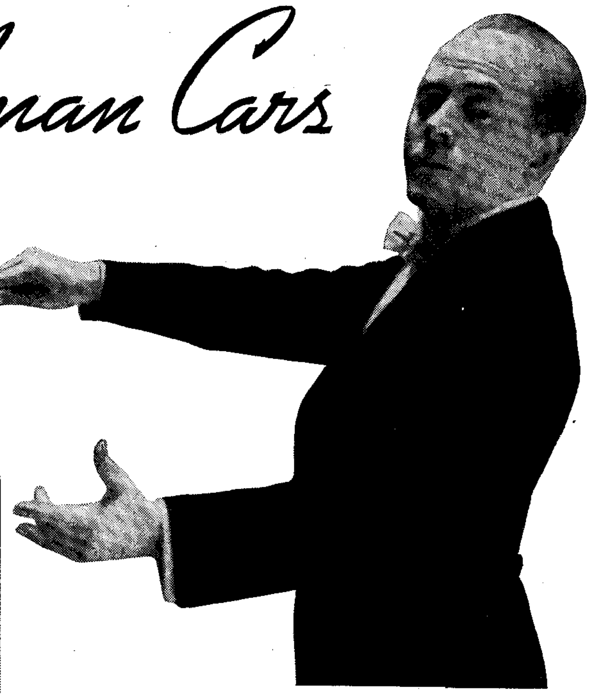
THE HAMMOND IS THE LARGEST-SELLING ORGAN IN THE WORLD

Lived 5 Weeks in Pullman Cars

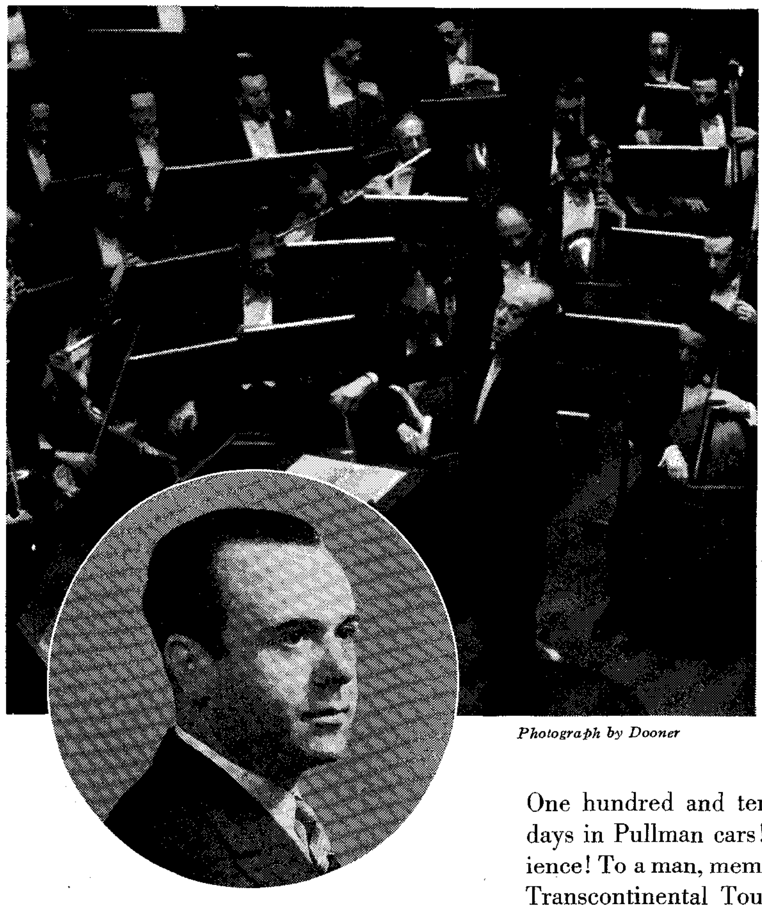
"It seems incredible that five weeks on a train could be so free from discomfort."

Alfred Reginald Allen

Manager, *Philadelphia* Orchestra



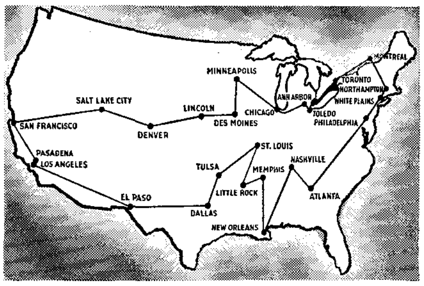
Eugene Ormandy, conductor with Philadelphia Orchestra on current 1937 Transcontinental Tour of the United States.



Photograph by Dooner

José Iturbi, who, with Eugene Ormandy, is conducting Philadelphia Orchestra during its current 1937 tour of the nation.

Impromptu "concert," Greeley, Colo.


MONTREAL
MINNEAPOLIS
TORONTO
NORTHAMPTON
WHITE PLAINS
ANN ARBOR
SALT LAKE CITY
LINCOLN
CHICAGO
TOLEDO
SAN FRANCISCO
DES MOINES
PHILADELPHIA
DENVER
ST. LOUIS
PASADENA
LOS ANGELES
NASHVILLE
TULSA
MEMPHIS
LITTLE ROCK
EL PASO
ATLANTA
DALLAS
NEW ORLEANS

Philadelphia Orchestra-RCA Victor 1937 Transcontinental Tour via Pullman comfort and safety.

One hundred and ten orchestra members and staff men living 35 days in Pullman cars! What a test of Pullman comfort and convenience! To a man, members of the Philadelphia Orchestra-RCA Victor Transcontinental Tour of 1936—needing wholesome rest during continuous rehearsal and performance—were enthusiastic in their approval of Pullman service. This year finds them eager for their 1937 tour. It means clean, restful, relaxing travel, nights of good sound sleep, carefree safety, homelike convenience and comfort.

Life was made especially pleasant for this trainload of musicians. But that's only typical of the kind of service Pullman provides for more than a thousand trainloads of patrons daily! And it affords them the *safest* of travel. Not a life lost among all the millions of passengers and employes carried in 1935—and again not a fatality in 1936.

Plan to make your next trip in Pullman safety and comfort, available on railroads in the United States and on various lines in Canada and Mexico. Your ticket agent will give you full information; or write

THE PULLMAN COMPANY, CHICAGO

Pullman and Rail—The safe way to go and the sure way to get there

TRAVEL AND SLEEP IN PULLMAN SAFETY AND COMFORT

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AT last we know what is the matter with our desk, why we feel a giddy sense of doom on sitting down to a morning's work. We have just been reading in *Harpers* about the Chinese geomancers, psychic engineers, who arrange your office furniture rhythmically to the pulse of earth. Our desk wallows beam-on to the earth's ground swell, and naturally is full of devils. A good geomancer could drive out the devils with firecrackers, and set our desk to cling unfretful to the passionate globe, although he might need a cannon cracker for the bottom drawer—a devils' burrow, if ever there was one. There aren't any geomancers in the Redbook. If anyone knows a reliable geomancer, would he send him around? Tell him to bring his own firecrackers. And a piece of punk.

SPEAKING of the bottom drawer, two years ago, in the Columbus Circle subway station, we discovered, scribbled on one of the pillars, a series of love messages which gave us a clew to the comings and goings of a lad named Ed and his nameless but early-rising lady. We jotted these notes down, chucked them in the drawer, and they have just turned up:

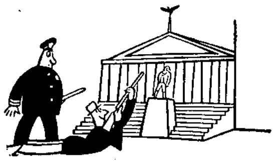
> Sun. 8 a.m. Went to Clinton Rest.
> Wed. 11:30 Am on other side
> Will see you at 7 a.m.
> Sat. 9:30 Will see you at 11:00 for sure. Wait for me. Ed
> Am at the Arena Show—8th near 40th side. Wait for me.

Other side of what, do you suppose? Other side of the tracks, perhaps. Or possibly other side of the river. The "for sure" in the third message seems to indicate that the 7 a.m. tryst hadn't been kept. And we are still wondering whether some fearful miscarriage of romance occurred on account of the dictatorial tone of the fourth message—did the girl wait patiently outside while he enjoyed the show, or did she revolt and never make contact? Oh, love, how hazardous a thing you are! Oh, Ed, where are you now?

WE are entirely satisfied with the critics' award to "High Tor," a play which blends poetry and dolorous humor. Mr. Anderson knows his Hudson Valley, its wraiths and mists and sweet decay. His last line in the first scene, when Van Dorn gazes after the vanishing Dutchmen and says, "Uh-huh—going to rain," is genuine, gilt-edged fantasy, as rare in the theatre as genuine lemonade in the lobby. And the play is alive with all sorts of troublesome symptoms. When Judith inquires of DeWitt, "You live on the mountain?" and he answers, "I maintain a residence here, though the situation eludes me at the moment," he is making reply for all of us, taking the words right out of our mouths.

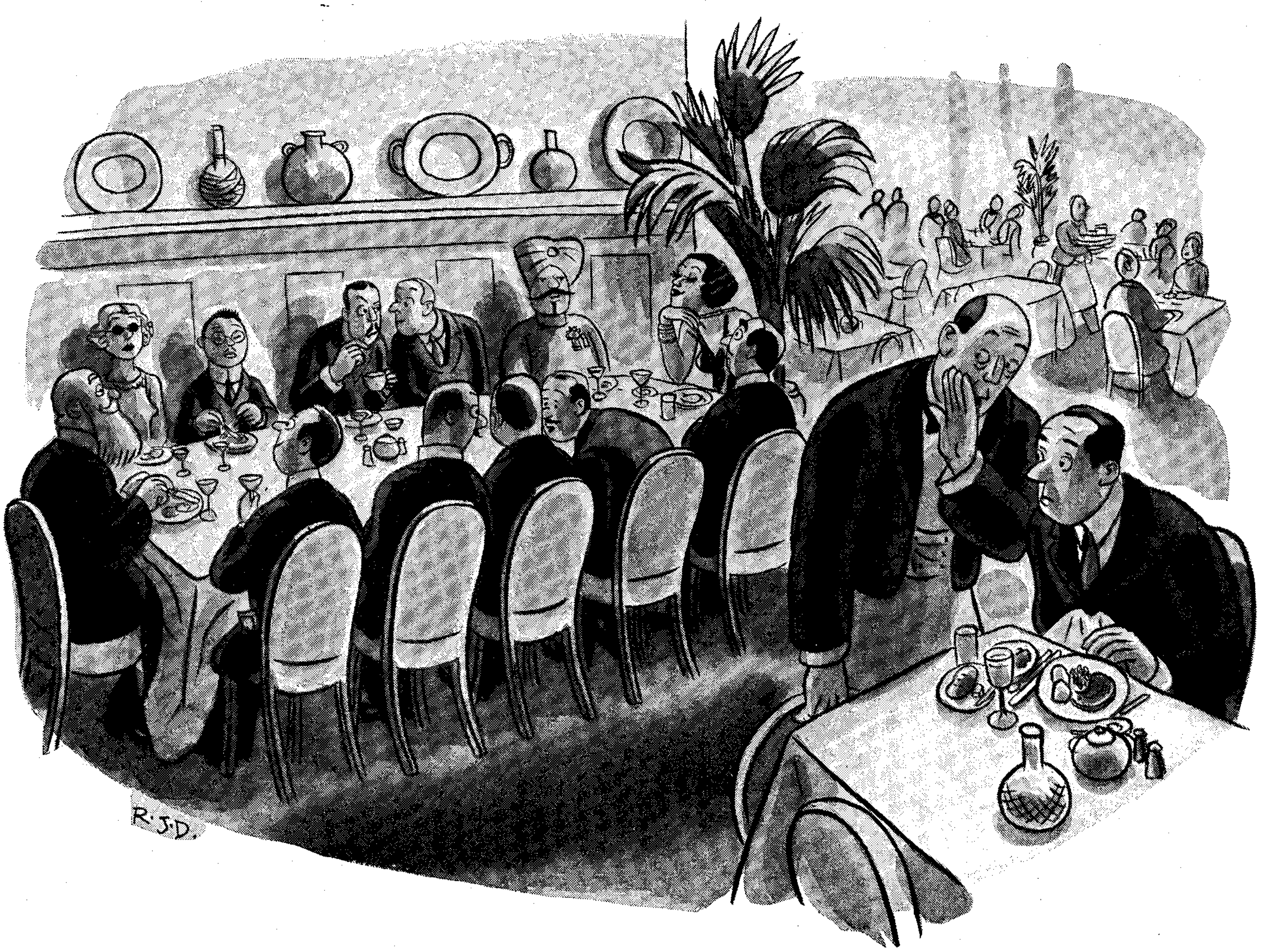
THE ancient Romans, they say, bartered their liberty to their emperors for bread and circuses. Today our department stores, dreaming imperialistic dreams, offer us exhibitions of etchings, creative baking, precision and trick revolver shooting, fly and bait casting, assorted music and tap dancing, and even a free lunch on the great feast days. Their intentions are apparent to the knowing: they hope to seize the power. This being patently the case, they should at least first give us efficient management—less paperwork in the aisles, fewer carbon copies in the sales books, immediate change to cash customers, and no sales tax.

DOWNTOWN NOTE: The eagle on top of the Sub-Treasury at the corner of Broad and Nassau has come out with a new coat of gilt. The bird is poised for flight, and resembles a certain eagle weathervane which used to be on top of our barn—when everybody had a barn and a weathervane. We want to notify the police that if they should find us down there someday, riddling the bird with BB shot from a Daisy air rifle, it won't be anarchy, it will be nostalgia.



YOU don't have to believe this, but when Westinghouse sent out their last dividend check to stockholders, they enclosed an announcement that a metal shield, suitable for use with one's automobile licence plates, was available upon request. In other words, if you own Westinghouse stock, you can stick an orange metal emblem on your car bearing the magic legend: WESTINGHOUSE. Where this is going to lead, we leave to your imagination.

Many people who invest money in stocks seem to care little about the business which they thus espouse. To us this seems basically wrong. We like to think that nobody should own, say, any Zipper Pouch stock unless he admires and understands zipper pouches. We have one friend with a rather diversified list of securities, and he admits that he leaves the entire monkeyshines up to his broker, caring not whether he owns an interest in a firm that makes the teeth for harrows or the swizzles for cocktail glasses. Recently, though, there came



"It's a circle of ruthless international spies. They eat here every Thursday night."

• •

a sudden change in this man's life. He discovered, one day, that his broker had bought him some shares in a company which manufactures the little belts that connect a dentist's drill with the motor. All in an instant his social conscience was awakened, and he hastily put in an order to sell at the market. Such an awakening may come to any of us at any time—some circumstance that suddenly makes the whole business real and vivid.

Book Chat

DALE CARNEGIE, who is teaching all the Womrath subscribers how to win friends and be gone with the wind, devotes an entire chapter of his fascinating book to the necessity of always getting a man's name right, never calling him, say, Mr. Horgan if his name is Mr. Morgan. Well, on page 190, he reprints a letter from a man whom, way back in 1904, one of his pupils had won or influenced—the publisher of the Boston *Herald*. The letter, as quoted by Mr. Carnegie, is signed "W. E. Haskin." We thought maybe you, or Mr. Carnegie, or somebody, might like to know that in 1904 the publisher of the Boston *Herald* was Mr. W. E. Haskell.

Fish's Crusade

IF escalators are installed in Grand Central, it will be solely the result of the activities of a certain Leo Fish, who for the past three months has been conducting a vigorous pro-escalator campaign. Brief items about Mr. Fish's campaign have lately been appearing in the newspapers, the latest saying that the New York Central figures the cost of escalators at $150,000, and would prefer to compromise on elevators. Crusaders have always interested us, so we sought out Mr. Fish in his Empire State Building office, where he does business as an insurance agent. The first thing he wanted made clear was that he has no connection with an escalator concern. "I'm just socially-minded, and for the public good," he explained. He is going to hold out for escalators and reject any form of compromise, whether it be elevators, magic carpets, or beanstalks. "At the Pennsylvania Station they have *seven* escalators," he says bitterly. "Is Long Island any better than Westchester?"

Mr. Fish is medium-sized, nice-looking, and brisk—a good, average specimen of commuter. He lives in Larchmont with his wife and two children. He takes the 8:06 in the morning, and returns on the 5:13, and twice a day has to cope with the fifty-seven steps between the lower level and the Forty-second Street entrance. Fifty-seven steps is the equivalent, roughly, of a four-story walkup, and Mr. Fish points out that nobody in his right mind would dream of taking an office on the fourth floor of a building without an elevator. In ten years of commuting, Mr. Fish has, he estimates, climbed up and down a total of 342,000 steps, or 24,000 stories. The thought staggers him; he doesn't intend to go on.

We were curious about the proper method of getting a crusade under way, and asked Mr. Fish how he had managed his. He told us everything, right from the very first moment he had the idea. It came to him on the last Monday of 1936. "Suddenly," he said, "like the theory of relativity came to Einstein." His first move was to write to the New York Central. He received a reply from a Mr. Palmer, saying that their Mr. Regan would look into the matter. Mr. Regan called, discussed the problem with Mr. Fish, and said he would file a report. Then Mr. Fish went into the publicity angle of the campaign, writing letters to New York and Westchester papers. Some dozens of people answered his plea for support, and others telephoned him, one exclaiming, "God bless you, Mr. Fish!" He achieved a hearing before the Transit Commission, which hasn't yet ventured an opinion. He also wrote Grover Whalen, suggesting that escalators would be handy in handling extra-heavy World's Fair traffic. Mr. Whalen replied that it wouldn't be right for him to express an opinion. And there, at the moment, matters rest.

We have been advised that there is a way of avoiding the fifty-seven steps, by the use of ramps and detours, but we didn't bother to tell Mr. Fish. We have a feeling that he doesn't like ramps and detours any better than he likes stairs.

Westerns

WESTERN UNION tales continue to drift in, two of this week's batch being unusual in that W. U. is the hero instead of the villain. A lady tells us that after she had finished dictating a telegram over the phone, the operator repeated it, then added, "You know, it's a pleasure to take a wire from someone with such beautiful diction." And another lady, who had to get up early to do some packing, left word with Western Union to call her up at six in the morning (they do this for a charge of twenty cents, which goes on your telephone bill). Well, the lady woke up unaided, and, not wanting to be interrupted, took the receiver off the hook. Half an hour later, her doorbell rang frantically, and there was an earnest little Western Union boy, who explained that they were all worried when they hadn't been able to get through to her. "Anything can happen in New York," he said.

C. P. A. Exams

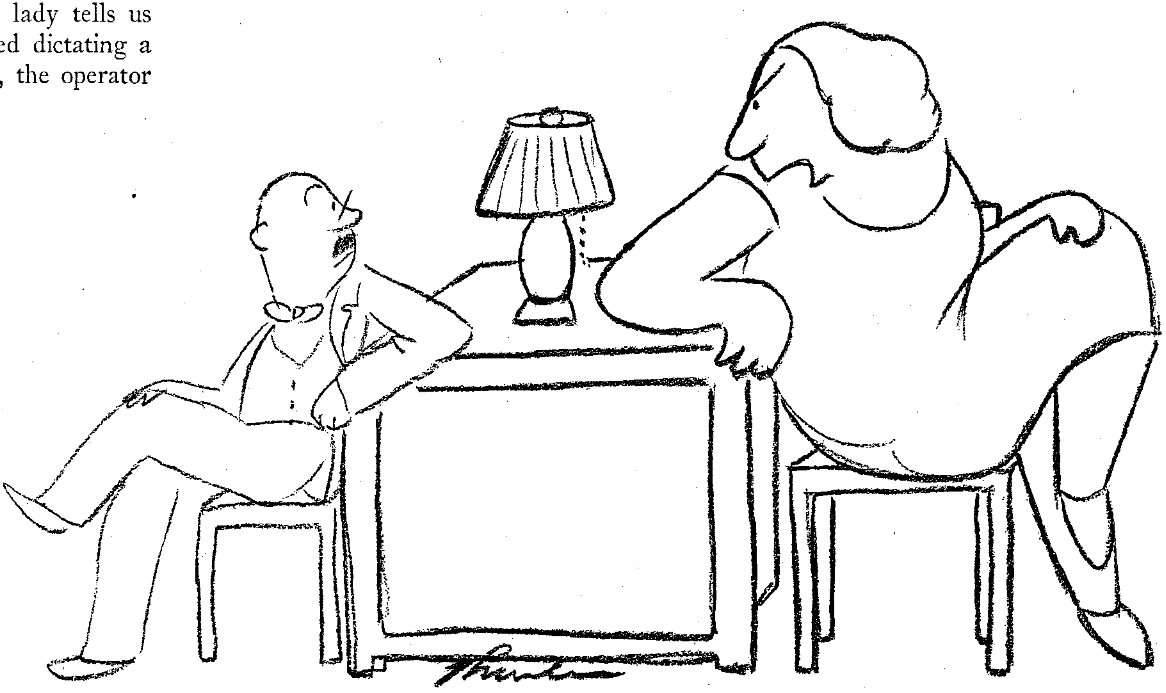
THE Ph.D. of the accounting-and-finance world is the C. P. A. degree, examinations for which will be held at Mecca Temple, beginning next Tuesday and running two and a half days. These examinations have a mortality rate of about eighty-five per cent, which is probably some sort of record. Few people ever pass them the first try; three times is the average. (As in the case of the bar examinations, you can take them as long as your strength holds out.) A bare five thousand certificates have been issued in this state since 1896, when the examinations were established by the Board of Regents. It costs $25 to take the exams; this covers two tries, and your money is *not* refunded if you fail. The requirements are a high-school education and five years of practical accounting, or three if you are a graduate of a school of accounting. Next year an accounting-school diploma will be required of all the candidates, making the thing even more exclusive.

Anybody can set himself up as a public accountant, if his tastes run that way, but a man who pretends to be a C. P. A. is flirting with a fine of $500 and a year in jail. Being a C. P. A. carries a lot of prestige, in a certain limited group, and all the big accounting firms urge their employees to study up for it, on their own time, instead of going out with girls. Some firms conduct tutoring classes. There are also, for well-off candidates, tutoring courses, the biggest of which is run by a Mr. Henry Seidman. He offers a choice of a long course, costing $160, or a short one, costing $110. Right now he has 371 pupils.

Some thousand accountants will turn up at Mecca Temple at 9:15 sharp next Tuesday, all ready to wrestle with a work sheet or a trial balance. The examinations are divided into five sessions: one devoted to Theory of Accounting, two to Practical Accounting, one to Auditing, and one to Commercial Law. Practical Accounting is the big stumbling block; hard as hell—Practical. For instance, you have to know something about the operation of an arbitrarily chosen business. One time it was a cigar store, another time an opera company. Most of the candidates flunked the opera question, and there was a good deal of indignation all round. Another cause of squawks among candidates is the time when the examinations are given. The income-tax season is the busiest of the year, and they haven't much time to study.

Road to Crime

WE'RE told of a young father who took his six-year-old daughter into a drugstore last Saturday afternoon, gave her a quarter, and allowed her to



"I'm getting tired of you throwing your weight around!"

order and pay for her own ice-cream soda. An old lady who had come in for a bicarbonate of soda watched all this grimly. On her way out she remarked to the father, "Your little girl didn't say 'Please' when she asked for her soda, and she didn't say 'Thank you' when she got it. No wonder we have gangsters."

Premium

IN White Plains there is a housewife who, although she doesn't know it, and probably wouldn't care anyway, has the unique distinction of being the only person who ever received a premium for subscribing to the *Times*. Approached by a member of a crew which was canvassing Westchester, she said she had no particular objection to subscribing, but wasn't it usual to throw in a premium? It isn't the least bit usual, of course, but since *Times* canvassers receive, in addition to their salary, seventy-five cents a subscription, this lad didn't want to lose a sale. "What would you want for a premium?" he asked. "Oh, I don't know," she said. "A frying pan or something." He went around to the nearest five-and-ten-cent store, bought a ten-cent frying pan, and closed the deal at a net profit of sixty-five cents. Probably he'll wind up as the *Times* circulation manager.

English Dumas

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM, visiting America for the first time in ten years, spent only a few days here, but we managed to interview him. He sandwiched us in between a literary tea and a session with a photographer. The reason for all this furore over him was, of course, that he is the second most prolific writer of all time, Edgar Wallace holding the record. Once, when Wallace was alive, and he and Oppenheim were both living near Nice, their friends attempted to arrange a novel-writing race between the two, but it fell through, both writers feeling that it would be undignified. Anyway, Oppenheim is firmly established in second place, ahead of the elder Dumas. He couldn't say offhand how many books he had written, as he is always three or four books ahead of his publishers, but he does know that a hundred and forty have been published, and that he is still getting royalties on about fifty of these. His output includes a play and a short travel book. All the other books are novels about beautiful foreign countesses, international espionage, and stolen documents.

Oppenheim is short and plump, with a hearty, ruddy English face. He is seventy years old, and has been writing ever since he was eighteen. He has never used a typewriter; started writing in longhand and then, as business expanded, began dictating his work. He dictates from nine to eleven-thirty every morning, and for another hour or so in the late afternoon, getting about three thousand words done in a day. His work is always carefully revised later on. He gave us a summary of his procedure in starting a novel: "I create one more or less interesting character, try to think of some dramatic situation in which he might be placed, and use that as the opening of a nebulous chain of events." He's dead against making a synopsis beforehand. "If I chart the character all out on paper before I write a word about him, there is no flexibility when the book is in swing." Thus, when he gets to the end of a novel, he is as pleasantly surprised at the denouement as any of his readers.

By now, he is probably back at work on the Island of Guernsey, in the English Channel. If the weather is good, he spends the afternoon on his yacht, fishing and dictating. We asked for an opinion of America, and Mr. Oppenheim said that we had improved with repeal, and were becoming more and more cosmopolitan. "You're really less American every time I come over," he said. The only thing that confused him about this trip was the fact that he couldn't find anybody who was for Roosevelt. "I made a point of asking *ten* people in Boston, and they were *all* against him," he said. We said nothing, not feeling able, in the time at our command, to explain Boston to Mr. Oppenheim. He said he wanted to get some American atmosphere for his next novel, and had visited a night club for the purpose. It was all rather disappointing, though, because the only thing that happened was that when he and his partner got up to dance, the waiters took all the chairs away from his table. You can't base a novel of international intrigue on that.

Nice Place

TWO earnest young ladies, evidently having their first reunion in some months, occupied a bus seat in front of us the other evening. "What are you doing these days?" one of them asked. "I have a job with the *Nation*," the other said. "Oh, that's wonderful—it must be so interesting," her friend said. "How are your surroundings?" "*Very* intelligent," the *Nation* young lady said, laconically.

●

GENERAL INFORMATION: A pet shop in London is selling, for five shillings, a set of three "Coronation mice"—a red one, a white one, and a blue one. . . . There is something called Cream of Milk being advertised on one of the radio networks, but the announcer doesn't say whether it is pasteurized, alkalized, or contented. . . . In the coatroom of the Yale Club there is a sign reading, "Have You Neglected to Take Home Your Skis?"

42nd Street Curriculum

AN advertisement in the paper under "Schools and Colleges" sent us, one evening last week, over to Forty-second Street across from Bryant Park to look into a tree surgeons' school and see how classes were progressing. Such an announcement would cause us to drop most anything we were doing. We found our goal, the Bordeaux School of Tree Surgery, in a chip-strewn room of the Bryant Park Building, two flights up from the Yankees Baseball Club offices. Alders, spruce, larches, and logs taken over from the Maine booth of the National Sportsmen's Show stood around the room, and a dozen or so young men in boots and riding breeches were cutting holes in the wood with chisels, or throwing ropes over pegs in a high rustic fence and practicing drawing themselves up into the air. The director, Mr. Joseph A. Lanciault, who greeted us cordially, told us that a good tree surgeon never uses a ladder these days. He throws a length of half-inch rope over a limb and pulls himself up to the part of the tree that interests him. He then prunes, bark-traces (which is fixing bark wounds), cleans out cavities, or takes steps to exterminate insect pests. Then he slides down the rope again.

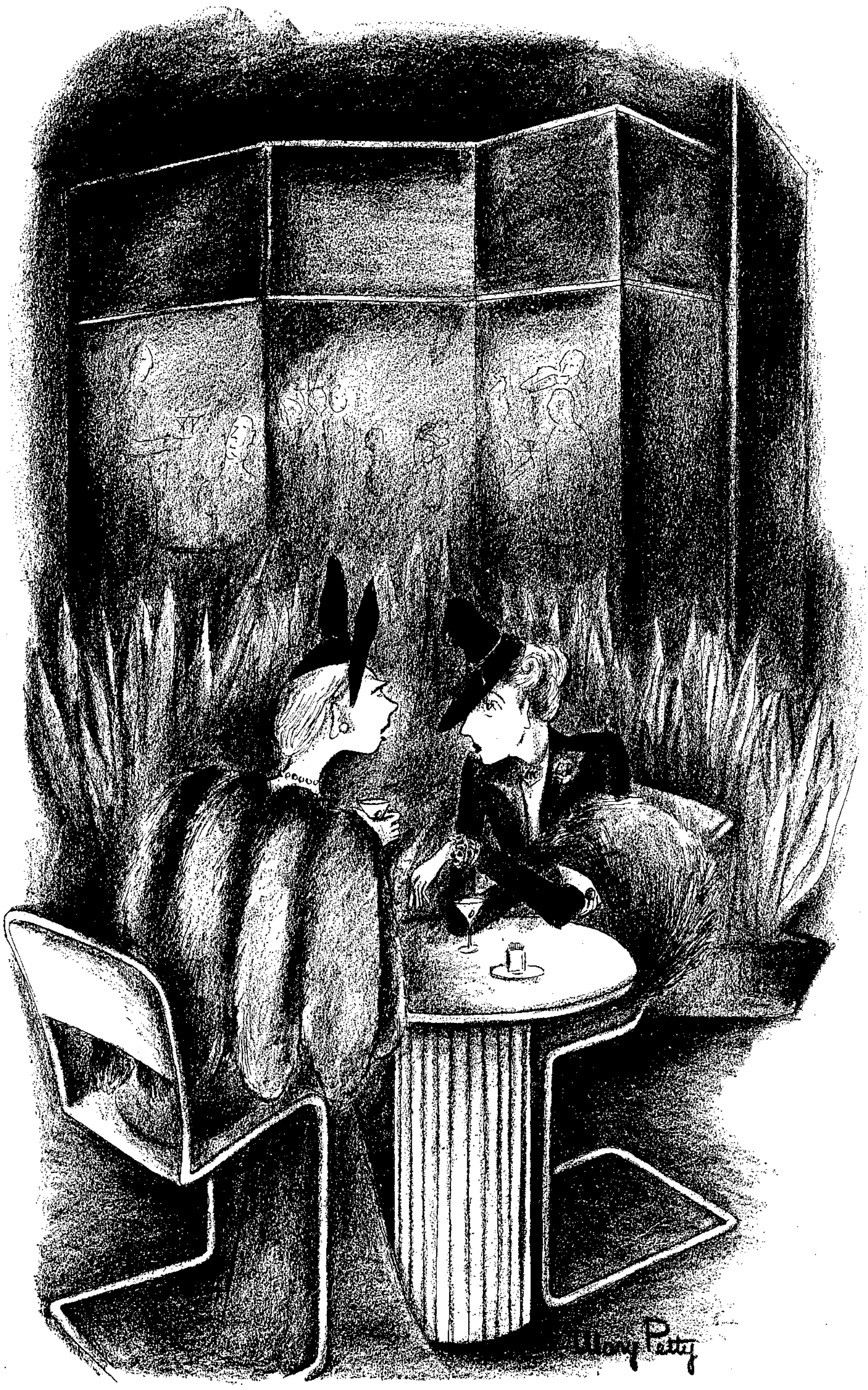
Most of the student body was engaged in cavity work the night we were at the school. This is regarded as the most important part of tree surgery. A cavity is cleaned out to sound heartwood and filled with cement in sections, a tar-paper layer between each section. The filling is then smoothed off nicely, so no water can get in. "Sectioning" is necessary for elasticity. Without it, even a trunk with a plug in its centre might snap off in a high wind. A well-filled cavity is no more injurious to a tree than its growing around a stone, a common occurrence in nature. Really, a tree rather likes a well-filled cavity.

Bug control is the most esoteric part of tree surgery. The Bordeaux students learn all about a hundred kinds of bugs that attack trees in this region. Wood borers meet their defeat in a good, healthy sap flow. The borers get so far and then have to back out, or the sap drowns them. Leaf-eaters are the most dangerous pests; a tree defoliated three successive seasons usually dies. The Japanese beetle is one of the toughest leaf-eaters a surgeon has to contend with here. The beetle just coughs up arsenate of lead, which would be lethal to other leaf-eaters. Somewhere he learned this trick. The wise tree surgeon puts flour in the arsenate now and it rests better on the beetle's stomach.

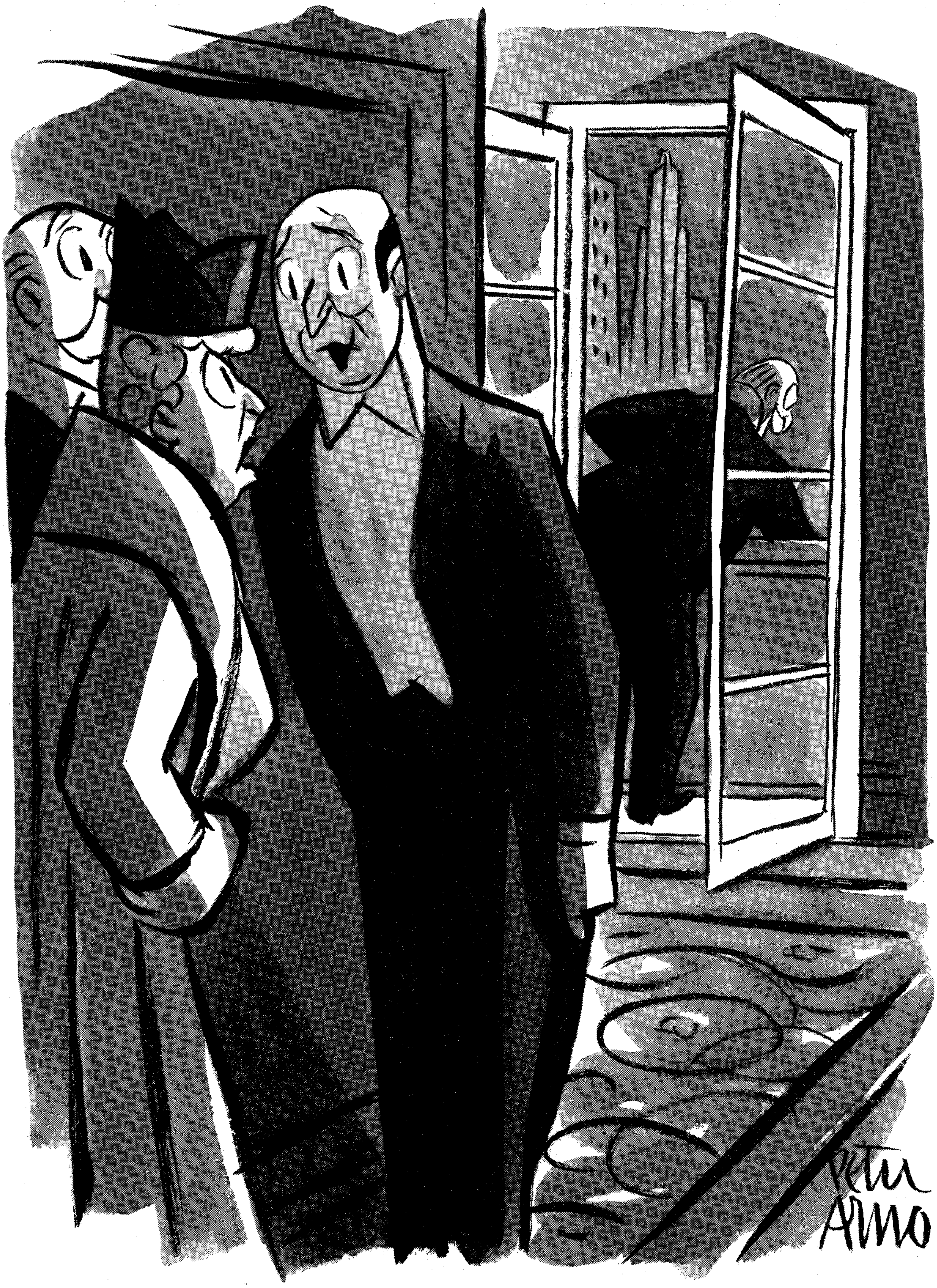
Mr. Lanciault's students are tree-minded young men who expect to lose themselves in the forests of Westchester. It seems there are more tree surgeons there than any other place in the world—over a thousand, all told. They make $1,500 to $2,000 a year and get a chance to go South winters. Mr. Lanciault is an old Westchester woodsman and takes his class up there for field work, on the grounds of a monastery he has access to. There the students clamber around the trees with their ropes, attacking bugs, fixing the bark, and filling cavities.

Wrong Taylor

THE Robert Taylor who lives at 16 East Ninety-third Street and is listed in the Telephone Directory is not the Robert Taylor whom Greta Garbo loved in "Camille." That's a fact which you and your friends would hold to be self-evident, but the fact remains that in recent months he has received hundreds of telephone calls from members of the intellectual substratum. They ask for signed photographs and inquire about his future plans. Mr. Taylor, who is a retired lawyer of seventy, always lets them down gently. "I'm sorry," he says. "You seem to be looking for a man who is in the movies. I've never been in one. I'm sorry." All in all, Mr. Taylor is probably the most forbearing old gentleman in New York.



"A man named Balzac wrote the book and Hugo Dresser, Nat Marcus, Eddie Katz, Joe Prout, Sid Prosser, and Irving Rothberg wrote the screen play."



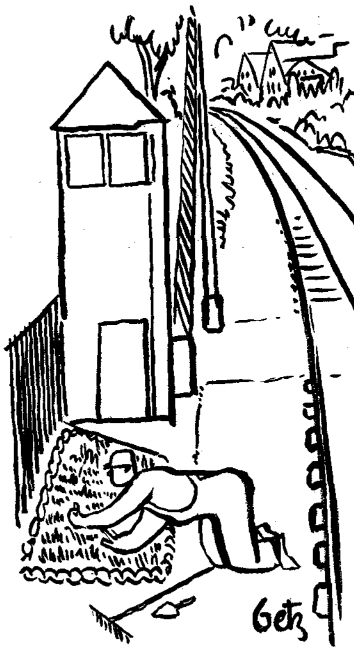
"Mr. Stowe is on the terrace, Ma'am. He's—er—dropping hot pennies on the sidewalk."

MEN, WOMEN, AND DOGS

I DIDN'T really get into the spirit of the new magazine called *Bachelor* until I reached page 64 of Volume I, Number 1. On that page Baron Giorgio Suriani, organizer and president of the Noblemen's Club of New York, a gentleman who we are told is uncommonly sincere and sensitive, has an article gallantly entitled "The Insolence of American Women." American women, it comes out, have an abrupt way of breaking off a conversation with the Baron and walking away. He doesn't know why they do that and he seems to think that all American women do it to everybody. Maybe I can give the Baron a hint or two as to what is the trouble in his case. He writes, in one place: "One trait which we are prone to call insolence is the habit the modern American woman has of what I might term 'putting on the airs.'" Now, no matter what you may think, Baron, there is no such term as "putting on the airs." Very likely some American woman has abruptly walked away from you when you used that expression, in order to turn on the heat, believing that you were trying to say you were cold. "Putting on airs" is what you mean. Incidentally, should you actually be cold in one of our drawing rooms, I would not advise you to ask your hostess to "turn on the heat" because then she might, as we say, "let you have it" or "give it to you." "The heat," in this sense, is the same as "the works," and you should be happy that the ladies have not given to you this works but have instead walked away and left you to be the alone. I think it is quite clear that American women walk away from you during a conversation because they do not understand what you are talking about. You say, for instance, "It is one of the most annoying things I have ever known to have the most fascinating woman assume a vague stare while a man is talking, and without apology suddenly interrupt by murmuring an appointment excuse and hastily bidding goodby." Phrases like "an appointment excuse" give what I might term a betray to the fact that not always you perhaps have given an expression of the clear, if you come after what I mean. As one uncommonly sincere and sensitive gentleman to another, how in the hell can a woman go on with a conversation into which of a constantly is occurring this phraseology kind?

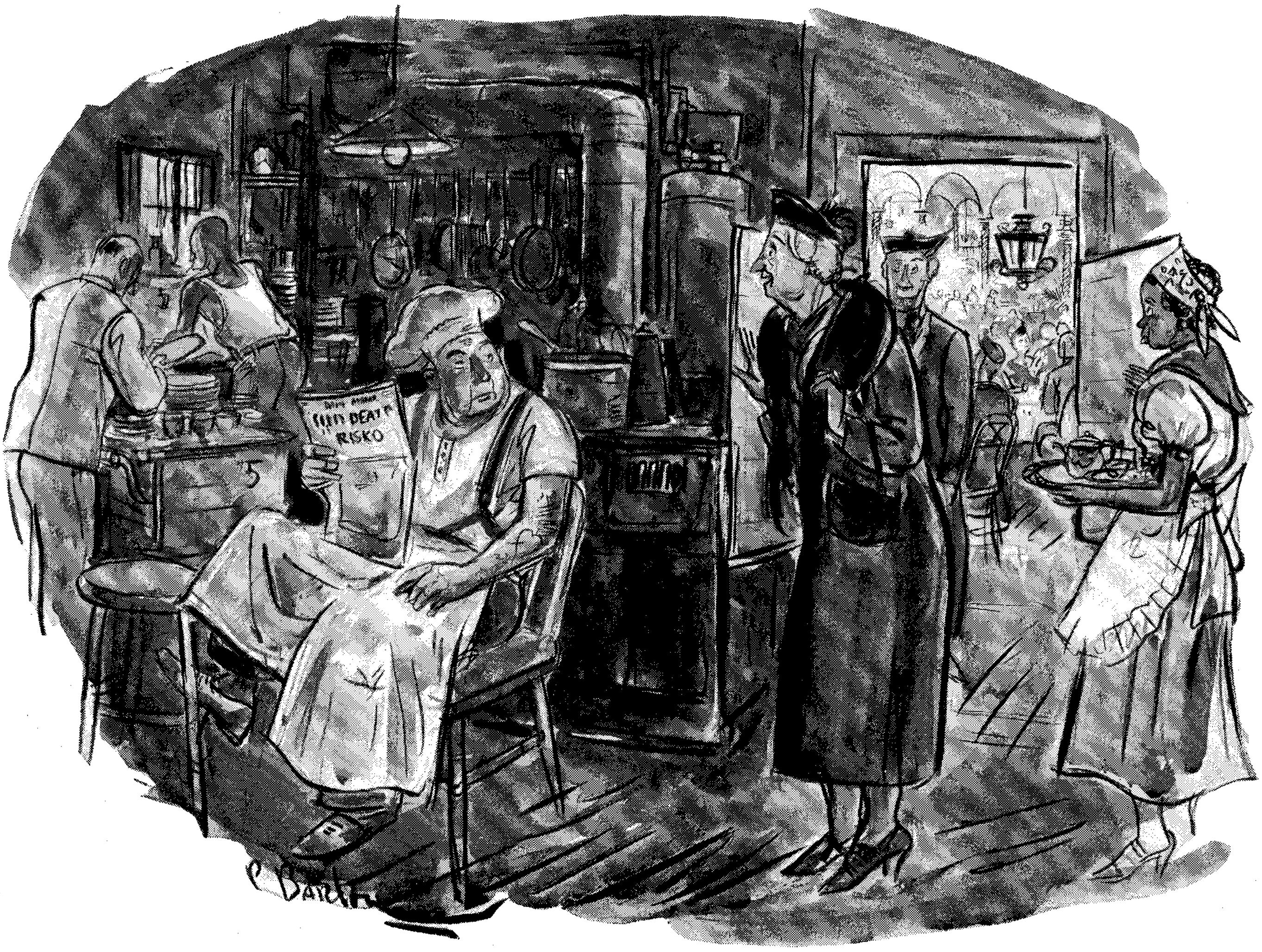
Before I leave you abruptly with an appointment excuse, let us examine just one more sentence of yours: "It is not without the boundary of the gods that even a man with a title may awaken in the morning with a beating headache." "Beating" is pretty close, and I rather like it, although it might be hard to pick up in a quick conversation, but "the boundary of the gods" is very far away from "the realm of possibility," which you apparently were trying to get at. "The boundary of the gods" can mean, if it means anything, only that mythical region called Olympus. Hence what you say in the sentence I have quoted is: "It is not without Olympus that even a man with a title may awaken in the morning with a beating headache." May I say that it is not without the boundary of the gods that someday you will meet an American woman who, in execrable Italian, will ask after the health of your great Premier, calling him Il Ducky? I wonder whether you will carry on—or walk abruptly away?

IN passing on to my favorite article in *Bachelor*—and possibly in the whole range of American belles-lettres—let us visit page 72 just long enough to quote one sentence from Mr. Lucius Beebe. He writes: "The symbols of success and achievement in the world are still tailcoats, footmen, and the slightly unsteady footwork deriving from having carelessly consumed a double bottle of Perrier-Jouet during dinner." I thought you would want to know what the symbols of success and achievement in the world still are. Now we turn back three pages to my favorite article, a piece called "Dogs Have Their Place," by Mr. Freeman Lloyd. Mr. Lloyd's use of English is so extraordinary as to make Baron Suriani out to be, by comparison, a meticulous, impeccable, and stuffy old purist. As for dogs, Mr. Lloyd thinks far less of an unpedigreed dog than Baron Suriani thinks of an American woman or than Mr. Beebe thinks of a sober man without a tailcoat and a footman. We'll gradually come to that. Let us begin at the beginning, where Mr. Lloyd starts off with all the ease and grace of a 1902 Cadillac going up a hill.



"Do you know," he asks, "that a man may be known by the breed of dog he affects, has as a companion or for the purposes of his game-hunting inclinations? Yet such is the case; indeed, a wrong dog in the wrong place sort of gives the man away." You might think that Mr. Lloyd's literary style couldn't get worse, but it does. A few lines farther on he writes: "Such dogs as these will not only guard your home, but their very appearances shall make hoboes and other undesirables keep away from your premises." The only explanation I can give for Mr. Lloyd's shift from "will" to "shall" here is that he thinks "shall" is pretty chi-chi and ought to be stuck in now and then for tone. Later on in his piece he uses the *soigné* future tense again. Mr. Lloyd just cannot abide tenses or dogs that do not seem chic to him. He tells about a monstrously deplorable man and dog who were to be observed walking boldly on Madison Avenue one day. "The unfortunate canine creature was a smooth fox terrier not of blue-book parentage," writes Mr. Lloyd. "The fool of a fellow was making his dog carry in its mouth one of those five-and-ten-cent store rubber rats. At the same time he was making a fool of himself, the dog, and mayhap a few of the public. And so this hobbledehoy strutted along. . . . Here was an example of the milksop man as the thing paraded on a Gotham thoroughfare. Here was a characterization that might suit my friends of the stage and screen." I submit this, without analysis, as one of the most remarkable paragraphs of our time.

Before we go on to a further examination of Mr. Lloyd's philosophy of men and dogs, it may be interesting to inspect a certain English usage of which he is extremely fond. This is the linking of synonyms with "or." He writes: "Very large dogs are not suitable for



"May we peek?"

• •

the often limited space or room for dogs in an apartment." After that come: "rough or rough-coated dogs," "personal or private hunting trips," "shade or color of reeds," "cover or hide in which the shooter waits," "decoys or sham ducks," and "do not halt or stay in your choice." I cannot think or imagine how our writer or author got into this mess or mixup and can only wonder or speculate as to why or how come the editors or publishers allowed it to appear or be printed. Certainly it must not go on or continue.

Mr. Lloyd's tribute to gun dogs I am sure you will enjoy. He writes: "These are the dogs that make robust men out of weaklings—strong, husky, athletic, life-enjoying lads fond of observing Mother Nature at her fullest and best, imbued as they are with present and future thoughts of hunting." I can't decide which would be harder: for a person to be imbued with a future thought or for a gun dog to make a robust man out of a weakling. In taking his leave of gun dogs and their owners, Mr. Lloyd has this thought to give us: "The name of a first class game-shot becomes a household word."

Let us now go on to Mr. Freeman Lloyd's deathless explanation of why you should be possessed of, as he puts it, a pedigreed dog instead of one that isn't pedigreed. "Should you have to move where your dog will not be welcome," he says, "and you wish to sell him, the pedigreeless dog will be next to valueless either to give away or to breed from. So do not let any one pass off to you a pedigreeless puppy or older dog—that is if you wish to be possessed of a dog that shall be worth your care and attention." (There's that fancy "shall" again!) Mr. Lloyd's closing revelation of a sight that distresses him marks the high point of his message. "Candidly," he writes, "I don't like to meet a smart man or an attractive woman when he or she is attended by a half-bred dog. The sight appears to be unseemly. It might be a sign that the person has no understanding friends even to hint that a mongrel as an up-to-date individual's companion is quite as noticeable as are dirty shoes or a hole in milady's stocking." Honest to God. —James Thurber

•

THE SHELL

Put this great shell to your ear:
It is the roaring of the sea
That surges in your veins you hear—
Not some Atlantic mystery.

The caverns of the sea are deep;
Dark and still the waters there
And almost motionless with sleep;
But down your veins the red tides bear

The noise of generations: sound
Of hero, lover, saint, and seer,
And under all the dim, profound
Drums of death, far off but clear.

Hark! in this nacreous, grotesque,
Untenanted, and rose-lipped shell
(That lay so silent on the desk)
The sound your life makes! Note it well.

—Harold Lewis Cook

MR. K★A★P★L★A★N'S DARK LOGIC

FOR a long time Mr. Parkhill had believed that the incredible things which Mr. Hyman Kaplan did to the English language were the products of a sublime and transcendental ignorance. That was the only way, for example, that he could account for Mr. Kaplan's version of the name of the fourth President of the United States: "James Medicine." Then Mr. Parkhill began to feel that it wasn't ignorance which governed Mr. Kaplan so much as impulsiveness. That would explain the sentence Mr. Kaplan had given in vocabulary drill, using the word "orchard": "Each day he is giving her a dozen orchards." But then came Mr. Kaplan's impetuous answer to the question "And what is the opposite of 'rich'?"

"Skinny!" Mr. Kaplan had cried.

Now a less conscientious teacher might have dismissed that as a fantastic guess. But Mr. Parkhill thought it over with great care. (Mr. Parkhill stopped at nothing in his pedagogical labors.) And he realized that to Mr. Kaplan wealth and avoirdupois were inseparable aspects of one natural whole: rich people were fat. Grant this major premise, and the opposite of "rich" *must* be—it was all too clear—"skinny."

The more Mr. Parkhill thought this over, the more was he convinced that it was neither ignorance nor caprice which guided Mr. Kaplan's life and language. It was Logic. A secret kind of logic, perhaps. A private logic. A dark and baffling logic. But Logic. And when Mr. Kaplan fell into grammatical error, it was simply because his logic and the logic of the world did not happen to coincide. Mr. Parkhill came to suspect that on such occasions there was only one defensible position to take: *de gustibus non est disputandum.*

Any final doubts Mr. Parkhill might have felt on the whole matter were resolved once and for all when Mr. Kaplan conjugated "to die" as "die, dead, funeral."

IT was on a Monday night, several weeks after Mr. Kaplan's incomparable analysis of "to die," that Mr. Parkhill was given a fresh glimpse of the dialectical genius of his most remarkable student. The beginners' grade of the American Night Preparatory School for Adults was making three-minute speeches, as part of the regular Recitation and Speech practice. Miss Rochelle Goldberg was reciting. She was describing her experience with a ferocious dog at No Hurry—No Worry, a summer resort in the Catskills. The dog's name, according to Miss Goldberg, was Spots. He was a "Scotch terror."

"Was he a beeg, wild dog!" Miss Goldberg said, her eyes moving in recollective fear. "Honist, you would all be afraid somthing tarrible! I had good rizzon for being all scared. I was trying to pat Spots, nize, on the had, and saying, 'Here, Spots, Spots, Spots!'—and Spots bite me so hod on the—"

"'Bite' is the *present* tense, Miss Goldberg," Mr. Parkhill interrupted gently.

A look of dismay wandered into Miss Goldberg's eyes.

"You want the—er—*past* tense." Mr. Parkhill spoke as kindly as he could; Miss Goldberg had a collapsible nervous system. "What *is* the past tense of 'to bite'?"

Miss Goldberg hung her head.

"The past tense of 'to bite'—anyone?"

Mr. Kaplan's Samaritan impulses surged to the fore. "Isn't '*bited,*' ufcawss," he ventured, archly.

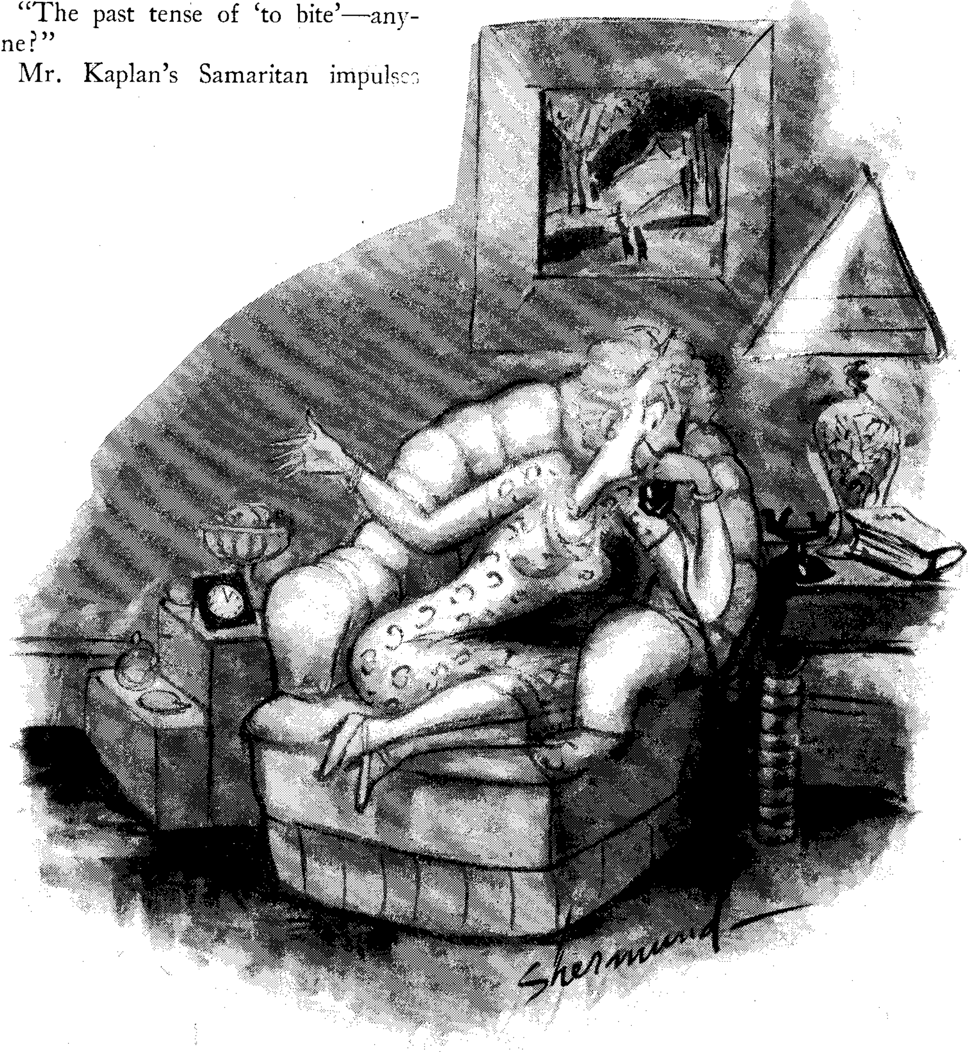
"No, it isn't—er—'bited'!" Mr. Parkhill couldn't tell whether Mr. Kaplan had uttered a confident negation or an oblique question.

Miss Mitnick raised her hand, just high enough to be recognized. "'Bit,'" she volunteered softly. (Miss Mitnick was a student who would go far.)

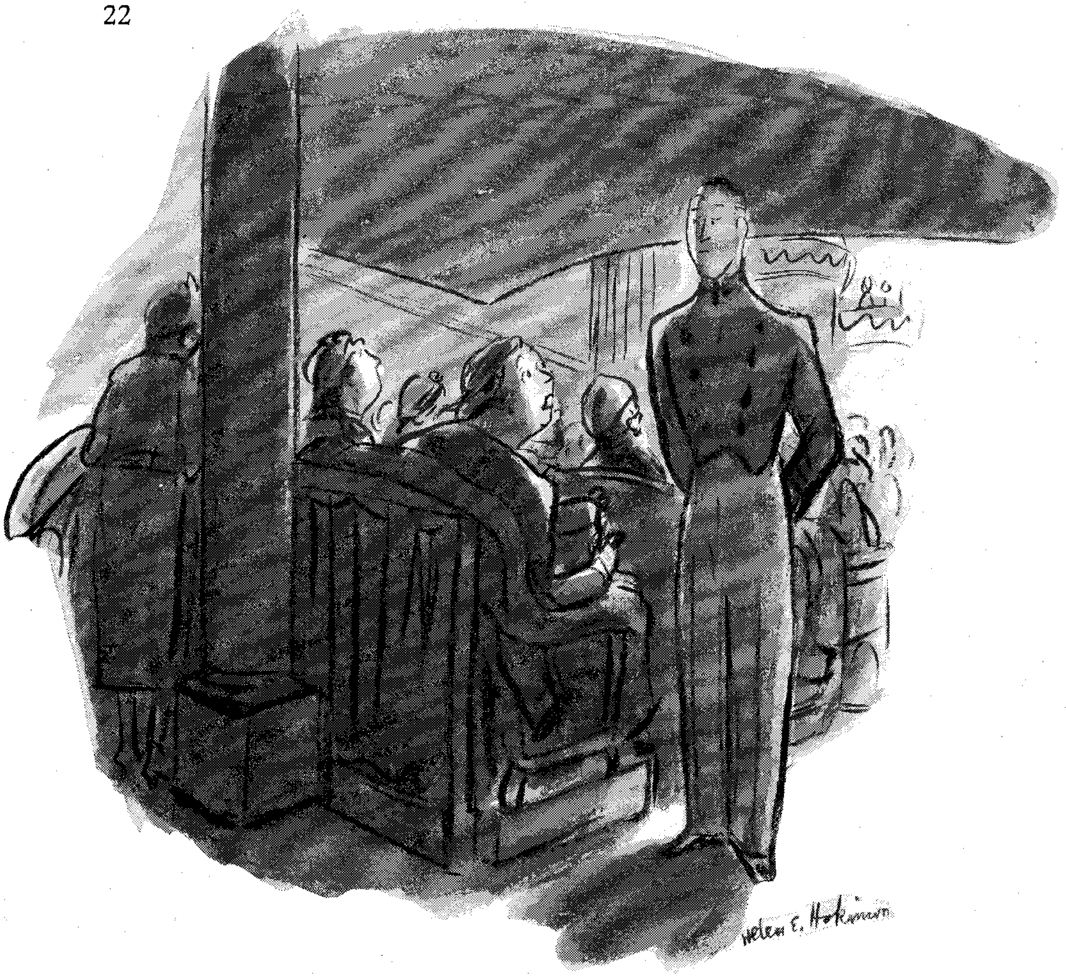
"Good, Miss Mitnick! 'Bite, *bit,* bitten.'"

At once Mr. Kaplan closed his eyes, cocked his head to one side, and began whispering to himself. "Mitnick gives 'bit.' . . . '*Bit*' Mitnick gives. . . . My!"

This dramaturgic process indicated that Mr. Kaplan was subjecting Miss Mitnick's contribution to his most rigorous analysis. There was an ancient and acrid feud between these two. To allow one of Miss Mitnick's offerings to go unchallenged would constitute a psychological defeat of no mean proportions to Mr. Kaplan. It would be a blow to his



"My dear, we've found the loveliest apartment. There's the cutest little tree right in the next yard!"



"*Would you mind nudging me at a quarter to five?*"

• •

self-respect. It would bring anguish to his soul.

" 'Bite, *bit*, bitten'? . . . Hmmm. . . . Dat sonds awful fonny."

It was no use for Mr. Parkhill to pretend that he had not heard; the whole class had heard. Mr. Kaplan's whispers carried nicely to the farthest crannies of the room.

"Er—isn't that clear, Mr. Kaplan?" asked Mr. Parkhill cautiously.

Mr. Kaplan did not open his eyes. "*Clear*, Mr. Pockheel? Foist-clessclear! Clear like gold! Only I don' see *vy* should be dat 'bit.' . . . It don' makink *sanse!*"

"Oh, it doesn't make *sense*," Mr. Parkhill repeated lamely. Suddenly he saw a golden opportunity. "You mean it isn't—er—*logical?*"

"Exactel!" cried Mr. Kaplan happily. "Dat 'bit' isn't *logical.*"

"Well, Mr. Kaplan," said Mr. Parkhill quickly. "Surely you remember our verb drills. The verb 'to bite' is much like, say, the verb 'to hide.' 'To hide' is conjugated 'hide, hid, hidden.' Why, then, isn't it—er—*logical* that the principal parts of 'to bite' be 'bite, bit, bitten'?"

Mr. Kaplan considered this masterly stroke in silence. Then he spoke. "*I* tought de pest time 'bite' should be—'*bote.*' "

Miss Mitnick gave a little gasp.

" 'Bote'?" Mr. Parkhill asked in amazement. " '*Bote*'?"

" 'Bote,' " said Mr. Kaplan.

Mr. Parkhill shook his head. "I don't see your point."

"Vell," sighed Mr. Kaplan, with a modest shrug, "if is 'write, wrote, written,' so vy isn't 'bite, bote, bitten'?".

Psychic cymbals crashed in Mr. Parkhill's ears.

"There is not such a word 'bote,' " protested Miss Mitnick, who took this all as a personal affront. Her voice was small, but desperate.

" 'Not—soch—a—void'!" Mr. Kaplan repeated ironically. "Mine dear Mitnick, don' *I* know is not soch a void! Did I said *is* soch a void! All I'm eskink is, isn't logical *should be* soch a void!"

The class was stunned.

"Mr. Kaplan, there is *no such word*, as Miss Mitnick just said." (Miss Mitnick was in agony, biting her lips, twisting her handkerchief, gazing with bewilderment at her shoes. Her plight was that of common humanity faced by genius.) "Nor is it—er—logical that there *should* be such a word." Mr. Parkhill recapitulated the whole exercise on regular and irregular verbs. He gave the principal parts of a dozen samples. He analyzed the whole system of verb conjugation. Mr. Parkhill spoke with earnestness and rare feeling. He spoke as if a good deal depended on it.

By the time Mr. Parkhill had finished his little lecture, Mr. Kaplan had seen the light and submitted, with many a sigh, to the tyranny of the irregular verb, Miss Mitnick's normal pallor had returned, Mrs. Moskowitz was fast asleep, and Miss Goldberg, completely forgotten in the clash between two great systems of thought, had taken her seat with the air of one washing her hands of the whole business.

Recitation and Speech went on.

Mr. Sam Pinsky delivered a short address on the mysteries of his craft, baking. (It came out that Mr. Pinsky had produced literally hundreds of thousands of "loafers" of "brat" during his career.) Miss Kowalski described a wedding she had recently attended. Mrs. Moskowitz, refreshed by her slumbers, indulged in a moving idyll about a trip she was hoping to make, to a metropolis called "Spittsburgh." Then the recess bell rang.

THE second student to recite after the recess was Hyman Kaplan. He hurried to the front of the room, glowing with joy at the opportunity to recite. He almost seemed to give off a radiance.

"Ladies an' gantleman, Mr. Pockheel," Mr. Kaplan began, with customary éclat. "Tonight I'll gonna talkink abot noosepeppers, dose movvellous—"

"Pardon me." Mr. Parkhill knew it would be fatal to give Mr. Kaplan free rein. "It's 'Tonight I *am going . . . to talk*.' . . . And the word is '*News*-papers,' not 'noose-peppers.' " Mr. Parkhill went to the board and printed "NOOSE," "PEPPER," and "NEWSPAPER." He explained the meaning of each word. When he pointed out that "pepper" was a strong condiment ("Salt . . . Pepper, Mr. Kaplan. Do you see?"), everyone smiled. Miss Mitnick rejoiced. Mr. Kaplan beamed. Mr. Kaplan was amazed by the ingenious combination ("noose-pepper") which he had brought into being.

"Vell," Mr. Kaplan took up his tale after Mr. Parkhill was done, "de *newspapers* is to me de finest kind ting ve have in tsivilization. Vat *is* a *news*paper? Ha! It's a show! It's a comedy! It's *aducation!* It's movvellous!" Rhapsodically Mr. Kaplan painted the glory and the miracle of journalism. "Fromm *news*papers de messes gat—"

" 'M*a*sses,' Mr. Kaplan, 'm*a*sses'!" Mr. Parkhill felt that "messes" might have consequences too dreadful to contemplate.

"De m*a*sses loin abot de voild. Even de edvoitismants in de paper is a kind lasson. An' ufcawss de odder pots a newspaper: de hatlinings, de auditorials, de cottoons, de fine pages pictchiss, on Sonday, dat ve callink rotogravy sactions."

" 'Rotogra*vure*'!"

"An' in *news*papers ve find ot all dat's happenink all hover de voild! Abot politic, crimes, all kinds difference *scendels* pipple makink, abot if is goink to be snow or rainink, an' ufcawss—spacially in U. S.—all abot Sax!"

Mr. Parkhill closed his eyes.

"Mitout newspapers vat vould ve humans be?" Mr. Kaplan paused dramatically. "Ha! *Sawages* ve vould be, dat's vat! *Ignorance* ve vould fill, dat's all. No fects! No knolledge! No *aducation!*" A shudder passed through the body scholastic at the mere thought of such a barbaric state.

"Vell, dis mornink I vas readink a noose—a *news*paper. *English* newspaper!" Mr. Kaplan hesitated, awaiting the acclaim of his colleagues. They were inert. "*English* newspaper I vas readink!" Mr. Kaplan repeated delicately. Mr. Norman Bloom snickered, ever the skeptic. Mr. Kaplan shot him a look composed of indignation, pain, and ice. "I vas readink abot how vill maybe be anodder Voild Var. So vat de paper said? Vell, he said dat in—"

"Mr. Kaplan," Mr. Parkhill *had* to interpolate. "It's '*it* said,' not '*he* said.' "

Mr. Kaplan was stunned. "Not '*he*'?" he asked.

"No, not 'he.' 'It'! Er—you know the rules for pronouns, Mr. Kaplan. 'He' is masculine, 'she' feminine. Sometimes, of course, we say 'she' for certain objects which have no sex—a country, for example, or a ship. But for newspapers we use the neuter pronoun." Mr. Parkhill had an inspiration. "Surely *that's* logical!"

Mr. Kaplan sank into mighty thought, shaking his head at regular intervals. He whispered to himself, "Not mascoolin. . . . Not faminine. . . . But *in de middle!*"

Mr. Parkhill waited with the patience of his calling.

"Aha!" Some cosmic verity had groped its way into Mr. Kaplan's universe. "Plizz, Mr. Pockheel. I unnistand *fine* abot mascoolin, faminine, an' neutral, but—"

" 'Neu*ter*,' Mr. Kaplan!"

"An' neu*ter*. But is maybe all right ve should say 'he' abot *som* papers? Ven dey hevink mascoolin *names?*"

Mr. Parkhill frowned. "I don't see what the name of the paper has to do with it. We say of the New York *Times*, for instance, 'It said.' Or of the New York *Post*—"

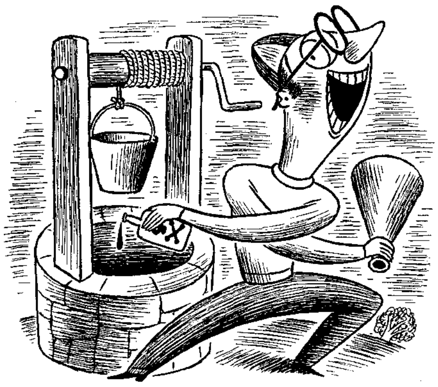
"*Dose* papers, yassir!" Mr. Kaplan cried. "But ven a paper got a real *mascoolin* name?"

Mr. Parkhill spoke with deliberate slowness. "I don't understand, Mr. Kaplan. Which newspaper would you say had a—er—*masculine* name?"

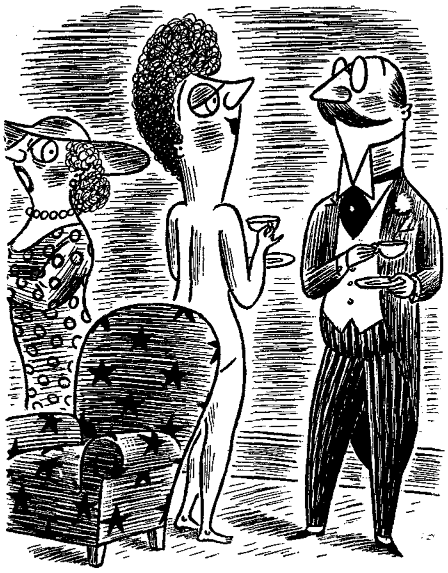
Mr. Kaplan's face was drenched with modesty. "*Harold Tribune*," he said.

—Leonard Q. Ross

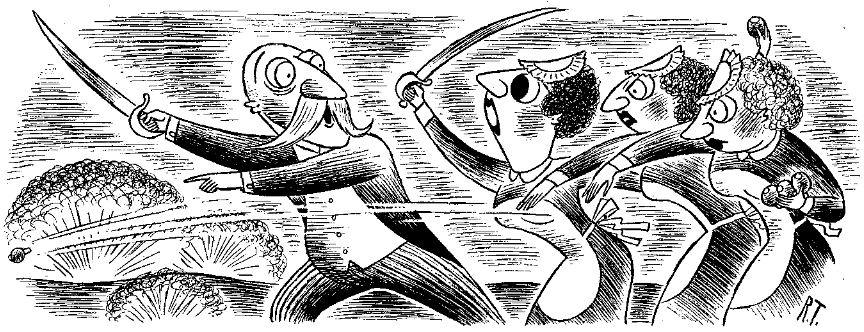
LIMERICKS LONG AFTER LEAR



A youth who afflicts Essex Fells
Can yell university yells,
  From Abilene's hail
  To the frog call of Yale;
He also puts poison in wells.



A lady who rules Fort Montgomery
Says the wearing of clothes is mere mummery;
  She has frequently tea'd in
  The costume of Eden,
Appearing delightfully summery.



A colonel (retired) in Mount Tabor
Has become an unpopular neighbor
  By drilling his maids
  In throwing grenades
And wielding the cavalry sabre.

—Morris Bishop

PEGGY

AREN'T they sweet together, those two? Look at them. *Look.* Did you see? He just kissed her on the ear, right out in front of everybody. Now, I don't care what you say, those two. If I ever saw two people. You know, it makes me want to get up and give them a push and say, "Go on, go on, you two. Get married and be happy." It really does. They're made for each other. You know, they come here for dinner every night, or at least every night I've been here this year. Every single time I've been here for dinner, here they were. And always like this. Now watch them when they dance. They're getting up to dance. You're sitting in a bad place to see them at the table, but now you'll be able to see them.

She's good, isn't she? She used to dance professionally, you know. . . . Oh, yes. When she first came back from Hollywood—they were stinking to her out there. She came back, and right away—John Powers. She had this money, of course, but as she said to me, "If I can possibly help it, I'm going to touch as little of that money as I possibly can." I guess she thought everybody *knew* about it, but only the Coast crowd and a few here in New York. I happened to know about it, but a lot of people didn't, and I admired her. She had enough so she could—you know, travel. She didn't have to work, but right away she got this job modelling for John Powers. She got lots of work, because she's got that kind of figure, and her face, it's that sort of not-quite-homely that's rather cute. It gets them. I've seen her at parties with the absolutely prettiest girls in New York. I remember a party at the Casino several years ago—Brownie and that crowd gave it—and I swear to you, and nothing against *her,* far from it, she was the unprettiest girl at the party. But oh-ho-ho! All these men, artists, accustomed to seeing the real so-called beauties, they flocked around her like—anything. And the other girls were *fu*rious! Livid! That's the trouble. She isn't really popular with most of the girls, and I don't think it's fair, because she has a lot of likable qualities, but you know how girls are. How many popular girls with men are really sincerely liked by other women?

That, of course, that's what happened in Hollywood. She went out there from some night club in, I think, Chicago. Sigmund Bernette was in Chicago; I think it was for some kind of a Legion of Decency convention about two years ago. I *know* that, because I was with Bernette then, and I remember—oh, God, what a time. I was sort of in charge of fashion stills for the magazines in the East, and we got this memo saying the heat was on and lay off sexy pictures of our stars. Then Bernette went to Chicago and gave the speech of his life, telling how Bernette Pictures would coöperate to the fullest degree, and any suggestions, et cetera. You may not believe it just to look at Bernette, but when he gets up there.

So of course he went to this night club where she was dancing, and to make a long story short, inside of a week little Peggy was on the Chief. Well, he signed her up to a long-term contract, but without options. I think three years, at seven-fifty a week. Well, of course that wasn't known right away. She had an agent, and the agent would pick up her check every week. But she not only didn't get in any picture, but there was no publicity on her. She wasn't even announced for a picture. What a life! Beautifully dressed and, as I say, quite attractive. She'd go to the Vendôme one day and the Derby the next, and then the Vendôme and then the Derby. Always got a good table. But always with the same two or three girls, and never any men. Oh, Bernette. He's too smart for that. I've seen Bernette go into the Vendôme while she was there and bow to the girl with her and pretend he didn't even know Peggy. In fact, I'm pretty sure I saw him being introduced to her a couple of times. A lot of men of course tried to move in, but I will say for Peggy, she handled them beautifully. That's another thing about Bernette. He doesn't trust anybody. For a while he'd let her go out with this little pansy in the music department. He was a beautiful dancer. But one night Bernette happened to get a load of Peggy doing a rumba with Jackie, and from then on. See what I mean? Isn't she marvellous? She's really primitive.

WELL, that was her life. Car, clothes, money—and nothing to do but be there for Bernette. Then she took sick and he sent her to the desert, and of course the doctor had to be one of those handsome young California Nordics. Bernette was *fu*rious! Livid. But there wasn't much he could do, in a way. I mean, she had this wonderful contract and—oh, perhaps two years to run. So what he did, he got to her agent and told him, he said sure, he knew the contract would be tough to break in a court of law, but he told this agent, he said, "You have a lot of other clients, and I imagine some of them would like to work on this lot, but if you're going to be tough about Peggy's contract, you might just as well forget there is any such studio as the Bernette." So of course the agent hemmed and hawed, and the result was Peggy settled for one year's salary in cash. And the ironic thing was I heard several times how smart Bernette was in getting rid of deadwood, settling contracts with people that were drawing salary but not doing anything.

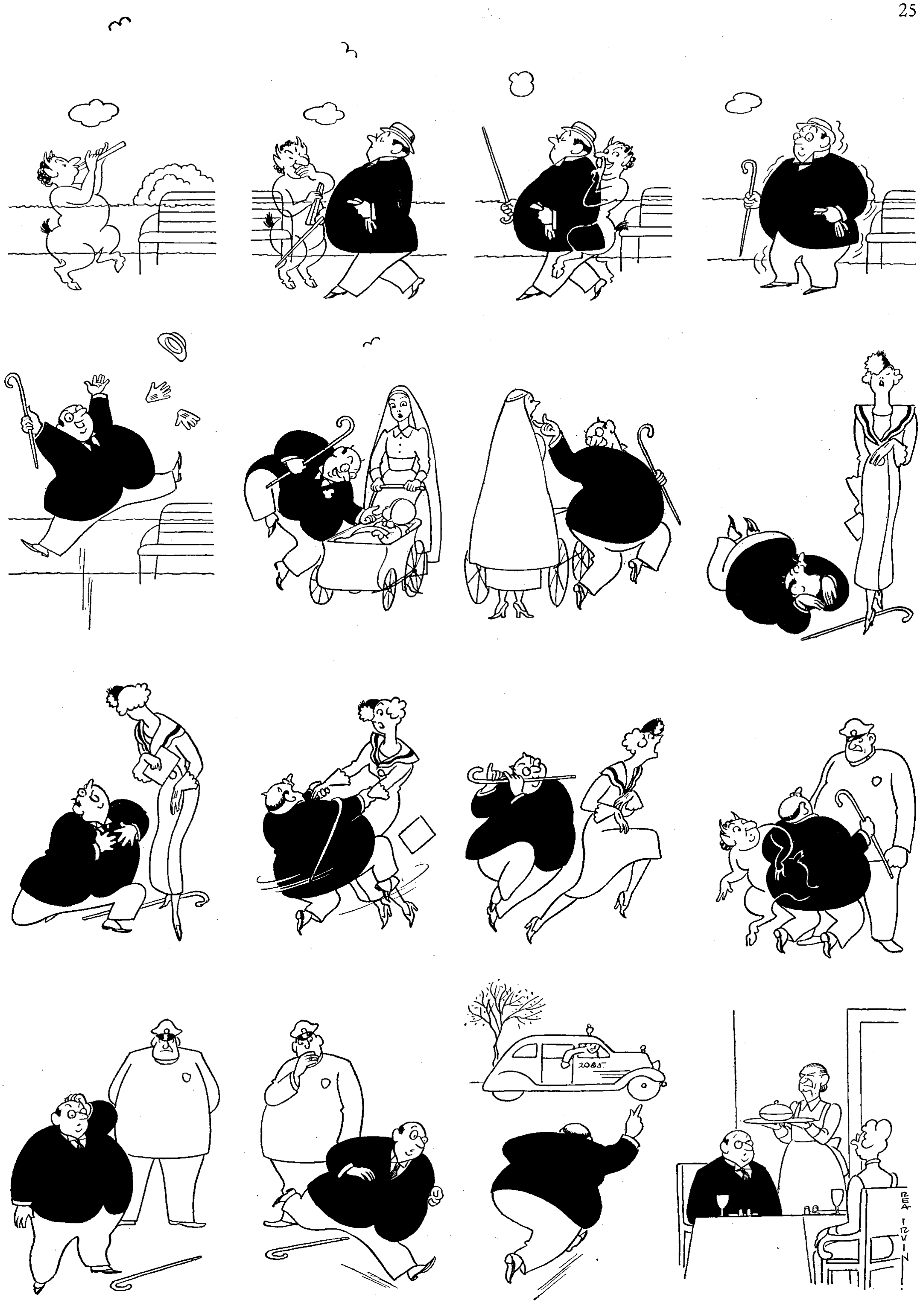
So she came back with this money, and I admire her; she went right to work, and in no time this young Williamson is carrying the torch, and I hear when he's twenty-five, he comes into something like four million dollars from his grandmother. Of course he hasn't a brain in his head, but he *is* nice-looking, and I imagine—well, Peggy's no gold-digger or she could have made it unpleasant for Mr. Bernette, but then what if she had and there'd have been all that publicity? Williamson would have known all about it, instead of which all he knows is he has a very attractive girl, who makes a good living with a respectable job, and is good fun and doesn't try to take him for any money. Get the check and we'll stop and say hello to them on the way out. I'd just like to hear what on earth they talk about.

—JOHN O'HARA

•

Our review of social matters, like our review of fundamental points in English construction, punctuation, spelling etc., is not suggested by a belief that our students may be guilty of a *fau paux.—Bulletin of the New York School of Secretaries.*

That's good.


2085
REA IRVIN

VERNAL INTERLUDE

THE THEATRE

GUESS WHAT!

IMAGINE the surprise of the local venom dispensers, just as they were packing up their vials for the season, to find themselves confronted with a hit at this late date. For if "Excursion" isn't a hit, it should be. It is fresh and warming, and much needed in these parts.

Victor Wolfson has packed a great deal more than pixy fantasy into his little story of the old Coney Island steamboat captain who one night heads out to sea with all on board, bound for a vague island south of Trinidad, where he is convinced that life will be sweeter for all his passengers than in New York. The choke-ups which are constantly interfering with your breathing throughout the evening are not so much for the individual characters in the play as for Humanity itself, and when, at the final curtain, the frustrated old sea dog expresses the hope that maybe "next year" they can go through with the "excursion," one might, without ascribing too incendiary a purpose to Mr. Wolfson, detect a note of promise for us all.

John C. Wilson had the unseasonable courage and perspicacity to sponsor Mr. Wolfson's play, and the excellent judgment to engage Worthington Miner to direct it and G. E. Calthrop to do the settings. One of the early excitements of the evening is watching the captain's cabin on the S. S. Happiness turn, before your very eyes, into the excursion deck. As for Mr. Miner, he must have loved the play very much to have given it such tender care.

"Excursion" being in the general coöperative class with "Grand Hotel" and "Outward Bound," in which each character is a member of the team, it is difficult to go through the large cast with any degree of fairness, especially to the reader. It should imply no favoritism, however, to indicate that Whitford Kane is the captain and a sweetheart, and that Frances Fuller, Shirley Booth, Jennie Moscowitz, and James R. Waters are some of the more familiar names in the cast of passengers. There are several other names which should be familiar before long, however, as the movies have missed three or four good bets right on this one boat.

We should all be grateful to Messrs. Wolfson and Wilson for giving such a sparkling, clean taste to the end of the season.

Ward Morehouse's "Miss Quis" has a pleasant air about it, too, and with a distinctly homey quality of humor which almost dates it. It has all the good old-fashioned small-town villainy in it, with the one radical innovation that Charles Dow Clark doesn't play the town curmudgeon this time. He is actually, except for James Rennie as the local gambler, the only decent citizen in Fancy Gap. (Fancy Gap is presumably located in the South, but, to everyone's credit, let it be said that there is no attempt at Southern dialect.)

"Miss Quis" tells the story of the village hired girl who is left a fortune by an ex-employer and who uses it to put the rest of the citizens in their places, with general hell-to-pay as a result. Its chief handicap, aside from Barnum & Bailey direction in several comedy scenes, is its reversion to the drama of an elder day, which, on the other hand, might very well be its chief merit in the public eye. Folks may be about ready for this sort of thing again.

We certainly were ready for Miss Peggy Wood again, and, if I may say so without offence, she is much too pretty to be a village drudge, even though she pulls her hair back and acts drudgy. Aside from this soft impeachment, it can be said that she lends authority to a rôle which somehow seems to need all it can get, as Mr. Morehouse changes several horses on his way across the stream, and, although we may be enjoying ourselves, we don't always know quite where we are. Miss Quis, however, will know where she is when she gets to Hollywood, as she most certainly should eventually.

THERE has been a more or less half-hearted attempt to tie up Hollywood news with "Hitch Your Wagon," which is the story of a dumb young lady who attaches herself and her family to a great motion-picture star. In case anyone cares, there is nothing libellous about it.

Bernard C. Schoenfeld has written some funny scenes in a detached sort of way, notably one involving a shy Columbia backfield in dinner jackets (that will give you some idea of the general scope of the drama—there is a Columbia backfield in it, too), and now and then he displays a gift for smart satire which makes one wish that he had had an open field to run in with it. But "Hitch Your Wagon" is pretty well cluttered up, and, although Dennie Moore and (of all people!) George "Parnell" Curzon portray the Ariel and Caliban of the story with commendable effectiveness, there seems to be an air about the whole thing of not having quite come off as planned.

THERE must have been a play called "Bet Your Life" which opened last week, for I have it on my list. However, as I can't find it anywhere in the advertisements and nobody seems to know anything about it now, we might as well let the whole matter drop. —Robert Benchley

* * *

RESTLESS MOUNTAINS

He said that after midnight,
If there was not a moon,
The Alleghenies slowly
Woke up, and one by one
Slid past each other, feeling
For where they once lay down.

They had been lost a long time,
Oh, long before his eyes—
Lynx eyes—one early morning
Beheld the last one rise,
Look north again, despairing,
Look south again, with sighs,

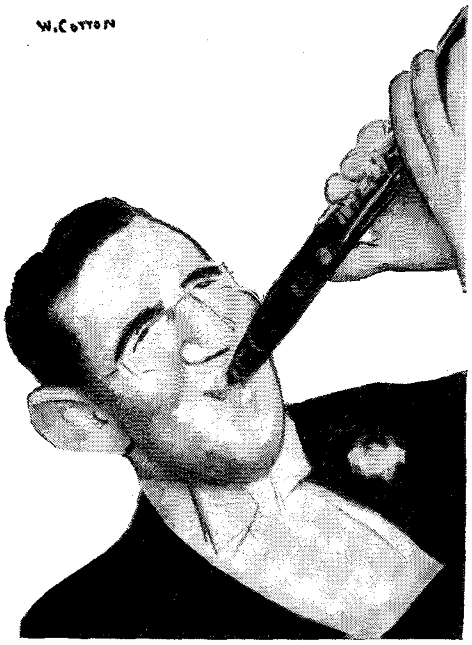
Look up and down America
For where her bed was made—
Oh, long before the white man,
Oh, long before the red:
As long ago as earth-break
And panic in the brood.

Their stillness only seemed so;
He said they never slept;
And never would till moon-dark
Demanded whence they crept,
And brought their ancient mother,
Transplanting as she stepped.

—Mark Van Doren

PROFILES

ALLIGATORS' IDOL



Benny Goodman

A FEW weeks ago the Paramount Theatre booked for its stage show the dance band of one Benny Goodman. For months there had been dance bands at the Paramount, among them such impressive organizations as Fred Waring's and Ray Noble's, and the theatre had no reason to expect that Benny Goodman's fourteen-piece swing outfit was going to start the patrons dancing in the aisles. That's just what it did, though. At ten o'clock the first morning there were 4,400 people waiting at the box office, and when Benny and his band appeared on the stage there was a near-riot. *Variety*, the theatrical journal, usually hard-boiled and laconic, described the demonstration as "a roar of handclapping, whistling, stamping, and ardent hallooing . . . tradition-shattering in its spontaneity, its unanimity, its sincerity, its volume, in the child-like violence of its manifestations." The daily papers, less lyrical, nevertheless reported that the Paramount ushers had difficulty restraining patrons from doing the Suzi-Q in the balcony. The Goodman band was held over for three weeks.

There had been a hint that something like this might happen in the doings at the Hotel Pennsylvania, where Benny Goodman and his band had been playing before the Paramount engagement. Youth starts the fads in dance bands, and for six months undergraduates in town for the weekend had been making the Madhattan Room of the Pennsylvania their headquarters. On Saturday nights they checked in there as a matter of course, and during vacations they took the place over completely. They still do. There's no floor show in the Madhattan Room, and many of the patrons don't come for the dancing; most of them are there just to listen to Benny Goodman's music. Usually a group of youthful music-lovers is gathered worshipfully before his bandstand, while others sit at their tables bobbing up and down and groaning in tribute to each hot passage. Those who dance pause frequently and just quiver to the rich blend of brass, reed, and percussion.

The college trade is the backbone of Benny Goodman's following, but at the tables and on the floor you see a good many middle-aged and even elderly folk who seem to be having a fine time. Concert artists, among them Szigeti, the violinist, drop in for an evening at the Madhattan Room now and then, and not in a spirit of slumming. The first time Jorge Oller, a young classic guitarist, heard Goodman's music he listened in a quiet daze for about half an hour, occasionally making gestures of bewilderment. Then he began to grow excited; the music was getting to him. Suddenly he exclaimed, "I don't know what they're doing yet, or how they do it, but it's wonderful. The rhythms, the scoring, the inventions—it's a new kind of symphony!"

This new kind of symphony, of course, is swing, and Goodman is its prophet. Swing is really just another word for jazz, but it has come to imply hot jazz, as distinguished from the sweet jazz developed by Paul Whiteman, with his violins, muted brasses, and soft symphonic effects. In a sense, swing is a return to the jazz of 1915. La Rocca's Original Dixieland Jazz band played true jazz: the men improvised hot variations around popular tunes and employed distinctive syncopated rhythms. Ecstasy expressed in extemporaneous idiomatic invention, which gave that jazz most of its character, was largely eliminated by Whiteman. He always had some jazz soloists in his orchestra, but improvisation was held in check and the hot stuff was dispensed only in teaspoonfuls. Dance bands here and there, especially among the Negroes, carried on the true jazz tradition, but they had a limited following, and sweet music, as purveyed by Whiteman and his hundreds of imitators, became far more popular.

With the resurrection of true jazz, a new, richly expressive jargon has been developed which helps to explain just what swing is. The musical phrases which constitute a swing style are called *licks*, *riffs*, or *get-offs*. They are what a *sender* (hot star) or *rideman* (super-sender, creator of a style) gives when, *feeling his stuff*, he is *in the groove* and *goes to town*, or *out of the world*, or *gets off on it*. Dance musicians are known as *cats* and those not up on current idioms are *corny*, *on the cob*, or *strictly union*, and, if their playing is oversweet, *icky*. Those who can't improvise but can just read the *spots* are known as *papermen*, *salon men*, or *long-haired boys*. Sweet bands are *long-underwear gangs* and their music is *commercial*, *compromise*, or, worst of all, *schmaltz*. The music of hot bands, on the other hand, is referred to as *swing* or *jive*, of which, in turn, there are several kinds. Accepted meanings vary according to locale, and the terms overlap, but, roughly, the most-used designations, in order of increasing hotness, are *gut-bucket*, *screwball*, and *whacky*, the last being the wildest, most unbridled kind of swing. In *barrel-house* music it's every man for himself, and because it's likely to end in what sounds like a dog fight, it is frowned upon by good musicians. Some pet names for instruments are: *plumbing* or *piston* for trumpet; *agony-pipe*, *wopstick*, or *licorice stick* for clarinet; *gobble-pipe* for saxophone; *dog house* for bass viol; *push-pipe* for trombone; *grunt-iron* for tuba; *suitcase* for drums. A get-together of *cats*, supposedly *senders*, to *swing* for the sheer love of it is known as a *jam session* and is usually held late at night after working hours. *Alligators*—non-performing *swing* devotees—are sometimes permitted to attend.

THE men in Goodman's band perform with unusual dignity, for swingmen. When they play "Bugle Call Rag," it seems they just have to stand up and shake a bit, but, all in all, there's a minimum of hokum. They don't sing, dance, recite, clown, or double on a variety of instruments. And there are no cream-puff passages —no twittering, bubbling novelty effects. Benny's music is solid, meaty swing.

One reason for the preëminence of Goodman's band is its high concentration of hot stars. The three trumpeters, for example, are all senders, with different styles, and none of them ever play a piece of get-off in exactly the same way twice. Hot improvisation is the soul of swing; it is the ad-libbing of the various instruments, between ensemble trips to town, which supplies the continually renewed suspense and surprise.

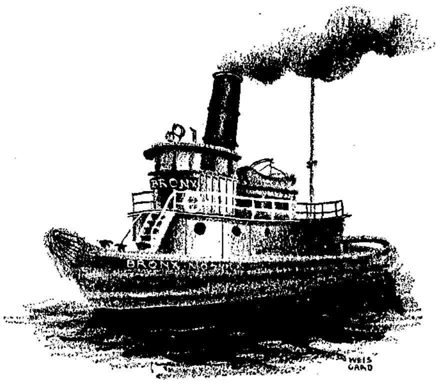
Goodman's virtuosos alone would not be enough to set his band apart from the rest, however. Other bands have hot stars. Most of the secret of the distinctiveness of Benny's band lies in his leadership. Swingmen are notoriously difficult to manage. They laugh, joke, kid the conductor and each other, and get temperamental. But Goodman knows how to make his men behave and how to get the best out of them. He commands their respect because he knows music and all their instruments thoroughly, because his ideas are original and logical, and because his criticisms are convincing. Rehearsals go smoothly, without horseplay and without exhibitions of temperament. If a trumpeter gets cranky about a difficult passage in a new arrangement, Benny is likely to pick up a trumpet and show him how to play it.

There is usually but one rehearsal a week. It's either Sunday morning from two to four, after the Madhattan Room closes, or Thursday afternoon. During it, the fourteen men go over the new scores until they are familiar with them, practically memorizing them after a few readings. Most of the numbers are really built up during working hours, on the bandstand, for creative swing depends a good deal on inspiration. Often, when the boys have played through an arrangement and Benny sees they are in the groove, he'll have them go right on playing, abandoning the score. The customers aren't aware of what's going on. The procedure varies, but the following is typical:

The pianist is playing a solo. Benny signals that he's going to take a chorus himself and then he sets a figure softly on his clarinet, indicating the kind of background he wants. When he starts his solo, the men are all accompanying him, in full harmony, in a clever rhythmic scheme. The rhythm section—drums, piano, bass viol, and guitar—takes care of itself automatically. Then one of the trumpeters raises his horn and looks questioningly at Benny, meaning that he's ripe for a solo. Benny nods, and while the pianist plays a short interlude, the sax men switch to clarinets and get ready to accompany the trumpet solo. So it goes until the possibilities of the theme have been exploited about as much as they could be. That is collective improvising. It's as smooth and as finished as if it had been carefully rehearsed. No other band with nearly as many men can do it successfully, or at least no other does.

Benny's manner of leading differs from that of most dance-band maestros. He uses no baton, doesn't wave his arms, and doesn't try to do the rumba. He stands still, facing his men, gives the beat with a few almost unnoticeable movements of his hand, and the band begins. From then on he directs with grimaces and with occasional motions of his clarinet. He's considered the champion ride-man of the country in the agony-pipe division of the profession. His timing and his improvising are masterly. Often, when he begins a solo, he swings pretty close to the melody, in a cute, almost naïve manner, as though to tease the listener, but he always comes through with some prime hot stuff, the nature of which is impossible to anticipate. He plays the classics as well as swing; sails nicely through the clarinet part of Mozart's A-major Quintet, for example. He's a ranking saxophonist too, but plays only the clarinet nowadays.

The fad stage of swing is about over, leaving Benny, its outstanding exponent, in a tough spot. No band can play at white heat all the time, but whenever Benny plays a few numbers in a style cooler than whacky, some of Benny's fans complain that he is betraying his trust. Another group of addicts, more reserved in their tastes, send up a counter-wail that Benny is going barrel-house whenever he plays a few whacky numbers in a row. Benny goes on quietly with his job, rehearsing, experimenting, keeping his men on their toes, and remaining pretty calm.



BENNY GOODMAN is twenty-seven years old, dark-haired, and rather swarthy. He wears rimless octagonal glasses, which make him look a good deal like the man in the Schulte's spectacle ads. He is tall and well poised, and has the carriage and build of a light-heavyweight boxer. Unlike many swing musicians, he has nothing of the drugstore cowboy about him and he is not a "personality" lad. He speaks Chicago American in a warm, husky voice suggestive in timbre of the low register of his clarinet. He was born of Russian Jewish stock in the ghetto of Chicago, the eighth of eleven children—three girls and eight boys—of David and Dora Goodman. Even as a small child he wanted to learn to play music, but his father, a tailor, earned only about twenty dollars a week, and with a family of thirteen to support, there was no money available for the purchase of a musical instrument. Benny had to wait until he was nine, old enough for membership in a boys' band organized in a neighborhood synagogue. Shown a roomful of instruments and given his choice, Benny quickly picked what struck him as the prettiest—a clarinet. The charge for lessons was nominal, and as Benny demonstrated considerable talent, his father somehow managed to pay for them. Benny eventually got a clarinet of his own from a mail-order house and paid for it in small weekly installments. He played with the synagogue band for a while, then joined the boys' band of Jane Addams' Hull House. Soon he stopped taking lessons and went on studying by himself.

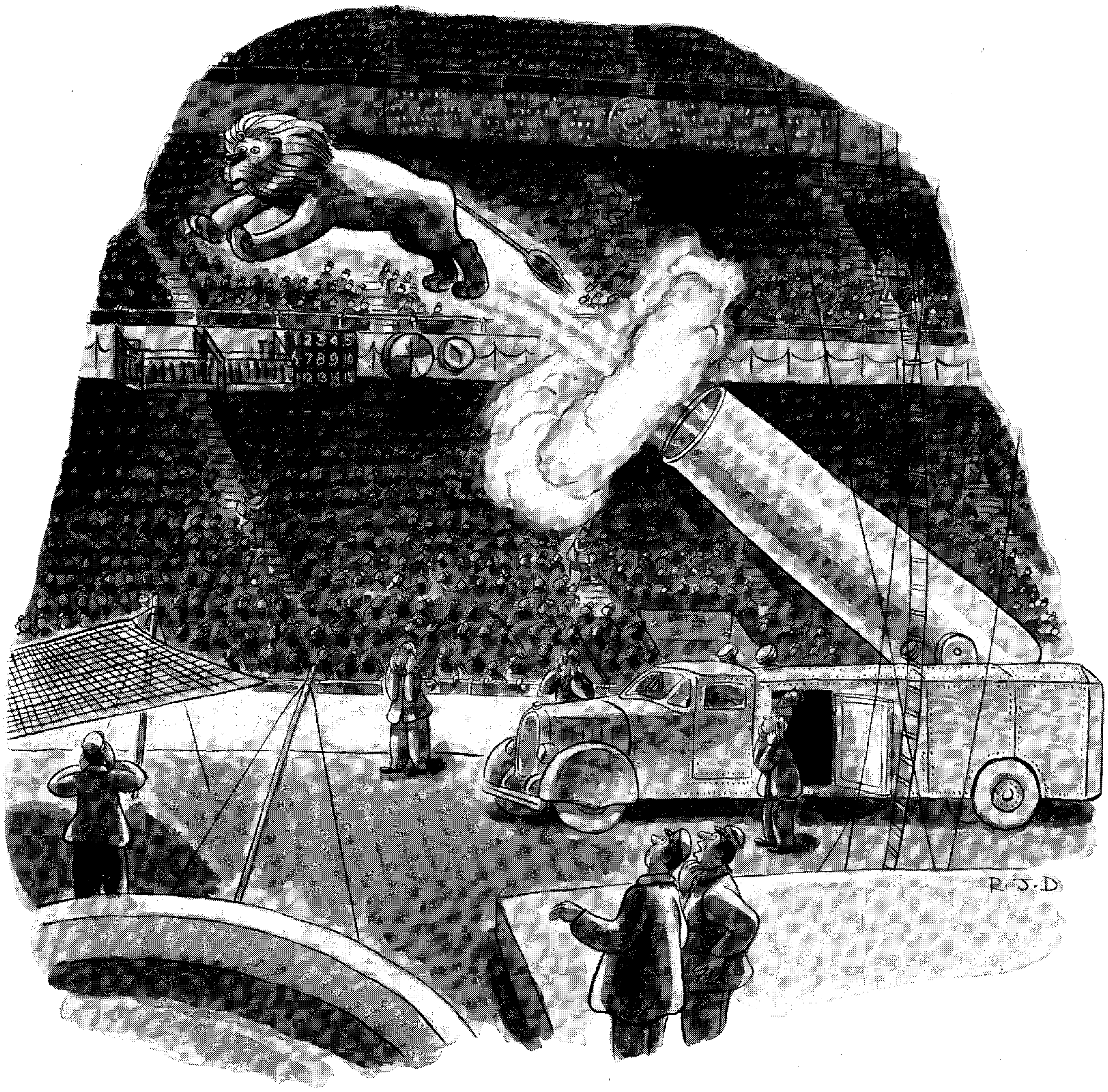
At the age of ten he made a few professional appearances in a local vaudeville house, imitating Ted Lewis. The manager wouldn't book him as a regular performer but used him as a substitute. If a performer was late, or if for some other reason there was a gap in the program, a representative of the theatre would rush over to the Goodmans' and tell them to get hold of Benny. One of the family would hunt for him and usually find him playing cops-and-robbers in the street with his friends. Benny would run home, get his clarinet, dash to the theatre, do his stuff, bring the instrument home again, and get back into the game with his friends.

When Benny was twelve, his father

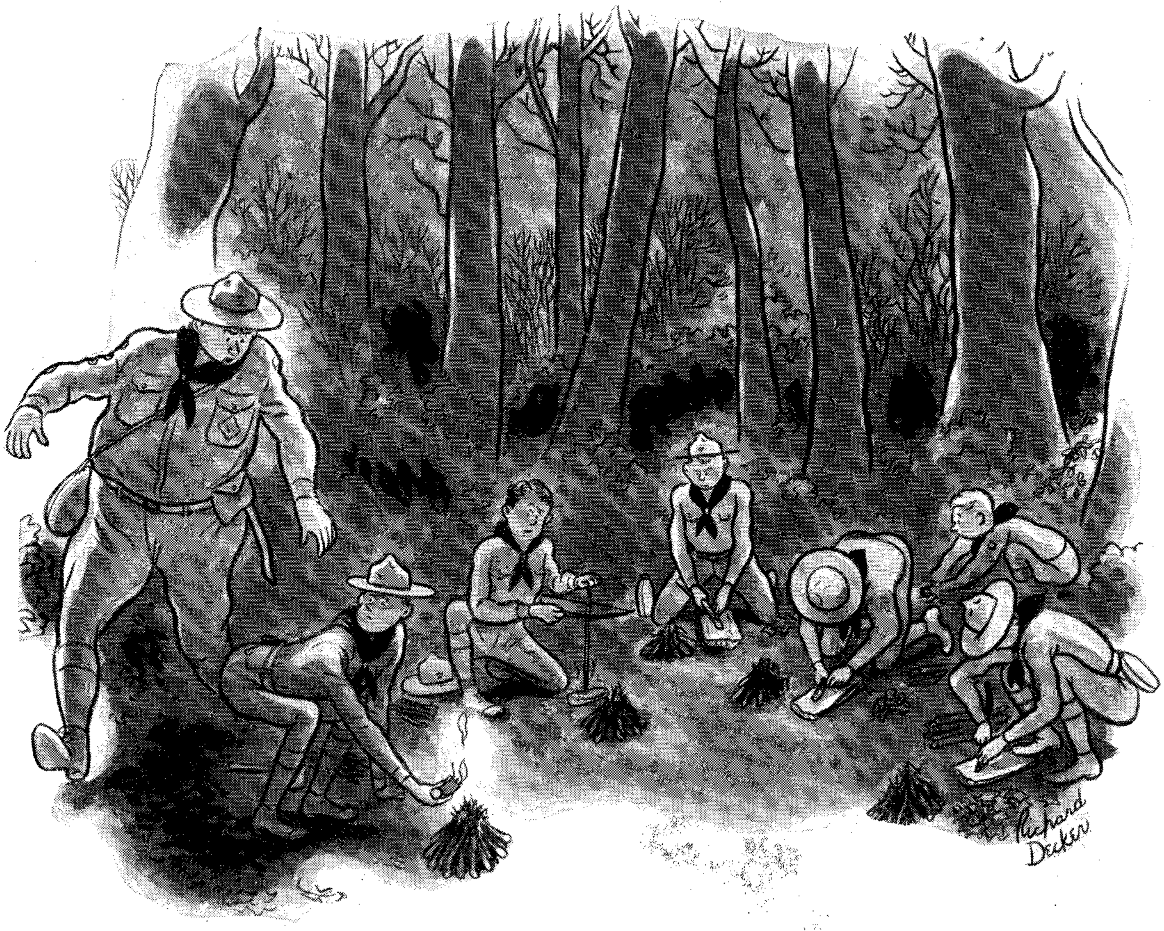
was run over and killed by a truck. Through necessity, Benny became a full-fledged professional at the age of thirteen. Still in short trousers, he began working odd jobs with small pick-up bands for a few dollars a night. He had always wanted to play hot music, and he must have been a pretty good hot man even then, because he was taken on as an extra by the late Bix Beiderbecke, a trumpeter and pianist who holds a place in swing history comparable to that of Cézanne in art. Bix's band was working on an excursion boat on the Chicago River at the time. Benny heard and played with other leading jazz artists of the day and was undoubtedly influenced by them.

For a while Benny went to Louis Institute, a preparatory school, during the day, but by the time he was sixteen he had given that up and was holding down a steady job, in long trousers, at the Green Mill Garden, a Chicago night club. A year later he was with Ben Pollack's band in California. Benny was still an eclectic musician then, but by the time Pollack's band came to New York, in 1928, he had developed ideas of his own. Offers from other band-leaders gave him independence and he left Pollack to begin a long period of successful free-lancing, during which he played with many bands, including Red Nichols', Don Voorhees', and Frank Black's, in musical comedies, making phonograph records, and on the radio.

He got his first band together in 1931 and appeared with it in the Schwab and Mandell show, "Free for All," which quickly closed. Discouraged, he returned to free-lancing. In 1933 he was earning about three hundred dollars a week in radio work, but he was restless and unhappy because he had to play mostly sappy, commercial program music. He felt he was getting nowhere and his annoyance made him sharply critical of his associates. Radio people found him difficult to work with and he lost one job after another. In the spring of 1934 his income had dwindled to forty dollars a week from a single weekly turn on the air. In desperation, he gathered together another band and got a job with it at Billy Rose's Music Hall. It was a



"That's funny. I wonder what became of Mr. Zacchini."



"No, Fenley, no! That isn't the Scout way of doing it."

• •

pretty good band, but with comparatively few stars; he wasn't getting enough money to pay the salaries that ride-men demanded. Actually he was losing money, because he had to pay for broadcasts to advertise the band, and for arrangements, which, at an average cost of thirty-five dollars each, were a big item. About the time things had begun to look promising, in the summer of 1934, the Music Hall changed management and Benny and his band were fired. His music, however, had attracted the attention of one of the large advertising agencies. Benny managed to keep his band intact through six weeks of dickering and finally was given a spot on the National Biscuit Company program.

This job made Benny's band, musically. He was now able to buy the services of the best men and, because the sponsors were paying for eight new arrangements a week, he could also get the kind of music he wanted. Fletcher Henderson, the colored bandleader, turned out three or four arrangements a week for him, and they were sensationally successful. Henderson's arrangement of "Sometimes I'm Happy," for one, is considered a masterpiece. The Henderson arrangements are still an important part of the Goodman library, which consists of about two hundred and seventy-five arrangements and is insured for ten thousand dollars.

Benny steadily improved his band during the six months of the National Biscuit Company radio engagement. By the time it terminated, in the spring of 1935, Willard Alexander, of the agency called the Music Corporation of America, had become a Goodman fan and he persuaded his older, more conservative associates, who felt doubtful about Benny's music, to sign the band up. Benny's first job under the new alliance was at the Roosevelt Hotel Grill.

The boys went there all set to give, and they proceeded to do so, but the first night a strange thing happened. A waiter caught Benny's eye, put a finger to his lips, and shushed furiously. Other waiters began shushing too. It seemed that the guests were complaining. No really hot band had ever played there before and the diners expected and demanded sweet music. The acoustics were bad—or, rather, too good. Benny's music sounded more savage than usual. He tried to keep the boys down, but they were still much too loud and hot. The band was thrown out of the grill after a couple of weeks.

The other executives of the Music Corporation of America felt pretty sure now that Benny Goodman was a bad bet, but Willard Alexander insisted that he had a great swing band and they took another chance. The agency got the band an engagement at the Palomar Ballroom, a huge dance hall in Los Angeles, and arranged a barnstorming tour which would take them out to the Coast.

The tour was anything but triumphant. The Middle West wanted schmaltz, and Benny's band just didn't give schmaltz. An honest-to-goodness jive outfit, they were ordered to play waltzes. They hadn't any waltz arrangements to speak of and had to fake them. Benny was miserable and his men were fit to be tied. In a letter to a friend, Benny reported that as the band went west from New York, their receptions grew cooler and cooler, and that he was certain they'd be a flop on the Coast. "Out in California," he wrote, "they're mad about Griff Williams' band, who wear funny hats."

When they finally got to the Palomar, the boys were nervous and worried. If they flopped there it meant, almost certainly, the end of the band. The first evening Benny started them playing sweetly and softly. But he didn't give them funny hats to wear, and schmaltz, by itself, was not enough to make a hit; schmaltz bands were endemic in California. The boys played listlessly and without enthusiasm, and the customers danced the same way. The senders were disgusted with themselves, with the crowd, and with the music business generally. About an hour before closing time, Benny felt that he had had enough; if the band was through, well, damn it, it was through and the least they could do was to have a little fun before it was over. He handed out a Henderson arrangement and launched the band into a hunk of real get-off. The boys, held in leash for

RE-PLAYING THE MORNING'S GAME. WHILE "POT LUCK" IS THE WORD, GOOD EATING IS THE FACT.

Pot Luck

Good eating—because the feature of the meal is a soup that's a favorite with the men—yes, and with the hostess, too—Campbell's Vegetable Soup—tempting and substantial with fifteen different vegetables and rich beef broth . . . Two others that emphasize the "luck" in "pot luck" are:—

PEPPER POT . . . *The real Philadelphia Pepper Pot. Beef broth, macaroni dumplings, meat and other good things to make a man say "Ah!"*

PEA SOUP . . . *Green as Spring with sweet, nutritious peas. And smooth as sunshine with fine table butter. Now made better than ever.*

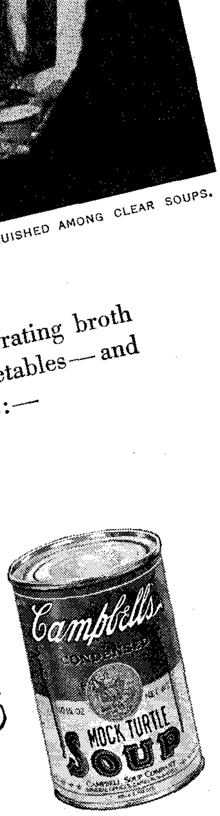
OFF TO A GOOD START WITH CAMPBELL'S CONSOMMÉ—DISTINGUISHED AMONG CLEAR SOUPS.

or Party

The favorite party soup is Campbell's Consommé, an invigorating broth of fine beef, delicately flavored with choice garden vegetables—and clarified to a beautiful amber . . . Two other party soups are:—

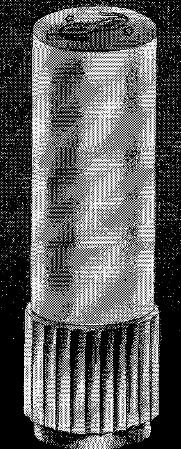
MOCK TURTLE . . . *A deep, rich beef broth and in it tender bits of meat, piquant seasonings, and a fine sherry.*

CELERY SOUP . . . *An enticing purée of snow-white celery and fine table butter, with tender celery throughout to make it doubly real.*



Campbell's SOUPS

Lipstick
BAL MASQUÉ



Ivory or Black enameled case
with Gold-finish base
$1.00
Lenthéric
parfumeur paris

Gay
COMPANION
for Life's Momentous Occasions...
Celebrate with Great Western, the famous champagne that has won six awards in competition with great European vintages. It's made in the French process of slow fermentation in the bottle.
Free: Booklet of clever recipes. Write Pleasant Valley Wine Company, Rheims, N. Y.
Great Western
AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE
For the Great Moments

GREAT WESTERN
EXTRA DRY
Great Western
EXTRA DRY

weeks past, tore loose defiantly with everything they had.

For a few moments the dancers faltered as if they had heard Gabriel's trumpet; then they began to break out their fanciest steps. Almost immediately everybody was happy. People whooped, stamped, whistled, and shouted for more. Right there, suddenly, Benny and his band arrived.

SOME say that all Benny ever had to do to put his music across was to assert himself. Willard Alexander has another explanation for the sudden success in Los Angeles after the series of flops across the continent. People were bound to like Benny's music, he thinks, if they heard enough of it, and back in New York the band had recorded a series of Victor records which had made a hit and were widely played on small radio stations, especially in California, so when Benny got out there, he already had a following. Alexander thinks the dancers at the Palomar that first evening probably wondered what was wrong with Benny and his band, and were just waiting for him to give.

Benny Goodman's music became fashionable and attracted the Hollywood people; the combination drew unprecedented crowds to the Palomar all summer. When that engagement ended, the band moved on to the Congress Hotel in Chicago. The Urban Room there had always been a white elephant, but Benny got the youngsters coming and kept it filled for seven months. The Rhythm Club of Chicago sponsored a Goodman concert, a very snooty affair, which jammed the Urban Room with twice as many people as it was designed to hold. Everybody who heard the concert raved about it. *Time*, the weekly news magazine, gave Benny a full-page barrel-house writeup, with photograph. Benny marched on.

Heading for New York, he detoured up to Boston to play a short engagement on the Ritz-Carlton Roof. It was another case of a swing band following a long succession of salon orchestras, but this time Benny wasn't worried. He went after the bluebloods with three trumpets, two trombones, four saxophones, bass viol, guitar, piano, drums, and clarinet, and gave them plenty of jive. The bluebloods loved it and a good many began learning the Suzi-Q.

BENNY GOODMAN's income is around a hundred thousand dollars a year now. He has lived all winter in a three-room suite in the Hotel Pennsylvania, way off in a corner of the seventh floor, where his phonograph, which frequently runs a good part of the night, won't disturb neighbors. It's furnished in the usual hotel style, with pink walls, reddish rugs, a false fireplace, a couch and some chairs done in green, and a few tinted prints. A table in the centre of the room holds eight or ten current magazines. There are no books anywhere to be seen. In a corner is a pile of the recorded works of Beethoven, in another pile the recorded works of Goodman, and between them is an electric phonograph. There is no radio. He often has a few friends up for a nightcap after the Madhattan Room closes and he is apt to play for them his favorite records from the two piles.

Benny awakes about noon, has breakfast in the hotel dining room, and returns to his suite to work. He goes over his mail with his secretary, and arranges that night's program. Then perhaps he plays some records of a radio broadcast of the night before. That's the way he checks up on himself: every time he tries something new on the air, he has records made of it so he can study it later on. In the afternoon, if there is no rehearsal or recording date (he makes two records a month), he may go to a movie or a matinée. After that he returns to the hotel and practices on his clarinet.

He sees a good deal of his brothers and sisters. Three of Benny's brothers are swingsters. Harry plays the bass viol in Benny's band, and Irving, who is a trumpeter, played with him until a few months ago. Benny says, without resentment, that Irving is always running off to join some competitive swing outfit. Fred, who also plays the trumpet, works here and there over the country and drops in to see Benny once in a while. Ethel, a sister, is treasurer of the band and takes care of the payroll and bank deposits.

The band plays in the Madhattan Room from seven to one-thirty every night but Sunday. Tuesday nights they pack up and dash over to the Columbia studios for the Camel radio program at nine-thirty. The other radio programs—three a week—are broadcast from the Madhattan Room. Once in a while, when he is through at the hotel, Benny takes some of his boys with him up to Harlem to sit in with the colored senders of one or another of the hot spots. They jam until they are tired, or until the swing enthusiasts—the alligators—permit them to stop, some-

Open House for *the pause that refreshes*

Ice-cold Coca-Cola makes any time *refreshment time.* And a drink so good by itself is a natural partner of good things to eat.

It's the refreshing thing to do

Ice-cold Coca-Cola fits perfectly on the menu for a buffet supper. It is so refreshing and so convenient to serve.

Serve frosty bottles from your own refrigerator. *It's the refreshing thing to do* because everybody likes ice-cold Coca-Cola...pure, wholesome, delicious. It's easy to buy a few bottles at a time, and it's easy to order a case (24 bottles) from your dealer.

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and
Refreshing

where around sunup. Benny considers the colored outfits of Count Basie and Chick Webb "real swing bands," which is the greatest compliment he can pay. He has a high regard for colored musicians in general. They are better natural swingmen than whites, and Benny would like his own band to be a mixed one.

The managers of most hotels and dance halls won't stand for a mixed band, however, and Benny gets around this rather neatly. His official band—the men you see when the program starts—is all white, but the swing quartet, which plays special numbers and which has overshadowed the band in popularity, is half colored. The colored pianist, Teddy Wilson, and the colored vibraphone player, Lionel Hampton, just step up onto the platform when they are ready to play in the quartet, and there have been no complaints. Benny, with his clarinet, and Jean Krupa, with his drums, are the two other members of the group.

Twice each evening the dance floor of the Madhattan Room is cleared and given over to Goodman, Krupa, Wilson, and Hampton. As the house lights are dimmed and a spot is played on the quartet, the alligators present swoon in anticipation. Benny announces the selection—always an "evergreen," such as "Dinah," "Margie," "Ida," "China Boy," "Sweet Sue," or some other tune that has stood the test of time—and there is a short introduction, perhaps from the piano. Then Benny starts a duel, splitting a hot chorus with Hampton. He plays a few bars, Hampton plinks out some phrases in keeping with the mood set by the clarinet; Benny, enraptured, smiles and has another short say; Hampton, going out of the world, carries on. Then Wilson plays a subtle piano solo, accompanied by soft, quivering, cleverly timed chords from the vibraphone. Benny takes another chorus, and Hampton may ask for one more, too. All through this Krupa, on the drums, swings quietly and impeccably, except when he has a solo; then whacky. It's colossal—if you like swing at all. Millions do.

—HENRY ANTON STEIG

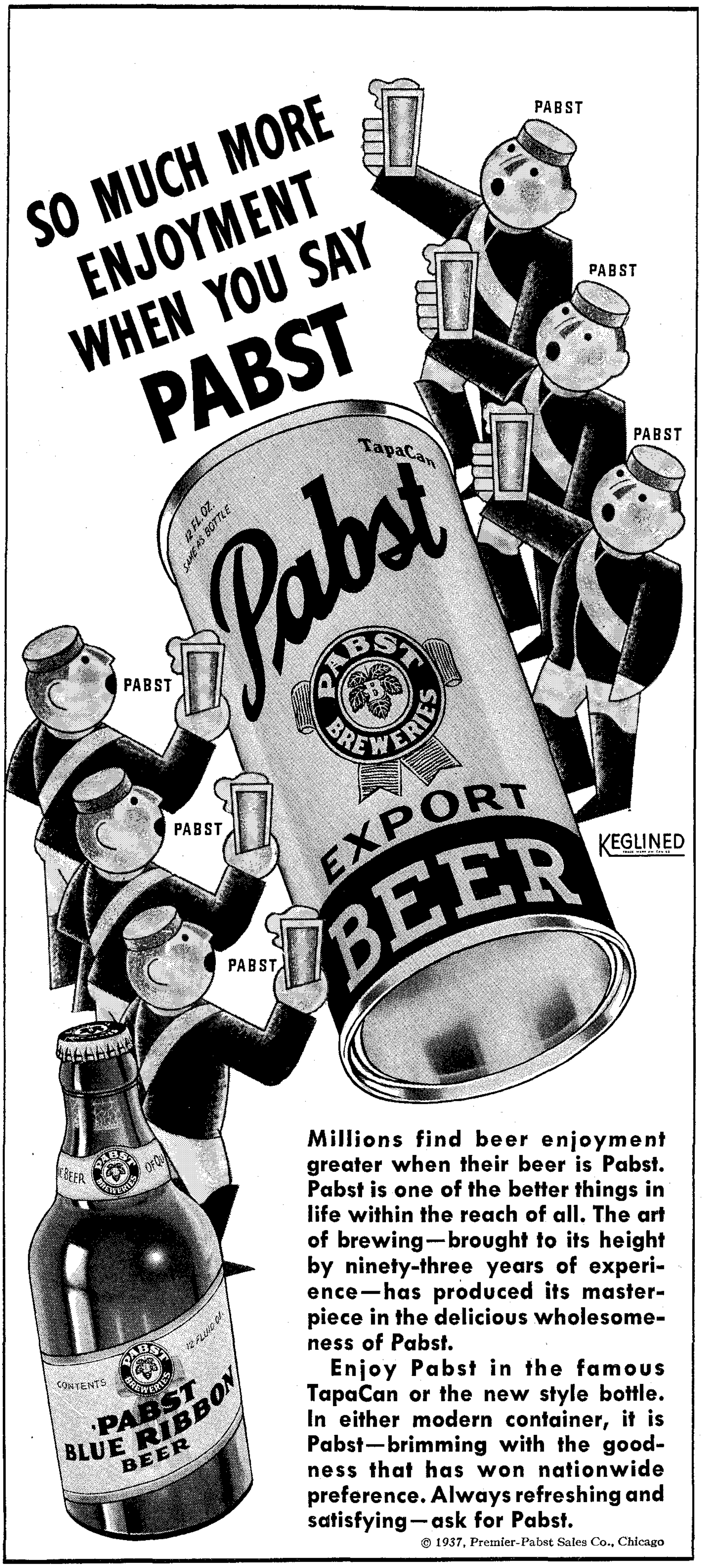
•

A BUSY DAY FOR ROBERT L. COSHLAND

[*Headlines in the Times on the same day*]

MISS SIBYL CRAM WED
DAUGHTER OF BANGOR RAILROAD HEAD
BRIDE OF ROBERT L. COSHLAND

MARGARET JOHNSON WED
BARNARD COLLEGE ALUMNA IS THE
BRIDE OF ROBERT L. COSHLAND



Millions find beer enjoyment greater when their beer is Pabst. Pabst is one of the better things in life within the reach of all. The art of brewing—brought to its height by ninety-three years of experience—has produced its masterpiece in the delicious wholesomeness of Pabst.

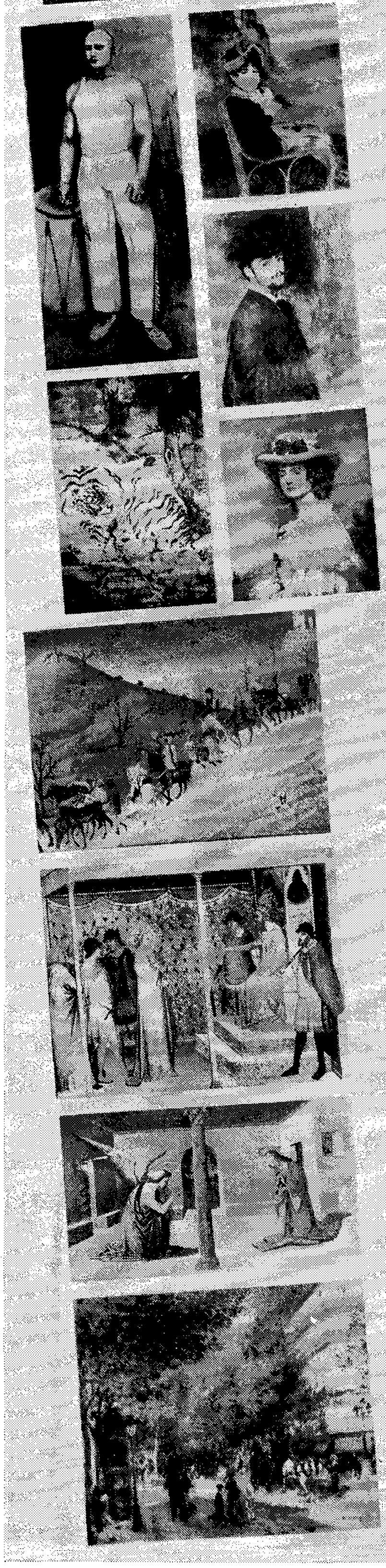
Enjoy Pabst in the famous TapaCan or the new style bottle. In either modern container, it is Pabst—brimming with the goodness that has won nationwide preference. Always refreshing and satisfying—ask for Pabst.

© 1937, Premier-Pabst Sales Co., Chicago

ART EVENT OF THE YEAR

THE ART NEWS

announces the publication of its THIRTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY SUPPLEMENT, a de luxe volume of about 200 pages, 100 of them full pages of illustrations



11 FULL COLOR REPRODUCTIONS of the GREAT ART WORKS HERE SHOWN in MINIATURE

The Annual Supplement of The Art News has always been one of the miracles of art literature in the U. S. Appearing this year **on May 1**—the 35th anniversary of the weekly which is the oldest, the standard and the unique American art magazine—it will be more distinguished and more valuable than ever before. Its contents, written by noted authorities in each field, are as follows:

« A PORTFOLIO OF THE ANDREW W. MELLON COLLECTION
17 Full pages of Illustrations, 2 in Full Colors

« THE RENOIRS IN AMERICA
16 Full Pages of Illustrations, 4 in Full Colors

« ENGLISH & FRENCH DECORATIVE ART IN THE XVIII CENTURY
12 Full Pages of Illustrations

« CHINESE PAINTINGS IN THE DEL DRAGO COLLECTION
9 Full Pages of Illustrations, 1 in Full Colors

« NEW DIRECTIONS IN NATIVE PAINTING
13 Full Pages of Illustrations, 1 in Full Colors

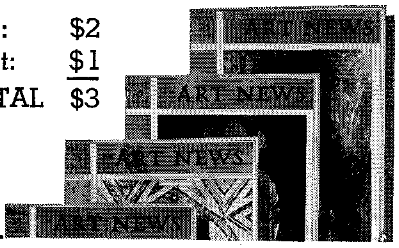
« MASTERWORKS OF FRENCH SCULPTURE: GOTHIC-RENAISSANCE
8 Full Pages of Illustrations

« THE MAITLAND F. GRIGGS COLLECTION: ITALIAN PRIMITIVES
15 Full Pages of Illustrations, 3 in Full Colors

RESERVE YOUR COPY NOW AND SAVE MONEY!

Since all previous Annual Supplements have been **out of print** within a few weeks after publication, it is advisable to reserve your copy immediately. To make this easy, you are offered the opportunity of placing your order now for the Supplement **and** a four-issue subscription to the regular weekly edition of The Art News, with the latter at **half-price.**

Single-copy price of the Supplement is:	$2
Four issues of The Art News @ 25c cost:	$1
TOTAL	$3



BY MAILING THE COUPON YOU CAN HAVE BOTH FOR $2.50

Thus you will be assured of receiving a Thirty-fifth Anniversary Supplement and, at the same time, you will have an opportunity to enjoy, at half-price, four of the informative, brilliantly illustrated and written weekly numbers of the magazine no lover of art can afford to miss. It is safe to say that the value of the colorplates alone exceeds the nominal price of this extraordinary combination. MAIL YOUR ORDER ON THE COUPON **TODAY.**

THE ART NEWS, 136 East 57 Street, New York, N. Y.

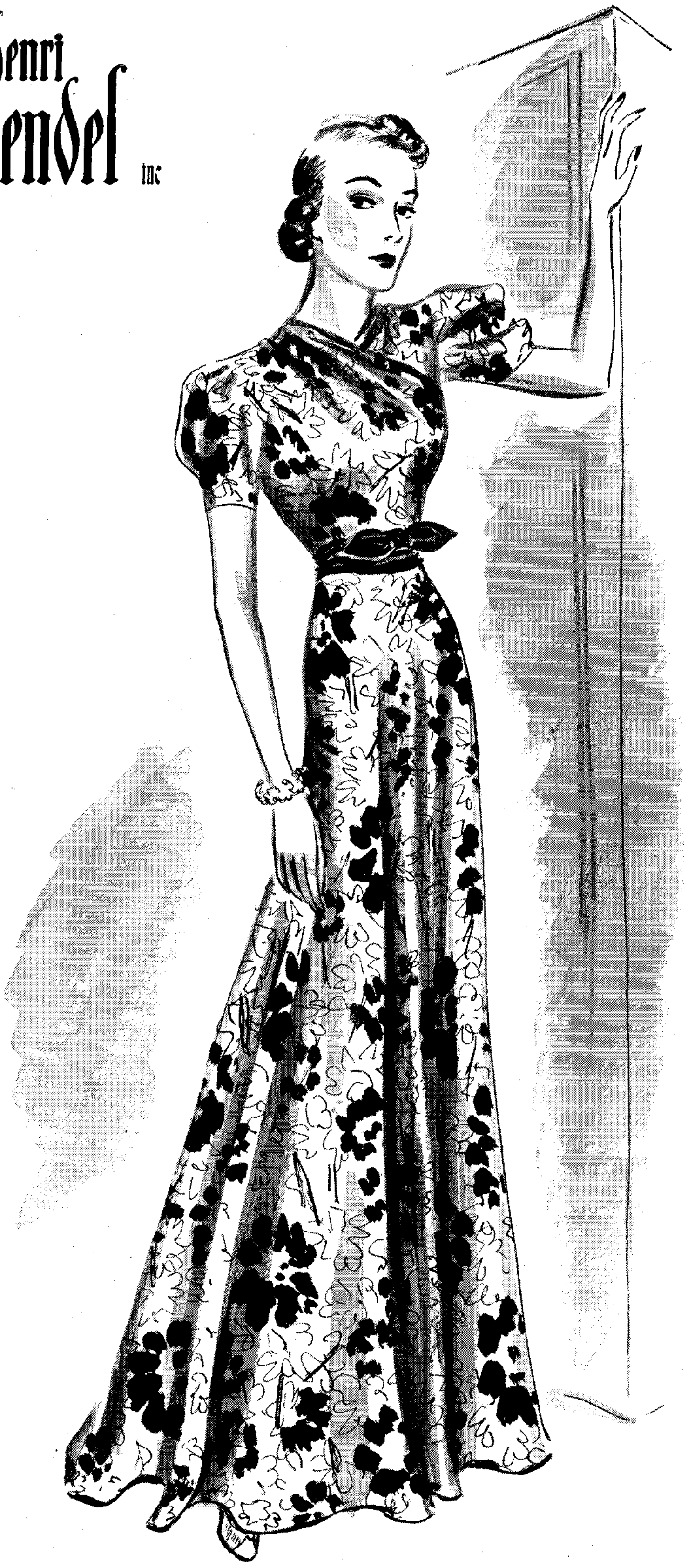
Please enter my order and **bill me later** for your Special Offer of the 35th Anniversary Supplement and a four-issue subscription to The Art News, at the reduced price of $2.50.

____

____

____

henri
Bendel inc



A new evening dress to make one look forward to early summer nights . . . of an imported French print, black or navy on white, with bright red kidskin belt. In our Immediate Wear Salon . . .$55

TEN WEST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET ⚜ NEW YORK

OF ALL THINGS

IT is pleasant to know that all our major problems are solved. Congressmen are now turning their thoughts to the plight of the chattel slaves of baseball and the proper pronunciation of "hors-d'œuvre."

●

The state elections in Michigan made everybody happy. The Republicans got the trend and the Democrats got the jobs.

●

It is believed that hearings on the judiciary bill will go on for a couple of weeks longer. The arguments have all been used up, but there are probably two or three aspersions left uncast.

●

Everybody is supposed to be kind to animals this week. Fortunately, we don't have to be nice to our mothers until the ninth of May.

●

If it's true what Dr. Carl C. Taylor of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics says about Dixie, one-third of all our babies are produced in the Southern states. Gives one a gloomy feeling about the future of the Republican party.

●

The Senate condemns sit-down strikes and also the industrial spy system. Our lawmakers can balance the blame, if not the budget.

●

In recent weeks, the Spanish loyalists have captured large quantities of Italian arms and ammunition, but they send Mussolini no thanks for his kind assistance. Republics are ungrateful.

●

Mayor Wilson of Philadelphia refuses to let our World's Fair committee borrow the Liberty Bell. If people wanted to see the old relic, they should have gone to the Sesquicentennial.

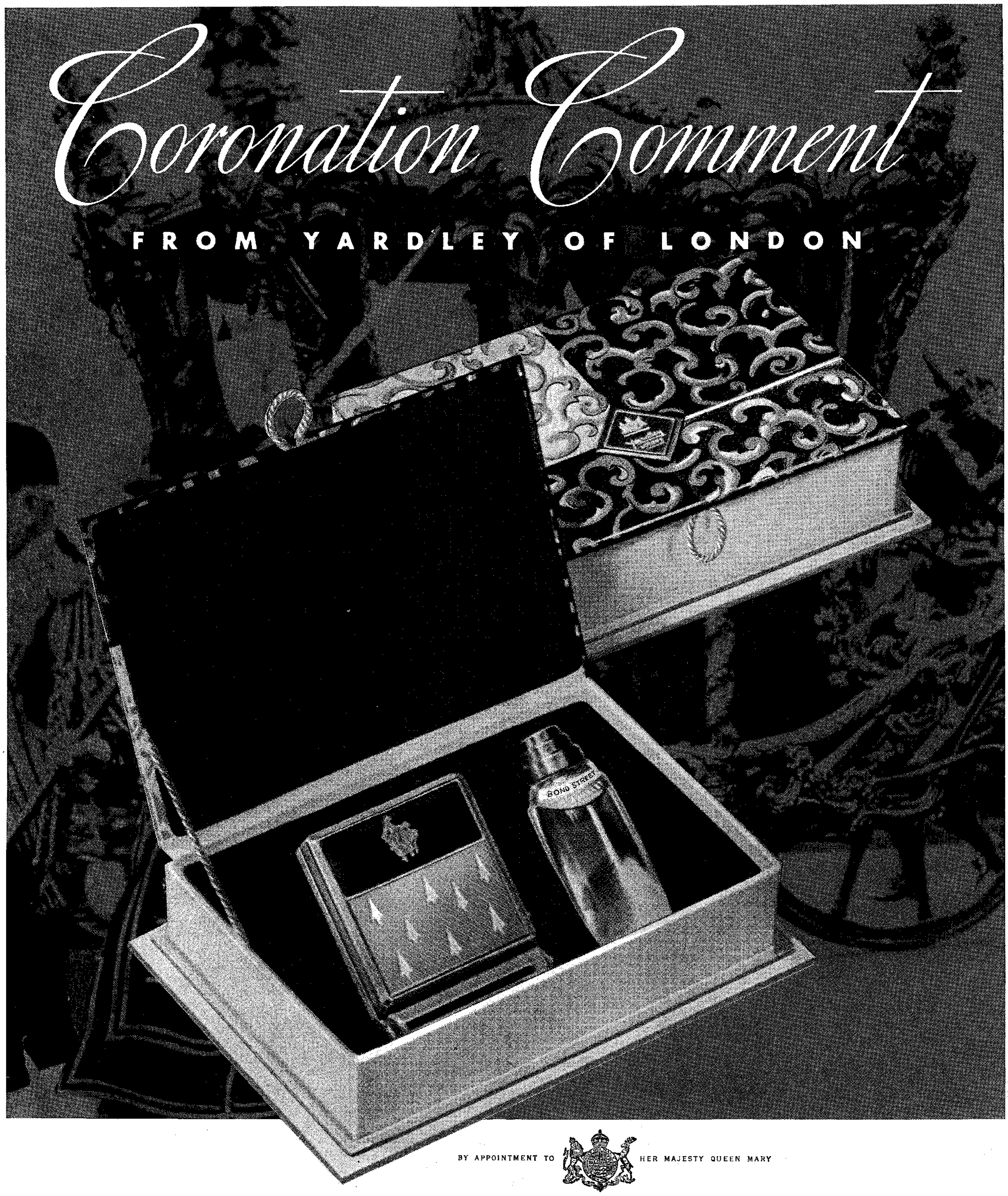
●

Hitler now allows Ludendorff to go ahead with his neo-pagan movement. The General's next job is to get the old gods back from Valhalla.

●

Henry Ford declines to have any dealings with labor unions. He never holds conferences with anybody but Edsel.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY

Two of the loveliest, most lasting gifts you're destined to find, celebrating the Coronation of Their Most Gracious Majesties.

Yardley's "Bond Street"—the brilliant perfume woven through the gay celebrations themselves . . . destined to be the famous perfume of the present generation—

With our new Coronation Compact, wrought in a heraldic ermine design, including the triple blessing of an attached lipstick scepter as well as rouge and delightful Yardley powder for somebody's regal little nose.

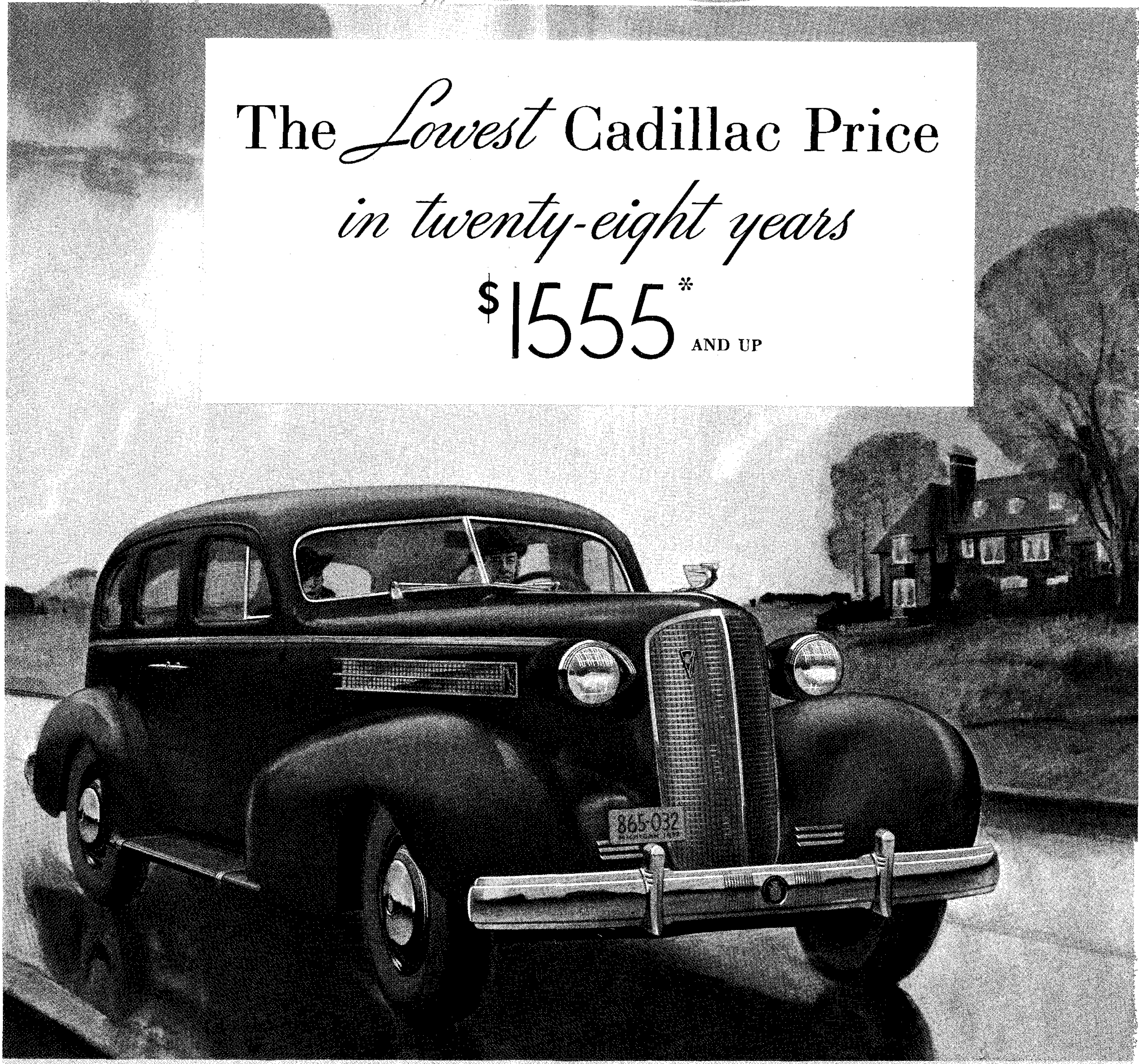
You'll find them divinely appointed consorts to carry your distinguished compliments anywhere this month. In a handsome case lined with royal scarlet velvet. Yardley & Co., Ltd., 620 Fifth Avenue, New York; 33, Old Bond Street, London; Paris, Toronto, Sydney.

WHILE THE LIMITED QUANTITY LASTS, IN FINER STORES AT $8.25

CADILLAC SHOWS THE WORLD!

The *Lowest* Cadillac Price *in twenty-eight years*

$1555* AND UP



Model illustrated: Cadillac Series 60 5-passenger Touring Sedan, $1660. A General Motors Value.*

Not since 1909 has a Cadillac car been priced as low as the new Cadillac V-8, Series 60—now only $1555* delivered at Detroit, including all standard accessories.

Certainly, this ranks with the most sensational price news of 1937. In fact, Cadillac ownership can hardly be thought of as expensive at all—because five other American-made motor cars now have models which cost more than a Cadillac.

And this low cost of the Series 60 becomes even more significant when you learn that it is finer than any V-8 Cadillac of the past.

It reaches new heights for performance. It is easier and safer to handle. Its riding comfort, we believe, is the finest in the world today. And it is much smarter, more beautiful and more economical than any of its predecessors. Such a car at such a price is almost unbelievable—until you have made a personal inspection for yourself.

And that is precisely what we should like to have you do. Your Cadillac-La Salle dealer will be pleased to show you the Series 60—how it looks in his showroom and how it behaves on the highway.

Why not give him this opportunity—today?

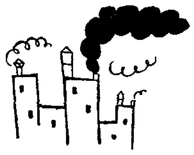
⁂

**Delivered price at Detroit, Mich., $1555 and up, subject to change without notice. This price includes all standard accessories. Transportation, State and Local Sales Taxes, Optional Accessories and Equipment—Extra.*

FROM THE ROYAL FAMILY OF MOTORDOM

THE SKY LINE

Buildings and Books



IT is hardly possible to walk three blocks in any direction this spring without stumbling across a model of a building for the 1939 World's Fair. I hope to have something to say about these models and plans when the grand fashion parade opens at the Architectural League Exhibition on April 21st. But recently a group of sculptors and painters and architects put on a special exhibit at the Architectural League's rooms, and the flock of them that collaborated on the Community Centre unit threw out one or two bright hints that are worth mulling over.

The unit consisted of three cleanly designed low buildings, one an auditorium, one a museum, library, and laboratory, and the other an athletics building. They were grouped around a circular swimming pool. I have doubts as to whether all these buildings should have been united on the same site—certainly I should want my library half a mile from the nearest tennis court or swimming pool—but at this moment the aesthetic conception is more important than the sociological one, and the formal relationship, with the buildings spreading outward instead of forming a walled court, was admirable. (The architect was Oscar Stonorov.) Most of the murals were spread over the walls surrounding the glass-covered peristyle which formed the margin of the swimming pool. This would give them outdoor light, a maximum amount of attention, and protection against the weather; even Duco is the better for a little protection. In other words, the murals were treated in somewhat the same fashion as the billboards on Broadway, or the shop windows on Fifth Avenue—as a background for the promenade.

The most important innovation in wall decoration, however, was the design for a colored sign by Louis Ferstadt for the whole outside wall of a building. This is the first time, so far as I know, that a serious artist has attempted a wall decoration in electric lights, and though Ferstadt's design was in the nature of a comic strip, I think this sort of thing need not be passed off with a Wrigley laugh. Is there any reason glass or pre-cast concrete tile should not be equipped with sockets so that entirely new effects could be worked out in colored lights, using smaller bulbs, placed more closely together?

The other really stunning innovation was José Rivera's models for abstract sculpture in the form of three islands for the swimming pool. These boldly modelled forms showed that there is still a place for the monumental sculptor when he makes new opportunities for himself, instead of lazily designing heroic forms for nonexistent tombs and impossible arches of triumph. It would be fun to bask on the abstract flanks and bosoms of Rivera's beautiful forms, and the bathers themselves would compose into far more interesting patterns on the uneven platforms and elevations than they would lolling on the flat surface of a float. Noguchi pointed the way last year with his model for an abstractly designed play mound for children, and there have been lesser attempts at such modelling, as in the seals' diving platform at the Central Park Zoo, but Rivera's statues drive home the idea in a ten-strike.

THIS season is unusually prolific in good books about modern architecture and its related fields. The most important is Dr. Walter Curt Behrendt's handsomely designed and illustrated volume on "Modern Building: Its Nature, Problems, and Forms." Dr. Behrendt was the first editor of *Die Form*, that once-brilliant organ of the *Deutsche Werkbund*, and he is one of that group of talented men, loyal to the best elements in the German tradition, who are now planting the seeds of Germany's postwar renascence in countries that can make more grateful use of the new culture than the *Dritte Reich*. He is now lecturer on housing and city planning in the Art Department of Dartmouth College.

Dr. Behrendt's approach to modern form and structure is a fundamental one. His first chapter opens up the general problem of order and develops the idea of two types of expression inherent in the creative spirit itself. One kind is formal, geometrical, externally imposed, the product of reason in the Platonic sense. The other is more inward, more intuitional, more vital, more responsive to time, place, function, change, and the human demands that grow out of the complicated processes of life itself. The first sort of order is typified in the legend about Procrustes: it lops off a limb in order to fit its preconceived bed. The second kind of order makes the bed fit the sleeper even if it is forced to "spoil" the bed's appearance by breaking out a panel. One is architecture; the other is building. And while the creative instinct embraces both, it is building that is inevitably uppermost today.

No other book on modern architecture that I know says so much in so small a compass, and spreads so far in every relevant direction. In contrast to formalistic critics like Geoffrey Scott, Dr. Behrendt knows that organic design today cannot derive from a purely visual theory of architectural form; it is tied up with economic and moral and practical matters that inevitably condition the architect's success, even as they modify his forms in the process of creation. Dr. Behrendt himself is a unique combination of the architect, the engineer, the administrator, and the scholar, and his treatment of the development of modern form is far more even-handed and delicately weighted than most contemporary treatises. If you wish to find out how modern building came into existence and what it means in terms of form and life, "Modern Building" is your book.

Professor Hudnut, the new dean of the School of Architecture at Harvard, appropriately introduces the American edition of Walter Gropius's little essay on "The New Architecture and the Bauhaus." Gropius's succinct account of his own development in relation to the development of the modern architectural movement in pre-Nazi Germany is most stimulating. Though his mind seems to work by nature from principles of abstract order down into reality, he is a man sensitively harmonized with the realities of modern life, and the kind of teaching he developed at the Bauhaus tended to develop from the abstract-formal into the organic-actual—if I may permit myself a few Germanisms you will not find in Gropius's essay. To find an architect and a thinker of Gropius's calibre welcome in what was once a very old-fashioned architectural school is an exceedingly cheering sign—even though one Gropius does not make a school.

Japanese architecture has been praised by people as diverse as Ralph Adams Cram and Frank Lloyd Wright. No architecture has been more completely standardized in essential design than the traditional Japanese dwelling house; no architecture, not even that of the New England farmhouse, is more free from extraneous ornament; and yet none is so close to nature and so refined in its formal aesthetic effects. Fortunately, an admirable book on the Japanese dwelling house has at last appeared, in German: "Das Japanische Wohnhaus," by Tetsuro Yoshida. It is so full of illustrations and plans that I can recommend it even to those who have to spell out the legends under the pictures with the aid of a dictionary. Here is that combination of the organic and the formal, the vital and the mechanical, that the best modern work in the Western world also aspires toward.

"Adventures in Light and Color," by Charles J. Connick, is the work of the modern master in traditional glass decoration in America—a man whose stained-glass windows have brought into dozens of contemporary churches some of the ecstatic brilliance of the early medieval windows. The present volume, sumptuously illustrated, with many colored plates, is a friendly, discursive introduction to the subject, the sort of observation, technical, historic, autobiographic, that one could get otherwise only through close association in the workshop. So far, the interest in stained glass has been persistently ecclesiastical—if one excepts that brief spell in the eighties when no bathroom was complete without its colored-glass window. Modern architects, even when under no financial restrictions, have not explored the possibilities of using glass of different colors and textures for other purposes than that of religious symbolism. But I have a notion that a time will come when master craftsmen like Mr. Connick and modern architects who wish to add to their decorative resources in the structure itself will have something to say to each other.

—Lewis Mumford

●

For realistic strawberries, mash liver sausage (without garlic), then shape into strawberries, roll in finely ground almonds tinted red. Use tiny piece of parsley for stem end.—*Adv. in the Hostess, The Magazine of Homes and Foods.*

And pick your guests with extreme care.

●

HOW'S THAT AGAIN DEPARTMENT
(BRITISH DIVISION)

[*From the London Morning Post*]

Stanleys of Empire—*On, Stanley, On!* Give little bright-eyed, dark-haired, shy-faced Stanley, just entering *St. Mary-of-the-Angels Song School for poor boys, Highgate,* a CHANCE IN LIFE, Brought by a C. A. Officer. 10s. covers 1st week's cost. Let us send you news of "Cockney Sparrows with Nightingale Voices." Mothers, relatives, friends of Stanleys, help Stanley on.—Rev. Desmond Morse-Boycott.

When shopping, a bottle of Hires gives you a "pick-up." Delicious, healthful—yet inexpensive

2 GLASS SIZE 5¢
4 GLASS SIZE 10¢

Hires
R-J
ROOT BEER
WITH REAL ROOT JUICES
12 OZS.
It tastes so Good
It's Good for you!
R-J

THE SYMBOL OF THAT DELICIOUS Root Juice FLAVOR

NO "UNRELATED WHISKIES" IN Grant's BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

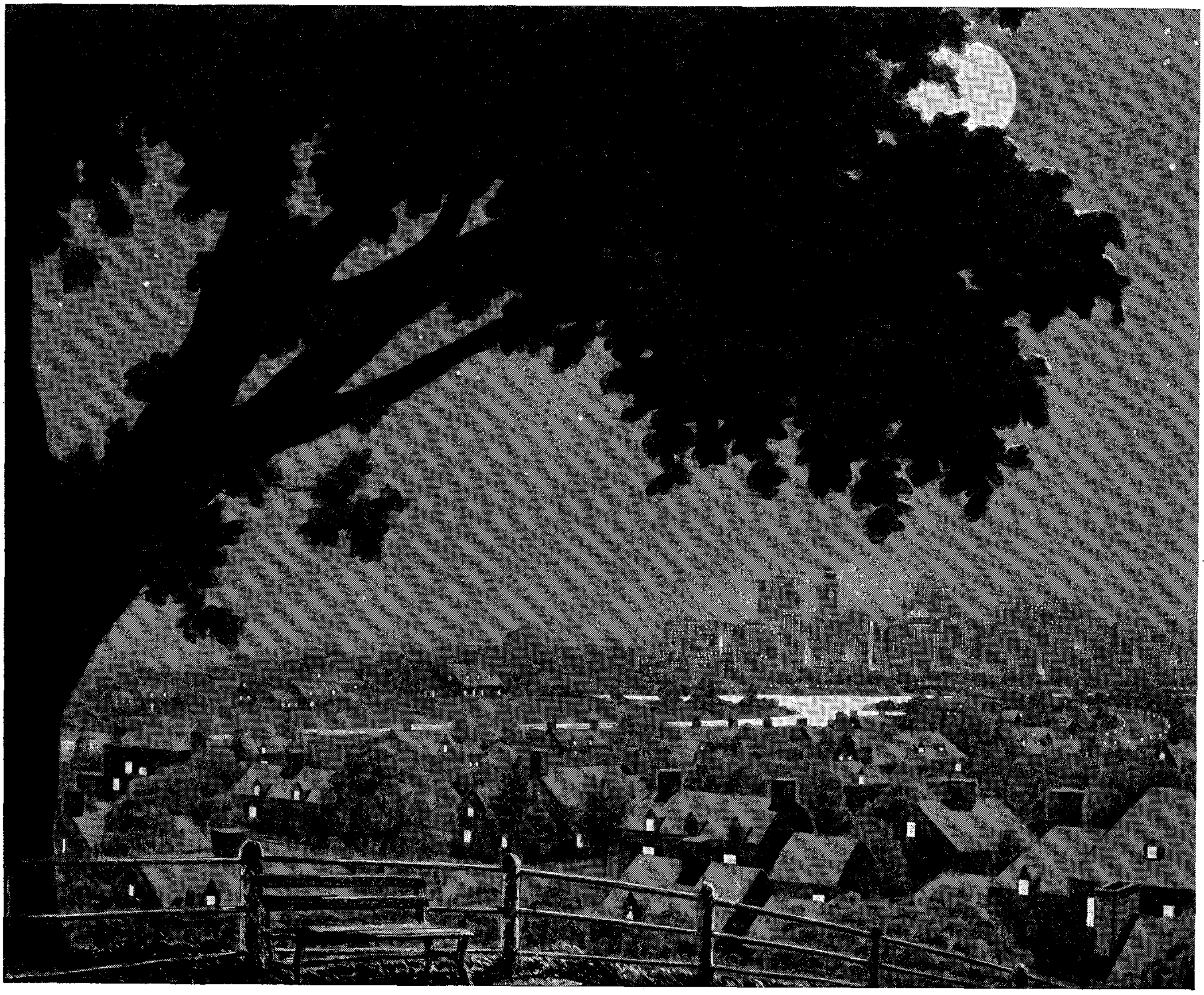
86 Proof
Grant's
LIQUEUR
Blended Scotch Whisky

Grant's is definitely as fine a whisky as Scotland produces. Its quality and delicate flavor are due to the fact that it is a balanced Scotch, made only from related whiskies, carefully selected and controlled from the distiller direct to you.

Ask for Grant's at your favorite bar or liquor store...enjoy the rare flavor of a balanced Scotch!

IMPORTED BY
JOHN MORGAN, INC.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

William Grant & Sons Ld.
GLASGOW, DISTILLERS



Moon over America

To those who live in America's big cities, the moon looks much the same on its pilgrimage across the sky.

And if there were a Man in the Moon, great metropolitan centers, with their many towering apartments, hotels and multi-family dwellings, would appear quite alike, with the striking exception of . . . Philadelphia.

Looking down on Philadelphia he would see the greatest city of *single-family* homes in the New World.

Little homes, big homes . . . mansions and modest dwellings! Homes with porches, lawns, gardens and homes without! Homes scattered along 2,000 miles of tree-lined streets!

He would see a city where devotion to home is deep and strong . . . a people whose planning and spending are concerned primarily with these homes.

And if, in fancy, the Man in the Moon were a manufacturer of "green cheese," his business instinct would tell him that here in Philadelphia exists America's greatest market for home products.

In this vast market of *single-family* homes, one newspaper—The Evening Bulletin—is read in nearly every home. Read by entire families of every class and income . . . a rare example of one daily newspaper being read by almost the entire population of a great city!

The Evening Bulletin's average daily circulation, 521,057 for 1936, is all net paid. Prizes, premiums or subscriber contests have never been used. It far exceeds any other Philadelphia daily newspaper — morning or evening — the third largest daily circulation in America.

Tell your story to Philadelphia families in The Evening Bulletin—at one of the lowest advertising costs per reader in the nation. Consult your Advertising Agency about profitably entering Philadelphia—greatest home market of the Western Hemisphere.

In Philadelphia....
nearly everybody reads The Evening Bulletin

© 1937, Bulletin Co., Philadelphia

LETTER FROM PARIS

APRIL 7

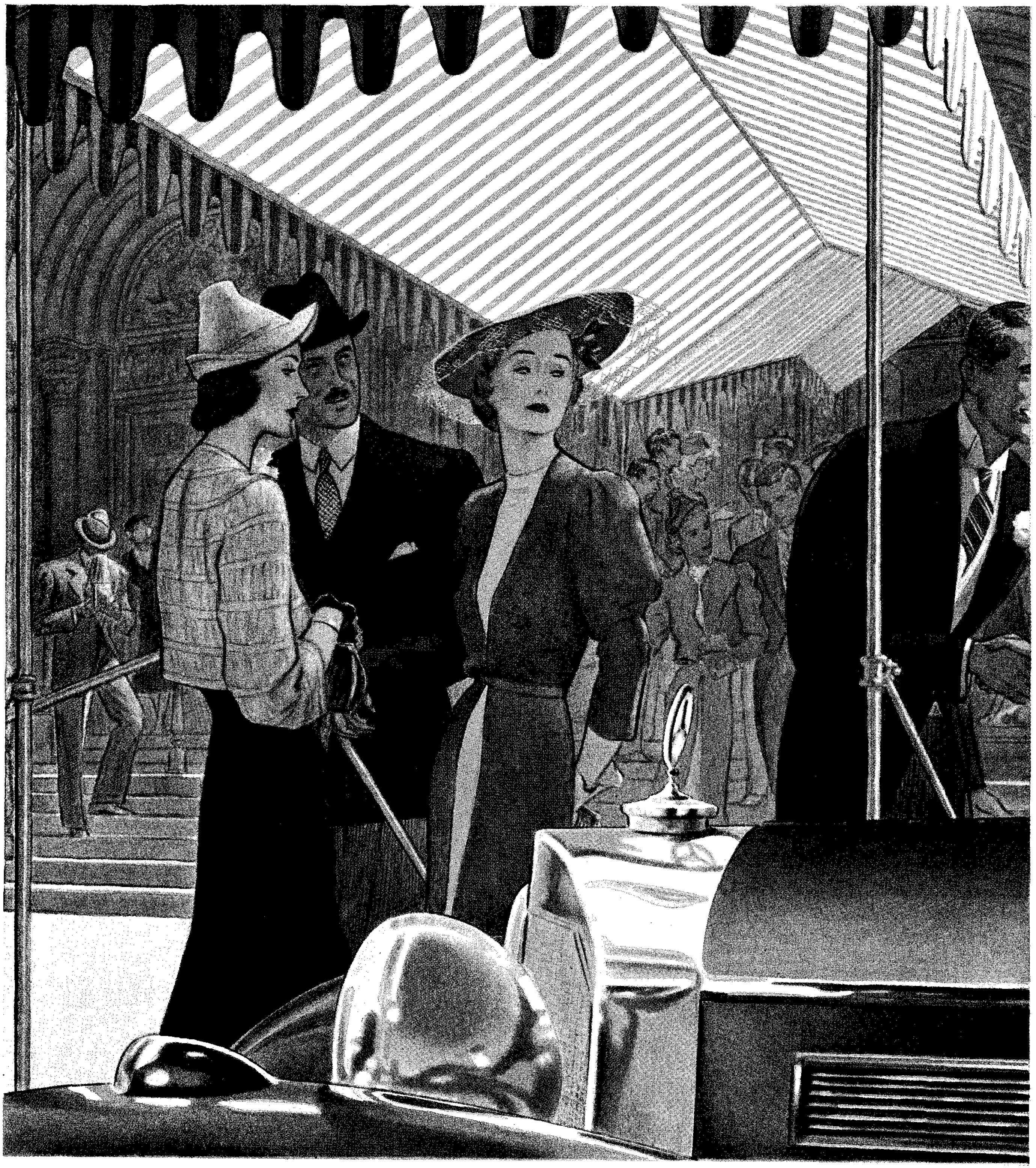
WITH the Rights here declaring that anyone who says Paris's Exhibition of Arts and Technics will open on May 1st is a Red, and with the Lefts announcing that anyone who says the Exposition won't be ready is a Fascist, we would like to state that we think that the Exposition will open on May 1st and that it won't be ready. We also think that the Exposition, as an aggregation of contemporary buildings, is going to be the most tasteful, modernist, influential, and decorative architectural unit of any Fair so far held in Europe. Because of its exotic quality, and the special necessity of having bushy terrain in which to place its gigantic reproduction of the temple of Angkor Wat, Paris's Colonial Exposition was held in the suburban Park of Vincennes. The forthcoming show, which will be devoted to urbanism, is resting in the choicest corner of the capital city of France—on the banks of the Seine, with their trees, *quais*, and turfed *allées*, diagonally from the Place de la Concorde across the river to the Tour Eiffel. Being a site half aquatic, half campestral, it should make a setting unique for art—and even for technic. The main sections of the Exposition will be the Foreign, Colonial, Trades, Gardens, Science and Arts, Decoration and Technic, Advertising and Show Windows, and Transport Divisions; the new Museum of Modern Art, which is the old Trocadéro with its façade lifted into handsome neo-Classic rejuvenation; and, finally, what the French call *le Parc des Attractions*. This last is to be a hamlet of regional houses—Alsatian, Auvergnat, Breton, Moroccan, and Tunisian—whose eccentric roofs and delicate colorings are already nearly finished. It stands, a mixed village, on the Esplanade before the Invalides. *Attractions* in France usually mean Coney Island dangers, but the *Parc* will contain only one thrill—an artistic roller coaster whose baroque demilunes will prettily fence in the four sides of the *Parc*. It will offer visitors a sort of aerial sightseeing tour above the Exposition. The highest point of the roller coaster is about on a level with the bottom of the dome over Napoleon's tomb in the Invalides. The pavilions will principally house regional restaurants. After all, good eating is the Frenchman's idea of a real thrill.

The only building to be completed so far is the Belgian—an excellent half-glass, functional construction by the architect van de Velde, noted for his work in Holland and Germany as well as in Belgium. Probably one of the last pavilions to be finished will be that of the United States, since its cornerstone was laid only a few weeks ago. However, the British pavilion will be equally late, for its construction was started just in time to catch the floods. Five feet of water rose in its foundations. England figures that though its original share of the cost of the building was to be about $175,000 (France supplies the steel shells of the structures free), increased costs of labor and additional material, both of which must be French and, naturally, are not free, will nearly double the ante. An international understanding forbids the employment of imported workers except as keymen. With construction slowed down by strikes and, for the most part, a five-day-week working program, all the foreign pavilions have been delayed—all, that is, except Belgium's and the $1,800,000 German building. The Nazis, ignoring the agreement, have imported a full crew of their own laborers in their race to finish ahead of the U.S.S.R., which is faithfully, if fitfully, using Front Populaire Frenchmen on its $3,600,000 house. Between the antagonistic Soviet and Swastika buildings stands, ironically, the pacific pavilion of the Vatican, to which both countries are antagonistic. This is the first time the Papal State has figured in an exposition as an independent government. Perhaps as a symbol of its distress, the Vatican's edifice is built in the form of a Spanish cathedral. Its three-story cupola's fine stained glass will eventually be installed in Notre-Dame to replace the colored panes removed by eighteenth-century clerics who wanted more light with which to read their breviaries. Unfortunately, the 800,000 francs needed to construct the Vatican pavilion's gilded copper bell tower is lacking. There are certainly 800,000 Catholics in France, and a desperate effort is being made to raise one franc from each of them.

Among the individual exhibits, there will be a planetarium, and a glass statue of a man, mate to the glass woman now in America. It is reported that Paul Poiret will have a House of Magic, paid for by Madame Blum. In the Human Thinking and Library section, there will be phonograph records of famous French authors reading their own works. In the handsome semicircular Museum of Modern Art there will be a new, and permanent, collection of canvases by living artists. Unlike the contemporary paintings at the Luxembourg, the Modern Museum's items will not be shifted to the Louvre after the death of each artist; the Modern Museum will be a heterogeneous depository for the State, which is fearful of not buying in time, as it remembers how foolishly it neglected the Impressionists and Cézanne. The Pavillon du Vin will contain a hundred-foot fountain running not water but wine.

OVER Easter, ten thousand visitors, some arriving by special trains from the far corners of France, came to see what there is to be seen of the Exposition. For various, and usually conflicting, reasons, the French are keeping their eye on this Exposition. It is hoped, for propaganda purposes, that millions of Europeans will eventually also be visitors, even though some of them can come only to look, rather than to spend. Excursion trips have been arranged with all the modest expenses paid in the currency, and in the native land, of the trippers (as a means of circumventing the difficult money-export prohibitions now in force on the Continent). Several hundred thousand Germans, each with the regulation ten marks to spend, are reported to be coming. Four hundred thousand Poles, some of them school children whose expenses will be borne by the French, are scheduled to arrive; France's relations with Poland are of increasing importance. One hundred thousand Greeks want to come, but only 1,850 will be permitted by the Greek Economic Defence Council to take the trip, each with 400 francs as pocket money. The Swiss, Norwegians, Danes, and Swedes, being confirmed independent travellers, are expected in more freehanded units. No arrangements as yet have been announced for the Italian contingent. It must be realized that the French Exposition, like last year's German Olympic Games, has a diplomatic purpose. In the mind of the holder, the mind of the beholder is the real goal to be gained. What with Signor Mussolini's irritation at Monsieur Delbos' protest against the continued presence of Italian soldiers in Spain, the Italians may stay at home and work on their own forthcoming influential Exposition.

—GENÊT

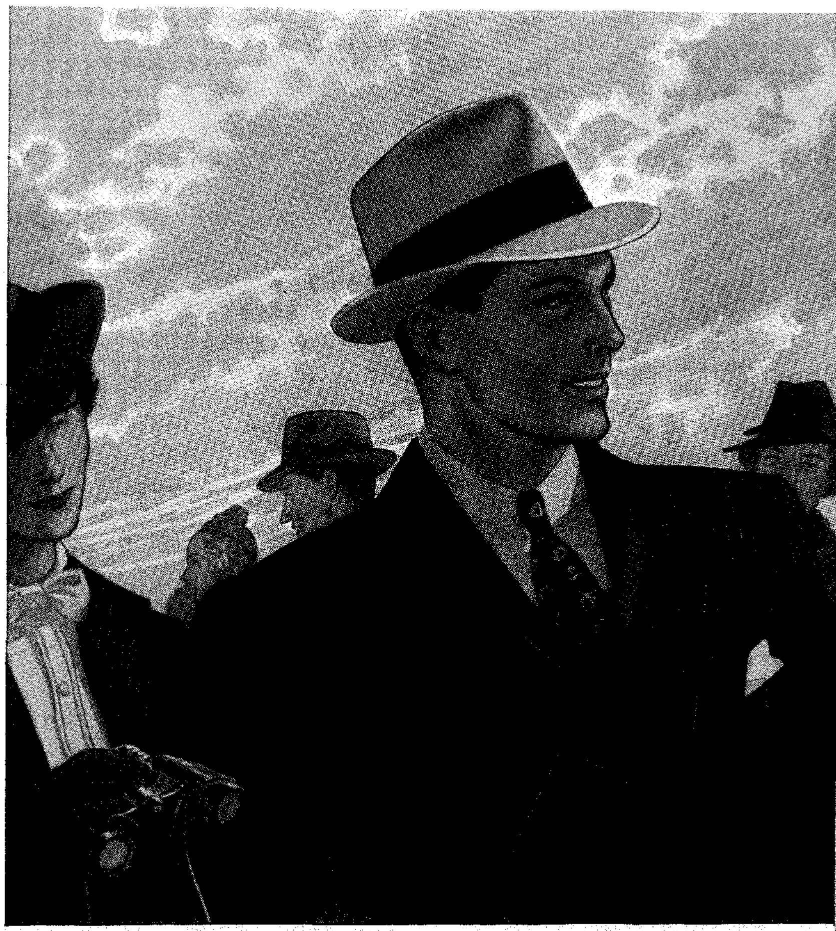


The sheer loveliness of Hockanum's *Voilaine* and *Crepe Voilaine* is being talked about from one end of fashionable America to the other. These colorful woolens lend themselves admirably to clothes that invite excited "Oh's" and "Ahhhh's" because they drape so beautifully...are so cool...keep their freshness. You'll see them in costumes, such as those illustrated, in which you may skip from town to tea to country club, without once losing that fresh smart look. At good shops all over the country.

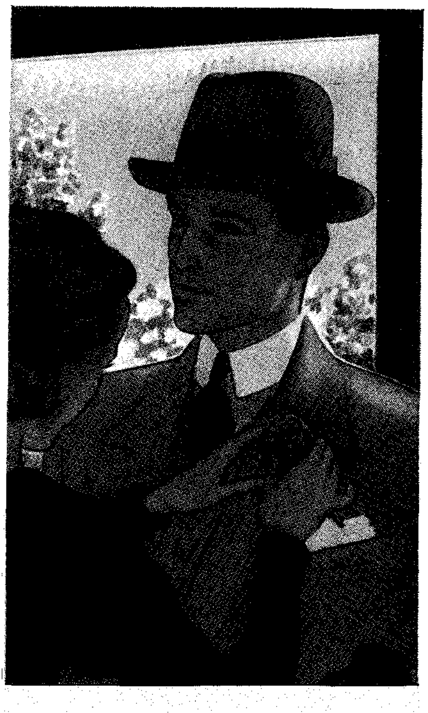
Hockanum Mills, Rockville, Connecticut. Founded 1809. Division of M. T. Stevens & Sons Company, North Andover, Massachusetts. J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc., Selling Agents, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York.

HOCKANUM *Woolens*

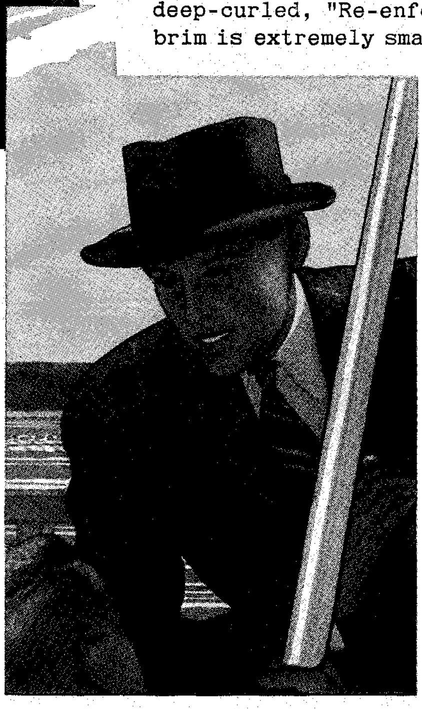
See yourself in all three!



INFORMAL WEAR ...town to track and back to town again...in a new "corded" snap-brim. See how smartly that low black band and light "corded" binding will contrast with your suit. Notice, too, that the brim has the new "forward snap." The hat to ask for is "Napier."



TOWN FORMALITY ...flower in your buttonhole, Stetson's newest dish-brim on your head. This "Royal Stetsonian" with deep-curled, "Re-enforced" brim is extremely smart.



SPORTS ...over the week-end in your tweeds... with Stetson's latest pork-pie to top them off. That low "blocky" bow is very special. Ask for "Ramsdell."

Choose your Stetsons as you do your clothes—appropriate to the occasions when they will be worn. There are Stetsons for every need—formal, business, sports—and each one is endowed with that famous Stetson ability to hold its smart style till the last day you wear it. John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia, New York, London, Paris. Stetsons are also made in Canada.

STETSON HATS

Stetsons are priced from $7.50 ($7 unlined) to $40. Air-Light Stetsons, from $5

MUSICAL EVENTS

"The Grand Duke"—Oratorio

MOST Gilbert-and-Sullivan authorities agree that the last operetta of the great collaborators—"The Grand Duke; or, The Statutory Duel"—was no hit, had no run, and was an error. Gilbert had lost his touch, and was tracing unsteadily his familiar patterns. Sullivan surrounded a limp libretto with generally unconvincing echoes of his earlier melodies. "Such, at least, is the tale which is borne on the gale," as they sing in another practically buried Savoy piece, "Utopia, Limited." A reading of the text, which gets under way with humorous references to sausage rolls, apparently confirms the melancholy reports. Even the most sympathetic Savoyard may be tempted to agree with the commentator who announced that "no good service will be done to the collaborators if it is withdrawn from its obscurity."

So far, so bad. Last week, however, the conscientious group of non-professional players who are the Blue Hill Troupe brought to the Heckscher Theatre their production of "The Grand Duke," and it seemed to me that an excellent service was done to the collaborators by this first New York production of the show. The book, however it may seem in print, plays brilliantly, and the music, if it has no great melodies, has the zip, the point, and the wit of Sullivan at his best. The much-mentioned "weariness" of the material will be perceptible only to those who are weary of Gilbert and Sullivan, and the repetition of Savoy mannerisms is no more annoying than it is in "The Gondoliers."

Edmond Rickett, the conductor, drew lively rhythms from his singers and the small orchestra, and the staging of Van H. Cartmell was alert and understanding. Some of the individual performances were brightly competent, and all of them were intelligent. If the leading rôle of Julia Jellicoe had been played with a foreign dialect, as it was in the original production, there would have been additional laughs. However, Miss Virginia Bartow, who was the Julia of the evening, was sufficient to the occasion, for she displayed a genuine comedic gift without benefit of an accent.

I hope that we haven't heard the last of "The Grand Duke" hereabouts, and gratitude is in order to the Blue Hill Troupe for its enterprise—with an extra bow for its good sense in eliminating the encore nuisance.

THE oratorio industry has become lively again, and a single week brought to Carnegie Hall Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and Honegger's "King David," neither of which has had much concert representation in the past decade. "Elijah" remains a sturdy reliable. Mr. Stoessel's Oratorio Society choristers sang it with euphonious vigor. Of the soloists, Jeannette Vreeland and Frederic Baer delivered the best blows for the cause. The whole evening upset the aging jest about this form of music being "boratorio."

"King David," introduced here by the Friends of Music in 1925, had its revival from Mr. Rodzinski, the Philharmonic-Symphony, and the Schola Cantorum choir, with a credit to the League of Composers, which shared in the sponsorship of the concert. The deliberately quaint parts of the music have acquired age rather than beauty, but most of it is freshly appealing, and the performance, in English, was a honey. Richard Hale narrated the story with clarity, sympathy, and a fetching gray weskit; and Agnes Davis, Anna Kaskas, and Frederick Jagel sang their soli nobly, even when the text remained something of a secret. The chorus and orchestra were superb, and except for submergence of Mr. Hale's lines, Mr. Rodzinski directed an expert and convincing matinée.

By way of prelude to "King David" there was Aaron Copland's ingenious "Dance Symphony," a skillful and contentious novelty of which I'll say more when his opera, "The Second Hurricane," is produced next week.

ONE of the year's most amiable recitals was the Town Hall concert of the Spanish violinist, Manuel Quiroga, who had the extraordinary pianistic coöperation of José Iturbi. Mr. Quiroga and Mr. Iturbi were colleagues before Mr. Iturbi became a world eminence as piano soloist and conductor, and this event was in the nature of a reunion. Mr. Quiroga, always an able fiddler, played with warmth and vivacity, and Mr. Iturbi's contributions to the entertainment helped to convert a violin recital into an evening of swell music-making.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

"ON DIT QUE LA PROSPÉRITÉ REVIENDRA BIENTÔT!"

"QUAND ON A DU COGNAC BISQUIT LA PROSPÉRITÉ EST DEJÀ LÀ!"

84 PROOF
Bisquit

THE BRANDY CONNOISSEURS DEMAND

Sole Agents: G. H. Mumm Champagne (Société Vinicole de Champagne, Successors) and Associates, Incorporated, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

FUJI? ALL WE DREAMED OF—HEAVENLY

The ORIENT *is yours from the start*

when you go by N·Y·K·

It is an adventure in itself to discover the Western World's comforts and luxuries served up to you by the quiet, gracious art of the Orient—to enjoy deck sports, ocean gaiety, superb American cuisine, entertainment brimming over—all touched and made new by Japanese inventiveness and unfailing good taste on N.Y.K. Liners.

JAPAN • CHINA • PHILIPPINES

Low Round-Trip Summer Fares *in effect May 15*
From Pacific Coast to Japan

First Class from $504	**Cabin Class from $400**
Second Class from $304	**Tourist Cabin from $216**

Regular sailings from San Francisco, Los Angeles VIA HONOLULU. Direct departures—Seattle and Vancouver.

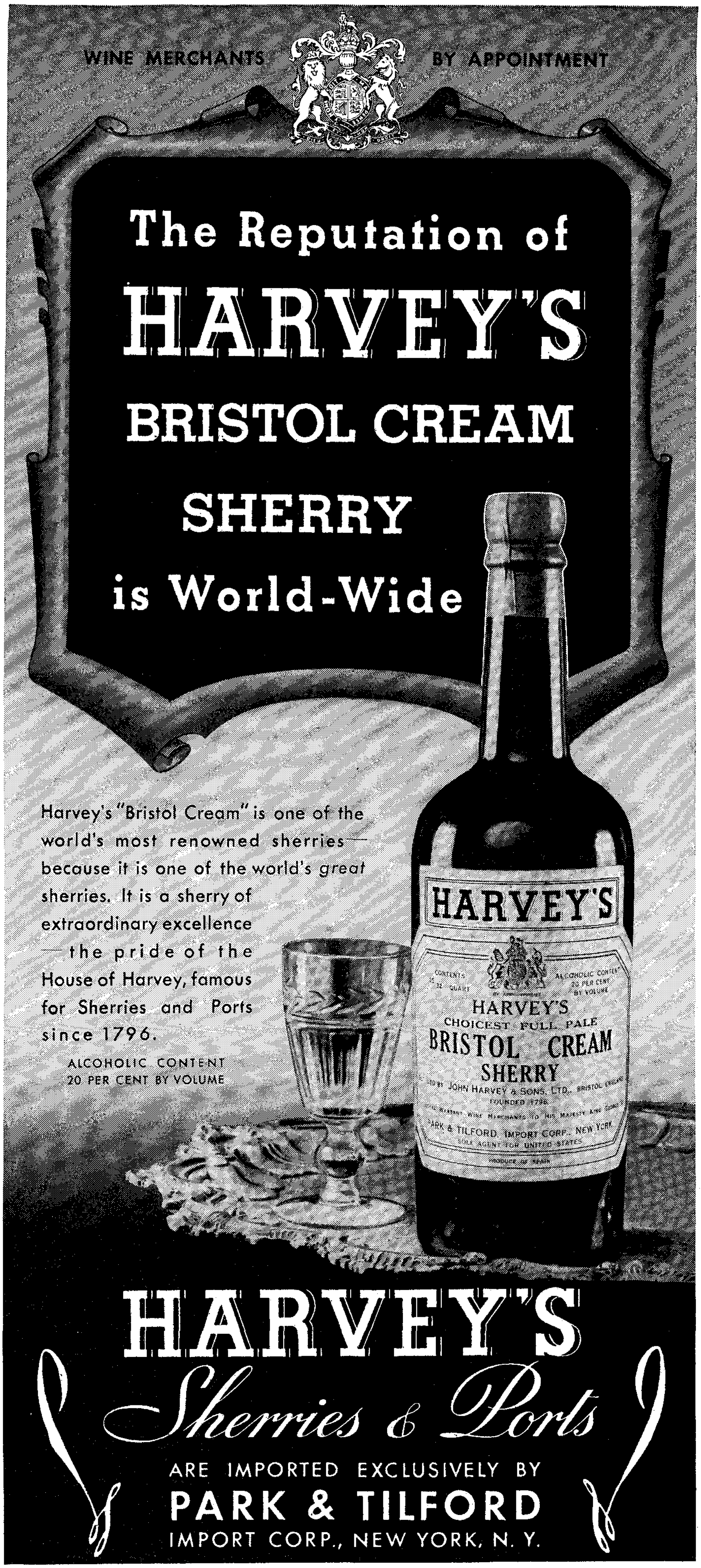
New York, 25 Broadway; San Francisco, 551 Market St.; Seattle, 1404 Fourth Ave.; Chicago, 333 N. Michigan Ave.; Los Angeles, 518 West Sixth St., or any Cunard White Star Limited office. Consult your local tourist agent.

N·Y·K· (JAPAN MAIL) LINE

VERY DESIRABLE

Apartment—East Side

Six rooms, 2 baths (including large living room with fireplace, dining room, 2 bedrooms, maid's room, and commodious kitchen) on Lexington Avenue and East 90th Street. Will sublet *unfurnished* from May 1st. *Any reasonable offer for Summer months will be considered;* after October 1st, annual rent $1400. Rhinelander owned and operated; call Sacramento 2-7868.



WINE MERCHANTS BY APPOINTMENT

The Reputation of
HARVEY'S
BRISTOL CREAM
SHERRY
is World-Wide

Harvey's "Bristol Cream" is one of the world's most renowned sherries—because it is one of the world's *great* sherries. It is a sherry of extraordinary excellence—the pride of the House of Harvey, famous for Sherries and Ports since 1796.

ALCOHOLIC CONTENT
20 PER CENT BY VOLUME

HARVEY'S
Sherries & Ports
ARE IMPORTED EXCLUSIVELY BY
PARK & TILFORD
IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

WHO'S WHO AT THE CIRCUS

CIRCUS HORSE

Look at the lovely horses, look!
Like something from an old, old book—

A horse once made of snow and wings
And fire now rides the circus rings

With sawdust scattering at his hoof
And spangles glittering to the roof,

With plumes to crown his blowing mane
And roses for a bridle rein—

A horse for all to see and feel
And know at last the wonder's real.

CAMEL

O camel, camel, plain and proud,
To speak with you I'm not allowed,

There is no language—only love
To tell me what you're dreaming of,

Floating on reedy legs along
The noisy air with looks of song,

Of patience and beatitude—
Camel, I lift my gratitude.

SNAKE

Ancient of ancients is the snake
And in his heart the oldest ache,

So old he has distilled a chief
And bitter poison from his grief,

Most savage and most deadly when
Discovered in the joys of men.

But lean, observe—though not too close—
How he has laid aside his woes,

How tinsel and a painted smile
Can hold him docile for a while.

Swaying his head—quiet his tongue—
The snake remembers he was young.

MONKEY CAGE

Baboon, gorilla, marmoset,
And missing links I never met,

Orangutan and chimpanzee
Belong to the same family,

And Monkey is the name for it.
They sleep, they cry, they stand, they sit,

They look like Man and take the blame,
Except for which they're much the same.

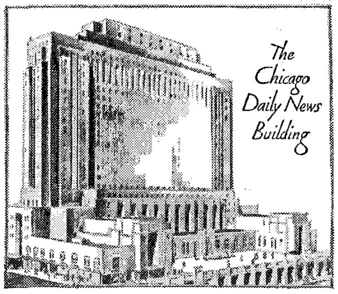
The tail is all that keeps them where
They live, while Man enjoys the air.

Be thoughtful children when you pass
Before the family looking glass

(Commonly called the Monkey Cage)
And ask yourself, Am I my age?

—VIRGINIA BELLAMY

ANOTHER CHICAGO DAILY NEWS


The Chicago Daily News Building

LEADERSHIP

DUE TO SUPERIOR ADVERTISING RESULTS

■

DURING 1936 THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS CARRIED MORE

MEN'S RETAIL CLOTHING ADVERTISING

THAN ANY OTHER CHICAGO NEWSPAPER—
MORNING, EVENING OR SUNDAY

SOURCE: MEDIA RECORDS, INC.

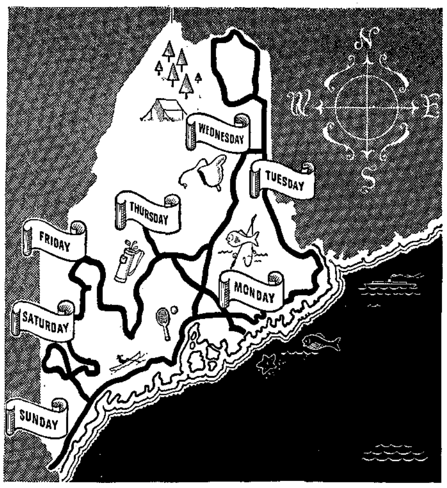
■

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

Chicago's HOME Newspaper

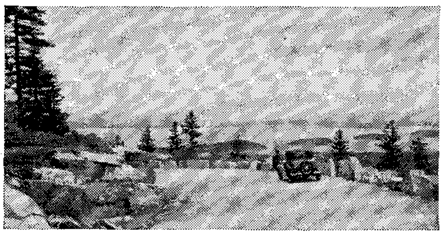
WITH THE MOST VALUABLE CIRCULATION IN THE CITY

GEORGE A. McDEVITT CO., *Eastern Advertising Representatives* • *444 Madison Avenue,* **NEW YORK** • *12 South 12th Street,* **PHILADELPHIA**
JAMES L. LENOX, *Eastern Representative, Photogravure, Color Comics and Retail* • *444 Madison Avenue,* **NEW YORK**
J. RAY SCOLARO, JR., *Manager Detroit Office* • *4-119 General Motors Building,* **DETROIT**



ONE WAY TO SPEND A WEEK IN MAINE

A MONTH in Maine isn't enough! But here's how to hit the "high spots" in a week of easy driving. Down the famous rock-bound coast, where breakers crash and churn . . . through trim, white, colonial towns . . . past safe, sandy bathing beaches. Then north into the Big Woods . . . circle, and south through forest, lake, and mountain country. 1300 miles of comfortable driving over Maine roads! . . . Scenes you'll never forget . . . mild, sunny days; cool, sleep-filled nights . . . the restful balm of fragrant fir-balsam; the tang of a wind from the sea! Of course, this is only a suggestion. Travel and see as you like. Maine is full of fine hotels, inns, sporting camps . . . and inexpensive tourist places. You can ride, hike, camp, canoe, play golf and tennis . . . fish, swim, and sail in fresh and salt water. Mail the coupon now.

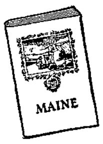


MAINE

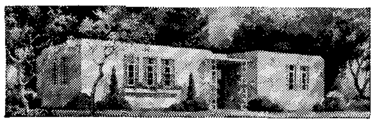
HAVE THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE IN MAINE!

Free! MAINE DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION
Tourist Service, 41 St. John Square,
Portland, Maine

Send the NEW 1937 Official Vacation Book which describes the vacation attractions Maine offers.



Name____________________
Street____________________
City______________State________



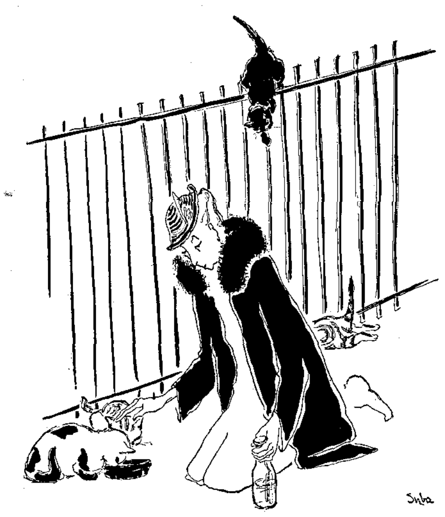
Want a House in a Hurry?

. . . the finest quality small house money can buy—modern, smart, steel-framed, permanent—flat or sloping roof—the product of six years intensive research by the leading prefabricated house company, with shipping experience to 21 states. We have it—"On the shelf"! Ready to ship—fascinating to build—so simple local labor can easily erect it—ideal for permanent home, guest house, seashore, mountains—or married daughter! Send 25c in stamps for plans, prices, full information.
GENERAL HOUSES, INC., CHICAGO, ILL.
620 N. MICHIGAN AVENUE

WINGS OVER HOLLYWOOD

FOR those of us who had been wondering all spring which way Joan Bennett would jump, the week of March 28th opened uneventfully enough. As of Wednesday midnight, the 31st, the blonde motion-picture star had given no indication of her stand on the moth question. Larvae the world over retired quietly to their cocoons at the close of business, lazed around as larvae will, and dropped off without a thought for the future. Then, on Thursday morning, Miss Bennett flung down her dainty gauntlet with a crash heard halfway around the world. In a conspicuous advertisement appearing in this magazine, the piquant temptress trumpeted, "A Film Actress can't take chances with MOTHS." One's eye leapt from Miss Bennett's provocative smile to the bottle of Larvex below and the message: "Your clothes are just as important to you. Now *get rid* of moth dangers as movie stars do. Spray with Larvex *today*." Apparently dissatisfied with the meagre coverage afforded by a handbill like *The New Yorker*, Miss Bennett hurled her thunderbolt again the next morning in the pages of *Life*. Repetition did the trick; at week's end the metropolitan area was devoid of moths and long columns of frightened larvae were fleeing across the border into Canada, gripping satchels and sweating from every pore.

That Miss Bennett's encyclical may seem bizarre makes its subject none the less momentous. The constant guerrilla warfare raging between movie stars and moths is an angle of picture business too little known east of the Mojave. Fan magazines, cramming their pages with photographs of Paul Muni as Pasteur, as Koch, as Semmelweiss, and as Dr. Pierce (Muni will portray the great American scientist in Warner's forthcoming "The Golden Remedy"), have neglected the thrilling struggle under their very noses. The industry, however, fears and respects the winged terror. Central Casting Bureau, which supplies thousands of extras daily to Hollywood productions, pays its standard atmosphere players five dollars, dress extras seven-fifty, and moth-proofed actors twenty-five and upward, depending on degree of freedom from moths. In a costume picture like "Gone With the Wind," for example, a hoopskirted beauty rated seventy-five per cent free from moths may earn as much as forty dollars a day. Clark Gable, whose allergy to moths is a byword in the movie colony, has to be kept in a glass stall shower packed with sachets of mothballs until the cameras begin to grind. Giant rotor sprayers fill the sound stages with currents of Larvex, which escape and form a low-lying haze over Los Angeles and its environs. Foreign visitors have often commented on it. Gruschenstahl, in his exhaustive "Praxis der Vorstellung der Fliegenden Pikturen," observes, *"Die Gerücht von Larvex-Spritze in Los Angeles ist gefährlich—hörst?"* Similarly, Dieudonné-Laporte, in "Les Films—Comment?," has said, *"Le sentiment de Larvex est formidable quand on traverse Wilshire-Boulevard. C'est épatant, je vous assure, c'est rigolo!"* In addition, the Association of Motion Picture Producers, working with the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences (better known as plain Amppampas), maintains a laboratory where two tireless young research workers, played by Paul Muni, never flag in their hunt for new types of moth-bane. When one is found, however, they flag, and everyone joins in a three-day fiesta. Fun and jollity reign supreme; obscene doggerel deriding moths is passed from lip to lip, healths are drunk in bumpers of Giant Malts, and "The Festival of the Moth" is presented at the Hollywood Bowl by a ballet of grown-up Meglin Kiddies. Those who have seen the quaint native costumes of hound's-tooth jackets, white berets, and black suède shoes say that the memory will follow them to their graves.



THE combat between the Blues (movie stars) and the Reds (moths) became feverish with the discovery not long ago that the larvae incubated in the actual scripts. The tender grub finds an ideal medium in the rich compost of old jokes, crumbling situations, and general humus. The decision came immediately to eliminate story altogether from films, and since the actors had made up the lines as they went along anyway, nobody's feelings were lacerated. Such recent successes as "College Holiday" and "Ready, Willing, and Able," in which no trace of plot is visible, show the wisdom of the new policy. Not only are there no moths in them but the public is jubilant because the strain on its mentality has been removed.

Although he would be too modest to avow it, it is tacitly admitted today that the pioneer Adolph Zukor is responsible for the introduction of moths into motion pictures. An obscure furrier twenty-five years ago, he foresaw a mighty amusement empire on the Pacific Slope. Fortunately for today's moviegoers, he was not only an impractical visionary, he had access to moths as well. Strange that one brave little figure toiling through the snows of the Sierra Madres should be bringing with him the seeds of a new artistic medium and the scourge that was to purify it! *Per aspera ad astra,* say I, and all honor to the gallant fighter and idealist who has made it possible. *Zukor über alles!*

—S. J. PERELMAN

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From a letter written by the Strootman Shoe-Fitting System of Buffalo to a dealer who inquired about foot pains*]

Your request of the 25th is explained by comparing the factory shoe last with the custom shoemakers foot shaped wooden lasts, on which was put the customer's name for future shoes. Factory lasts are NOT individual foot shaped. The factory shoe last is made to enter the PLUMP arch LONG heel foot and is NOT underball underarch and not underheel rounded to different foot shapes, or, in other words, the factory shoe is one shape and feet are ANOTHER shape. NERVE contact caused on the Os-Calcis underheel bone is a serious matter causing about 60 limb and body pains for which the only relief is a new way to again shoemaker individual fit feet in factory shoes.

Men's shapely feet in flat, not foot shaped, shoes risk much when nerve contact from the Os-Calcis underheel bone hits the heart. The good man then tumbles over DEAD. The dark underheel BONE DENT in his shoe proves the trap that killed him. My guess from years of experience raised as a cripple foot shoemaker last modeler and 54 years as manufacturer of ladies fine shoes (now retired) is that 65% of mens heart failure deaths are caused in not underarch and underheel rounded to foot shaped shoes.

UNION PACIFIC
THE OVERLAND ROUTE

When nothing but a change of scenery will do, then *pack your bag* and make for the Union Pacific West.

Where is the Union Pacific West? Well, that's taking in a lot of territory. It's Colorado . . . Yellowstone . . . Zion-Bryce-Grand Canyon National Parks. It's the Western Dude Ranch Country, too . . . and California, Boulder Dam, the Pacific Northwest. Marvelous vacation regions, all of 'em. And to these we hasten to add *Sun Valley Lodge at Ketchum, Idaho—America's most exclusive summer rendezvous.* Union Pacific takes you to them all quickly, comfortably, in air-conditioned trains.

Low summer fares, by the way, add definitely to your vacation pleasure. Mail coupon for complete information.

THE PROGRESSIVE
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

W. S. BASINGER, Passenger Traffic Manager
Room 493, Union Pacific Railroad
Omaha, Nebr.
Please send me information about ....
Name ....
Street ....
City ....
State ....
☐ Also tell me about Escorted, All-Expense Tours

Dubonnet
A. M. Cassandre
The Great French Appetizer

It makes the Sauciest of all the Cocktails

Tell the waiter—"Dubonnet Cocktail". It's Doo-bon-ay to him. Half Dubonnet—half dry gin—that's all. And Dubonnet Straight, well chilled, is a tasty, continental treat. Dubonnet is a rare and secret blend of fine French wines.

WINE—alcohol 18% by volume

Schenley IMPORT

Copr. 1937, Schenley Import Corp., N. Y. C.

FRANCES CLYNE

Indispensable SUIT OF PLAIN OR PRINTED SILK DRESS WITH MATCHING JACKET

$75.00

6 EAST 56 STREET

THE RACE TRACK

Jamaica Improvements — Australian Barrier

I DARESAY the racing season must begin somewhere, but why must it be Jamaica? (Here I am with a bundle of complaints before the first favorite is beaten.) I wish that the people who arrange these things would try starting off at Empire City. Westchester is pleasanter than that part of Long Island in mid-April, or at any other time, for that matter.

Nevertheless, you're hardly going to know the Jamaica track when you go there this week. The clubhouse has been enlarged, with an annex and a first-class betting ring; the grandstand has a new face; and the effect of having the judges' stand on the roof is astonishing. In this connection, I must warn you that the new angle of the winning post as seen from the stands is going to disconcert you; but I suppose you'll become accustomed to it.

There is nothing new to say about the horses. As usual, there are many good-looking two-year-olds, who are unknown quantities even to their trainers; a lot of three-year-olds, some of whom seem to be top class and others problem children; and a few four years old and upward, most of whom have housemaid's knee or similar ailments.

The Paumonok Handicap, named in honor of the Tammany district club in Brooklyn to which many of the Metropolitan Jockey Club's original directorate belonged, will be the first important race of the Jamaica meeting, and I fancy that Marshall Field's Tintagel, who's been galloping awfully well, will win it, although the Wheatley Stable's Snark, who ran so fast at Hialeah, will have plenty of friends if he starts. The Youthful Stakes will be run this weekend, and we may see Townsend Martin's Bigey, who ran so successfully at Hialeah; the Bomar Stable's Benjam, who won the Bowie Kindergarten Stakes last week; and some other useful two-year-olds under colors.

WELL, there will be an Australian barrier at Jamaica after all, and it will be used for starting races in front of the grandstand. At other points, races will be started from the old stall gate. At Belmont Park, however, the

ENGAGE ROOM AND BOARDWALK AT

CHALFONTE HADDON HALL

A convenient address of good taste for a spring holiday. Beach and boardwalk at our door. Golf and tennis clubs nearby. Indoors, plenty to do. Livable rooms. Ocean Decks. Health baths. Moderate rates.

Leeds and Lippincott Company

ATLANTIC CITY

FRANCES CLYNE

EVENING GOWNS of PASTEL CHIFFON COMPLEMENTED WITH BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS

$125.00

6 EAST 56 STREET

JIM MORIARTY'S

CLUB BALI

Joe Moss and his orchestra
Vanda Mara (Mrs. David O. Shoemaker)
Appearing Nightly

161 EAST 54TH ST.
Wic. 2-6570

VILLAGE BARN
★TEN STAR ACTS★
SQUARE DANCES DINNER FROM $1.00 MUSICAL CHAIRS
52 West 8th St., STuy 9-8840

barrier will be used for two-year-olds on the Widener Course, as well as for older horses on the main track.

The machine is similar to that used at Hialeah Park last winter, on all the Australasian, English, and French tracks, by the Royal Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay Turf Clubs, and on the racecourses at Shanghai, Hong Kong, and Bagdad. It consists of six strands of special coir rope, each of which is strong enough to lift a couple of tons, and the strands are spaced so that they form a barrier more than a foot wide at the height of a horse's nose. When released, it flies upward and forward quicker than a colt can move.

The Australian barrier was installed by Reuben Grey, whose father, Alexander Grey, invented the first starting gate half a century ago. Before that, races were started by tapping a drum, shooting a gun, ringing a bell, or waving a flag. Grey is short, heavy-set, and has that look one gets from being around horses a long time. You'd hardly think that he used to sing in musical comedy with Tom Walls, the English actor who won the Derby Stakes with April the Fifth, but you'd be pretty sure he'd been a jockey. In fact, if Grey hadn't been fined £5 once by a starter, the first barrier might not have been invented in Australia. He was nine years old, and weighed about eighty pounds at the time, and his father thought that it was so unfair to require a boy to keep a race horse toeing a chalk mark on the turf, as they did in those days, that he invented a barrier with a single strand of tape breast-high which would make the required alignment easier. After he left the stage, Grey returned to racing in Australia and developed the present barrier. He still owns a small stable, and all his horses and jockeys are well schooled.

THE best race of the week at Bowie was the Southern Maryland Handicap, which was won by Calumet Dick, with New Deal second, and Mucho Gusto third, the same order in which they finished in the Bowie Handicap on the previous Saturday. Who says Bowie horses aren't consistent?

—AUDAX MINOR

•

TODAY'S CHARM TIP

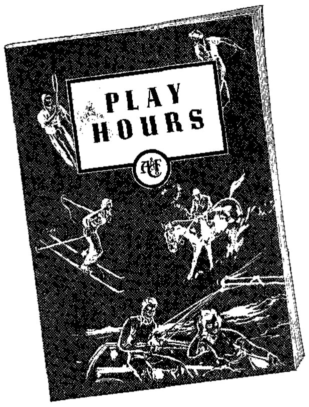
Walk toward a full length mirror, watching that feet point straight ahead, that chest is up, head held tall and abdomen flat. And keep on walking.—*Antoinette Donnelly in the Daily News.*

After you, Antoinette!

Coronado Wheel Chaise at left $63.50
Coronado Wheel Chaise at right with sun shade canopy. $89.50

A floor-ful of ideas

One entire floor of our Shop is devoted to articles and equipment for your summer play hours. In it is a great variety of furniture for lawns, porches, cabanas and beaches. There are all kinds of games for exercise and pleasure and many suggestions for "improving the shining hours."



Send for
"PLAY HOURS"

A shop in a book, in which is everything for summer sport and play.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World
MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET, NEW YORK

CHICAGO STORE: Von Lengerke & Antoine, 33 So. Wabash Avenue

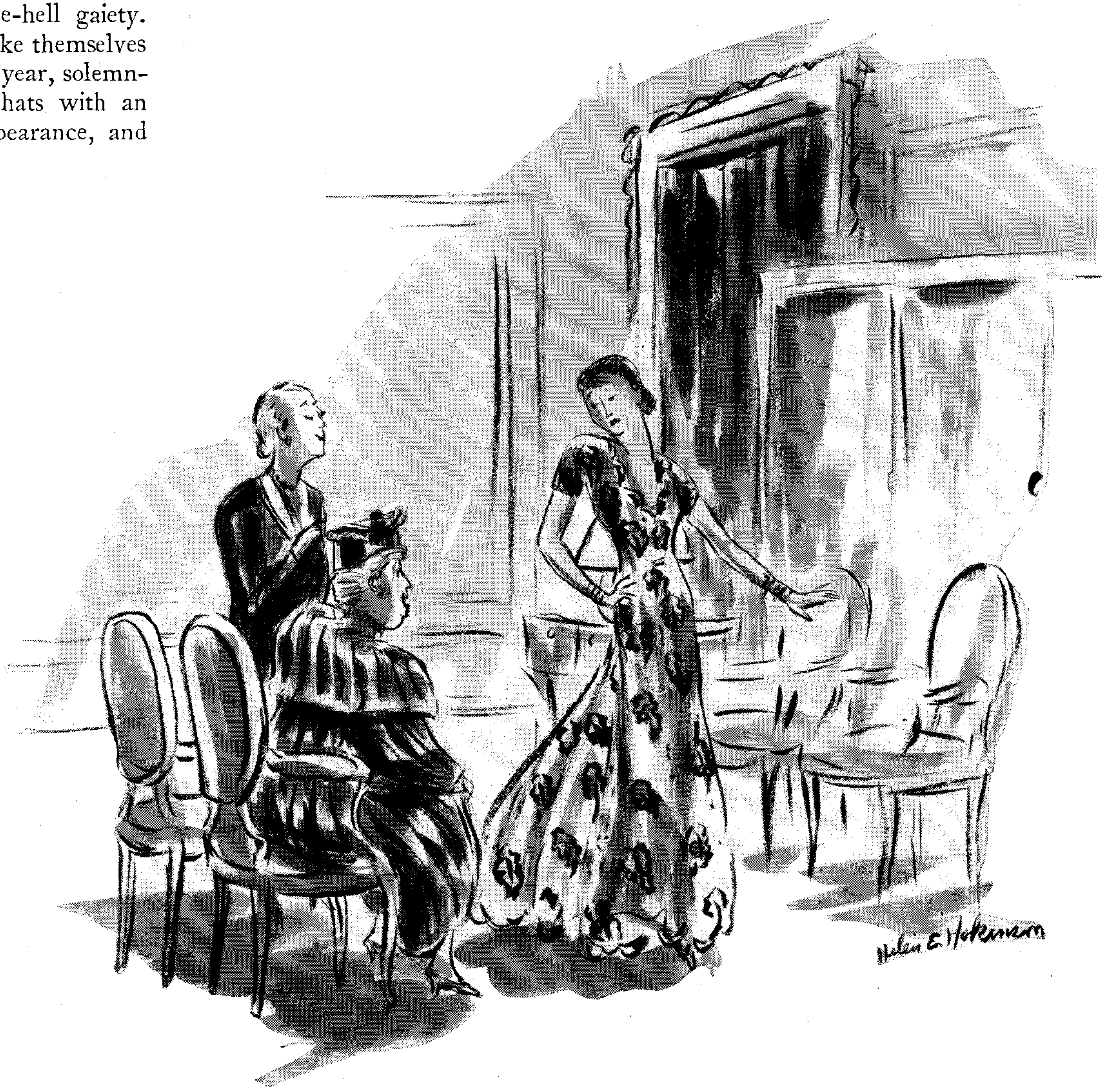
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

It is deplorable that so very few shops have that distinction which is loosely classified under the sweeping word "personality." Designers and vendors alike are prone to assume that the merchandise in itself is more important than the way it makes you feel, though any attitude which takes the sense of adventure from clothes is both boring and shortsighted. Whether it is slumberous or challenging, romance invariably lurks in a good dress or hat from the moment a flashing idea makes a designer cry "Yoicks!" until the last, lingering glance brings to the wearer the certainty that she is the Cutest One.

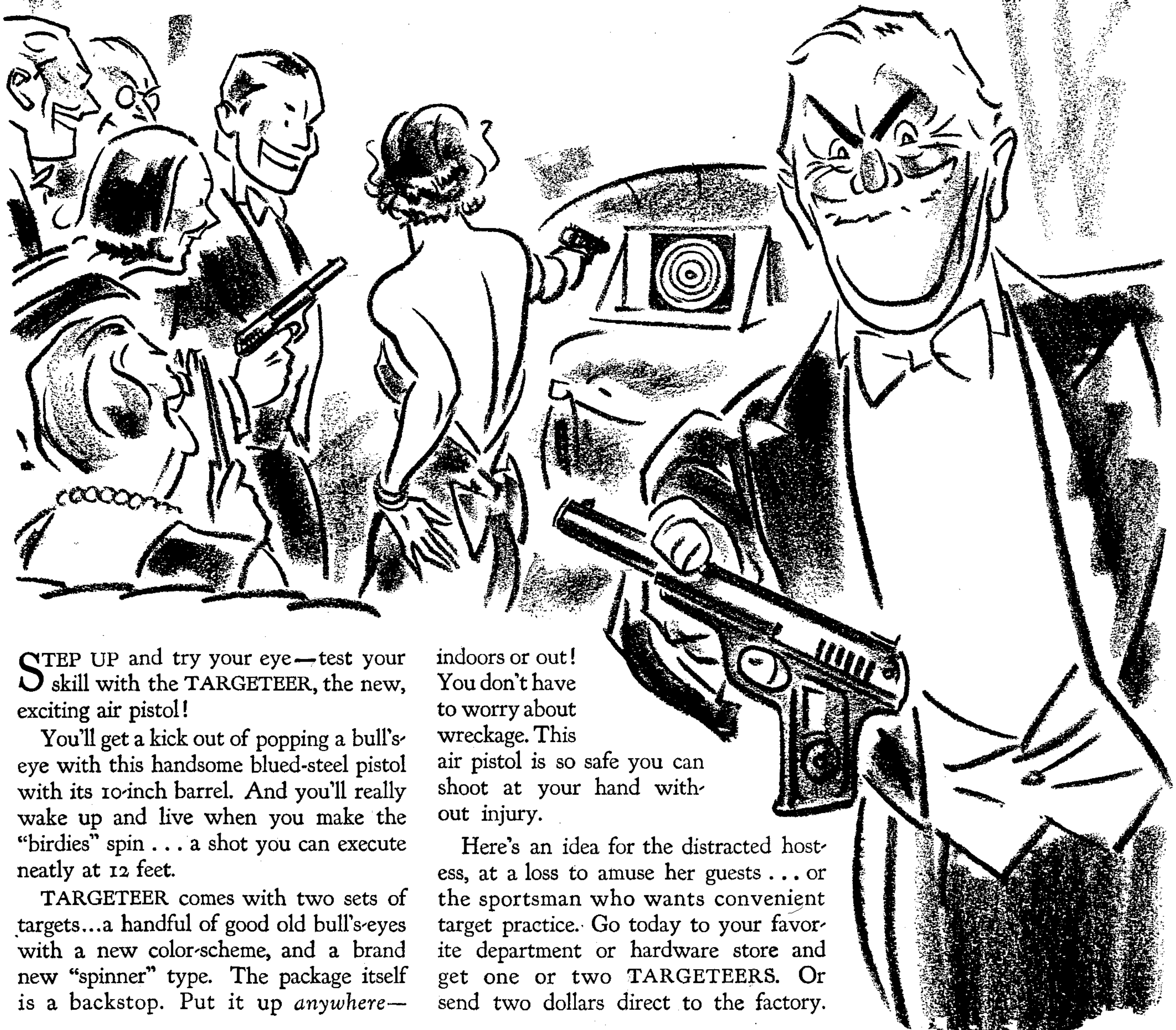
To enter the shop of John-Frederics, however, is to be swept, instanter, into a mood of what-the-hell gaiety. Even the hats refuse to take themselves seriously. The boys, this year, solemnly assert that they like hats with an unfinished, unstudied appearance, and thereupon show you nonchalant felts with swooping, widish brims and crowns that look as if you had crushed them in yourself—and frequently, you have. They are dashing and infinitely becoming, and John-Frederics like veils to soften them—very full, fine veiling, coming almost to the waist in front. It isn't as out of place on felt hats as you would think, either, and, of course, it is completely appropriate on the dizzier hats laden with flowers and ostrich plumes—soup-plate straw hats with curled-up brims filled with yellow flowers and green birds, or with roseate ostrich-feather curlicues; and a black patent-leather pillbox with white hyacinths around it, and the largest possible handbag of black patent leather, gathered on a gold rod frame. Pink batiste roses are massed to make a bandeau which, worn well back on the head, has the effect of a fat turban. Straw in a burnt golden shade fashions tiny pillboxes decorated with a bunch of flowers, or with plumes high over one eye. It doesn't sound it, but the John-Frederics collection this season is as wearable as it is irrepressible—though possibly the atmosphere of the place makes anything seem normal, even leghorn poke bonnets with ostrich feathers spilling forward over the high crowns. The accessories are wonderful, too—notably the huge, capacious handbags (some of them a good twenty inches long) made in every possible leather or cloth-and-leather combination. And you'll like the vest-blouse the boys are playing with. The back, short sleeves, and scarf are plain; the vest front and the belt at the rear are either patterned or contrasting. I am indeed a happier girl for having been over there.

Marcelle Milliat and Germaine Vittu (just murmur something unintelligible to the doorman of 509 Madison—at 53rd—and he'll direct you to their floor) were formerly the guiding geniuses of the Coin de Paris at Wanamaker, and bring to their own shop the same type of unobtrusive but exquisite Parisian chic. There are clothes from Claire Any, Jane, Certain, and others—models noted for their apparent simplicity and for intricate detail which makes most shops pass them up because of the difficulty of copying them. For example, the fine tucks on simple crêpe daytime dresses from Certain, and the bright flowers, which seem to be blown by a breeze, on the top of a black crêpe street dress. Another dress is all shaped



"My husband is going to shoot me, but I don't care."

Here...*You* try it... it's the new **TARGETEER!**

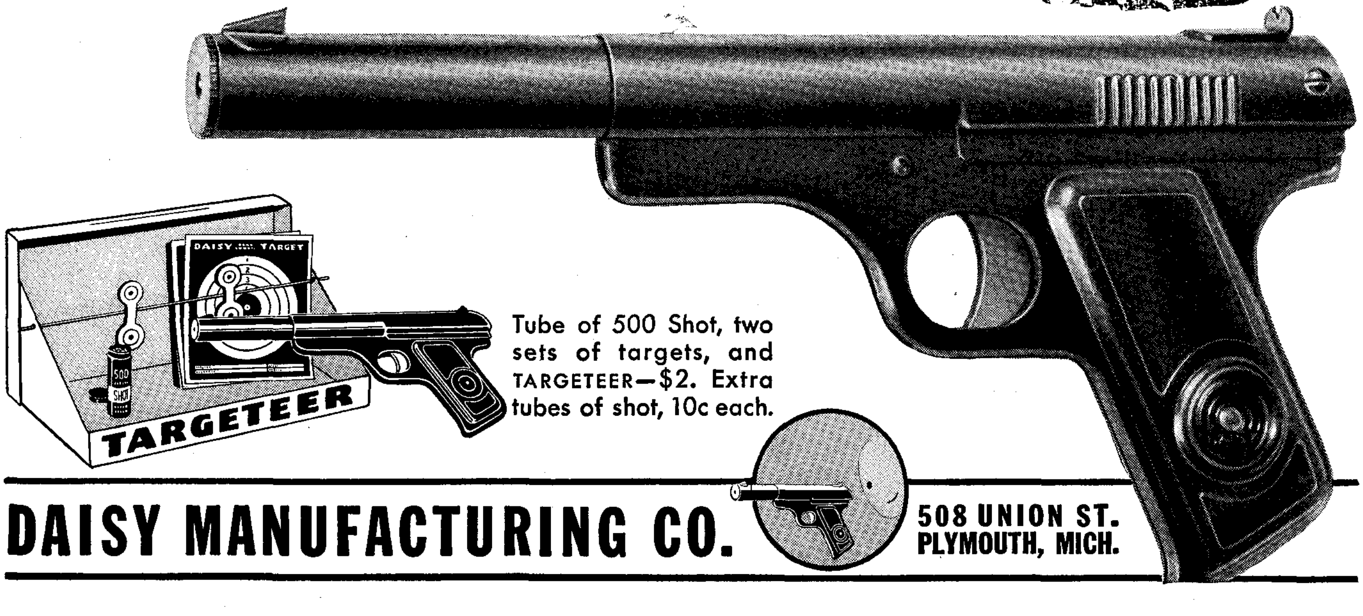


STEP UP and try your eye—test your skill with the TARGETEER, the new, exciting air pistol!

You'll get a kick out of popping a bull's-eye with this handsome blued-steel pistol with its 10-inch barrel. And you'll really wake up and live when you make the "birdies" spin . . . a shot you can execute neatly at 12 feet.

TARGETEER comes with two sets of targets...a handful of good old bull's-eyes with a new color-scheme, and a brand new "spinner" type. The package itself is a backstop. Put it up *anywhere*—indoors or out! You don't have to worry about wreckage. This air pistol is so safe you can shoot at your hand without injury.

Here's an idea for the distracted hostess, at a loss to amuse her guests . . . or the sportsman who wants convenient target practice. Go today to your favorite department or hardware store and get one or two TARGETEERS. Or send two dollars direct to the factory.



Tube of 500 Shot, two sets of targets, and TARGETEER—$2. Extra tubes of shot, 10c each.

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO.

508 UNION ST.
PLYMOUTH, MICH.

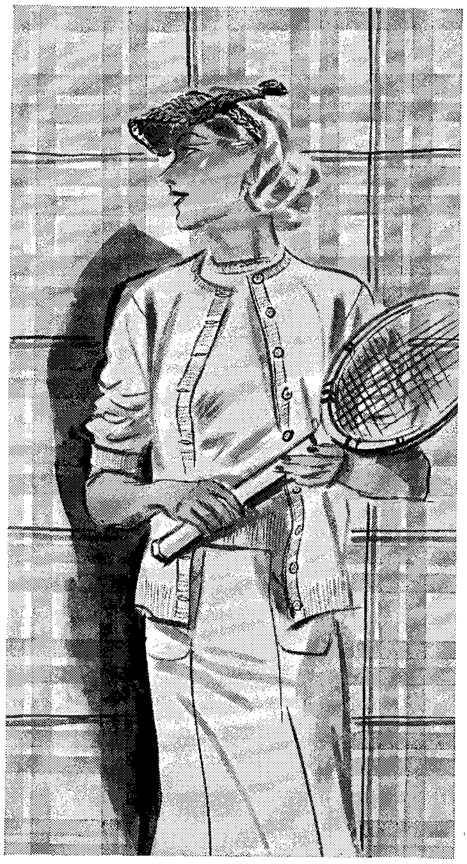
Peck & Peck

TENNIS "CHAMPS" ARE
BRAEMAR
SCOTCH JERSEYS

● For tennis, these imported Scotch sweaters by Braemar have no rival in the world! They seem to be of just the right weight—of just the right washability, to soothe even the soul of a champion.

Shown first at our Palm Beach shop, outstanding players cheered mightily—bought them with abandon. White, turquoise, flamingo, navy. Cardigan, $10. Pullover, $7.50. Raffia eye-shade, $1.25.

BRAEMAR
Made in Scotland



PECK & PECK—New York • East Orange • White Plains • Boston • Chicago • Cleveland • Detroit • St. Louis
Minneapolis • Philadelphia • Providence • Palm Beach • Miami Beach • St. Petersburg • Poughkeepsie

for the new mode in elegance
Le No. 1
BALLET
Paris
FRANCE
LE Nº 1 DE BALLET PARIS FRANCE

strips through the body, and releases a pleated skirt from an irregular hipline. A figured Goupy day dress has bias box pleats; stripes of the print, cut out and reapplied, make a Lelong dress and jacket. My favorite costume is a brown wool Goupy affair with *à jour* openwork (like that on lingerie) outlining the detail of the bodice. The hat that goes with this is a straw sailor in a dark chamois color, to match the chamois belt and the huge gloves, hand-stitched all the way up the back. Germaine, the genius of the millinery department, shows you Descat toques of suède, with multicolored strips of embroidery in a saw-tooth pattern around them; and Valois' Victoire, a cap coming down in a point over one eye, and having bright *cocardes* all around it. Agnès' mousseline flat flowers are tied on your head with a chiffon scarf. There is a good cocktail hat, all bows and strips of grosgrain applied on mousseline, and a daisy of a cap by Maria Guy, all strips climbing to the top, whence they ascend like twisting tulip leaves.

THAT Continental chic is the dominating note at Ketto, 121 East 57th Street, where Princess Mikeladze, with excited Russian cries, designs dresses in which you may look your most superb and your most aloof. Highlights for me include a black-and-white print dress with white Val lace edging the round collar and the hem, and making bands around the dress high above and well below the leather belt; and a simple black crêpe dress with a bolero back and exquisite hand-drawn collars and cuffs. There is a black wool day dress with a bright-green waist-length jacket that has a full peasant skirt, emphasized by the peasant embroidery on the green bands around the bottom. I liked the little blue wool suit with a full skirt and bolero jacket, and the swathed pink sash at the waistline. The evening dresses are sleek and well groomed, even when a huge black net apron veils a dress of black-and-white printed satin. My pet was a black crêpe affair with brilliant flowers spattered upon it. There is a wide scarf at the base of the shoulder straps in back which wraps toward the front, where the tie gives the effect of upward drapery. All have a definite elegance. So has the Ketto lingerie, especially the nightgowns. Lots of evening-dress chiffons have point-turque embroidery—like the one of palest yellow with orange point turque and an orange bed jacket, very short, and having long, long scalloped sleeves. Everything is custom-made, and they love to design clothes for that creature called "the individual."

SPEAKING of nightgowns, Hattie Carnegie is chortling over a Molyneux affair. Pale-blue sheer stuff, with a round neck and long bell sleeves, it hangs straight in front and very full in back. It is naughtier than any chiffon-and-marabou ever conceived.... The new Yardley eye shadows are glamour material—all are very silvery and misty. They are touched with soft green or mauve or blue tones, and are unusually easy to apply. Eighty-five cents a jar.... Gabilla's Sinful Soul is the type of perfume that makes strong men want to shelter you from the brutal world. At Gimbel. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

For the Country

THE most fascinating girl in town at this moment is Abercrombie & Fitch's wicker maiden, one of the very first arrivals among garden pieces for the budding outdoor season. A slim creature, standing some four feet tall, with a spreading hoop skirt, and her wicker hair arranged in stylish ringlets, she is wasp-waisted, high-bosomed, and, being faceless, possessed of the same provocative charm little girls find in clothespin dolls. Her arms are crooked about a pair of deep metal vases, to hold blossoming branches or cut flowers; she is painted white, but may be tinted to match garden furniture. She would be at home in any garden spot, rural or urban, and she is yours for $42.50. I cannot but think the season promising which is capable of producing so enchanting an object at its very outset.

I suppose it was hardly fair to other fine pieces in the garden group that I should have looked at them coincidentally with the wicker maiden. At any other time I might have learned to care a great deal more deeply for Abercrombie's furniture *pièce de résistance,* a truly imposing glider which not only has a fringed canvas canopy but is fitted on three sides with slatted screens which, released, all but turn the thing into a full-fledged cabaña. The price of this item is $200, and I am bound to admit it is a handsome piece of work, guaranteeing an unprecedented degree of privacy.

Also noteworthy at Abercrombie is an enormous, short-legged, octagon-

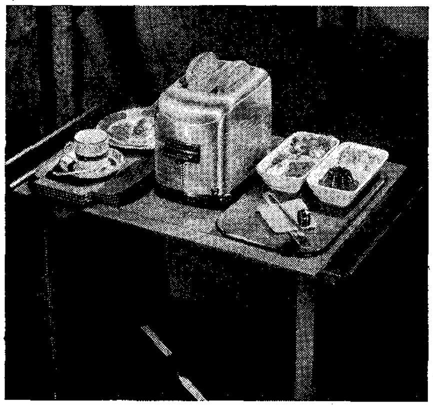
"MOTHER, WHAT MAKES IT *tick?*"

That's just the question we *want* the children to ask—and you too! For the quiet "tick, tick" of this intelligent toaster means that the toast is really being *timed* with the accuracy that only a clock can give! And that's why the fully automatic Toastmaster toaster makes perfect toast *every* time.

You simply set the adjustment button—like setting the dial of your oven-regulator—for light, dark, or in-between. And the patented Flexible Toast-Timer does the rest. It's "flexible" because it allows *more* time when the toaster is cold, *less* when it's hot—just as *you* do when you anxiously watch an old-fashioned toaster.

But you don't watch *this* one. It watches itself—and the very instant the toast is done *as you like it,* up pop the golden-brown slices and off goes the current. You don't even have to *turn* the toast; both sides toast at once. And you'll never, never burn it.

Isn't that the sort of toaster you'd like—for years of better breakfasts? Then see the fully automatic Toastmaster toaster—new in beauty, more efficient than ever. You will find it, with other fine Toastmaster products, wherever quality appliances are sold. ... *McGraw Electric Co., Toastmaster Products Division, Minneapolis, Minn.*



Toastmaster Hospitality Tray, with the new lap trays, one of two smart models, styled for 1937

FULLY AUTOMATIC

TOASTMASTER TOASTER

TOASTMASTER PRODUCTS—2-slice fully automatic toaster, $16.00; with choice of Hospitality Trays, $19.75 or $23.50; 1-slice fully automatic toaster, $10.50; Junior toaster, $7.50; Waffle-Baker, $12.50.

Chez Rosette
417 Park Ave at 55th

for graduation,
the country club,
bridesmaids, and
sunday nights,
Mrs. Pennington
suggests this chiffon
dress in all colors
$35.

G. W. VASSAR

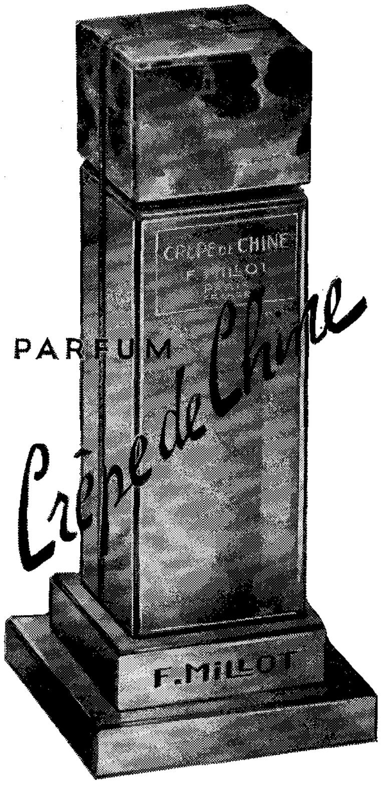
shaped terrace table in rattan and natural wood, with benches to match. The table top is finished to stand weather attacks; the benches, which are cushioned, fit under the table when not in use, thus keeping out of the wet. Fully seven feet across, this piece is big enough for party food, games, or even the Sunday papers, a unique quality in a table. It's $85, with the benches.

AT Schling's seed store, 618 Madison Avenue (58th), you can look at the Lanwade Shovel-Barrow, a garden tool so magnificent it has the entire establishment in a transport. Provided you go prepared to find the thing considerably less picturesque than an ordinary wheelbarrow, you will undoubtedly share this enthusiasm, even to the extent of buying one, although the price is a little frightening at first—$17.50. With rubber tires, it's $20.

The principal charm of the Shovel-Barrow is its ability to load itself with a minimum of human help. A foot pedal sends it nosing into your heap of sand, ashes, snow, or manure. The load is then scooped up, and dumped by you where it belongs, as from a dump-cart. Light debris like leaves and grass cuttings can be swept up on its lowered lip with a broom; heavy garden tools, rocks, and other backbreakers get pushed into its maw without any hand-lifting. On the whole, the country place doesn't exist that wouldn't run the more smoothly for having a Shovel-Barrow around, although it is sure to make a softie of the gardener before the season is out.

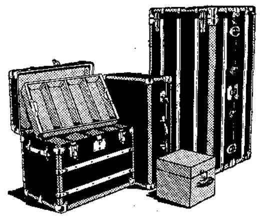
HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER have the fanciest table umbrellas: an illuminated one, with a reflector light up in the top to bathe your late supper party on the terrace in a soft but adequate glow ($79.50), and a big, deep-fringed affair which is lined underneath with flowered glazed chintz ($48.50). The stem of this one is jointed in the middle so you can bend it around to get maximum shade all day. You choose your color and chintz pattern, and Hammacher Schlemmer make it up to order.

This store is also the place to see those all-but-indestructible composition Kashins birds and beasts which are so wonderful for children's gardens, not only because they will stand almost anything in the way of abuse, but because they are lifelike and full of natural appeal—never grotesque or frightening. Kashins' garden creatures are always the better-natured sort: rabbits, ducks, fawns, lambs—no snarling cats, and



PARFUM
Crêpe de Chine
The Essence of Refinement
F. MILLOT
PARIS
AT BETTER STORES ONLY

Luggage
to individual order



Also depot for genuine
VUITTON Trunks and Service
16 EAST 52ND STREET, NEW YORK
Arthur
Gilmore
INC.

WHISKEY
with a dash of
Abbott's AGED BITTERS
AIDS DIGESTION
IS BETTER FOR YOU

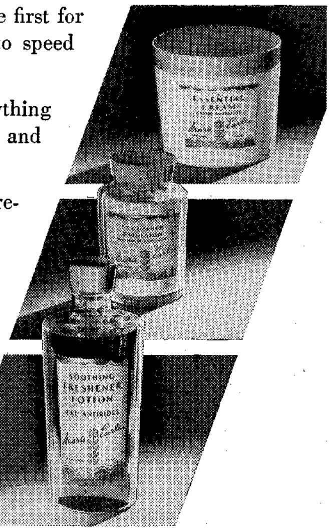
none of those gnomes. The white rabbits, pink-nosed and prettily modelled after the manner of peasant-ceramic animals people pay small fortunes for in Europe, only to have them smash to pieces on the way home, are the best, and are but $3.45 in the medium size. Lambs and fawns come higher—around $20 to $30—but children scream for them regardless.

IN the meantime, there has been no break in the steady succession of new wallpapers, which by now has reached almost terrifying proportions. Who are the consumers of these endless miles of beautiful paper? Shops and manufacturers claim record sales, and you are forced to the conclusion that people are papering the insides of barns, garages, and chicken coops.

Not yet reported on here are Thibaut's new group of papers designed for cottages and provincial rooms, and Imperial's Prevue papers, a special high-style collection brought out every spring.

Thibaut's cottage patterns, which you may see at the showrooms, 24 West 40th Street, astound you by achieving the provincial spirit without once resorting to plaids, chintz effects, or Currier & Ives. Arcadia, one of the best, has pastoral figure groups in soft but definite colorings, such as oyster white and powder blue against apricot. Brittany, carried over from last season and still good (better, in fact, than several newer ones), makes walls look as if they were covered with padded, quilted cotton, very puffy and soft, with little flower appliqués to heighten the effect. Geraniums has rows of leafy potted plants on window ledges, with the background dotted like Swiss curtaining. This seems best, to me, with red geraniums in gray pots against white; next best with bright-pink ones against gray. Not officially in this group, but a wonderful cottage paper, is one called Sailor Beware. It has a glazed finish because it was designed for bathrooms, but there is no reason it wouldn't turn out fine in almost any cottage room, particularly in a seacoast setting. To appreciate it fully, see it in shiny slate blue, dotted all over with little islands, red-and-white lighthouses, and occasional whales.

Wolf Brothers, 68 West 45th Street, have Imperial's group. This, too, includes designs that would be fine for country houses—notably Regency Garden, a pretty thing in which plump doves wreathed in floral garlands alternate with classic architectural motifs for a touch of austerity. Ground colors are peach, yellow, gray-green. If you liked



PROLONG YOUR
Beauty years

MARIE EARLE believes that most women can keep beauty alive far longer than they realize. She has proved it to many, with a Basic Treatment that is astonishingly simple. Just three preparations—which supply your complexion's most vital needs! And in a 10-minute application daily! The preparations are delightful—most women say they have never used anything so exquisite.

Ten minute home treatment CHECKS DRYING AND SALLOWING

ESSENTIAL CREAM. Soft and enriching—use first for deep cleansing. Apply a second coat, and to speed penetration spread over it a few drops of . . .

CUCUMBER EMULSION. Utterly unlike anything you've used . . . this creamy lotion helps whiten and clarify. A 10-minute application usually suffices.

EAU ANTIRIDES. A tonic at once soothing and refreshing—and utterly delightful to use.

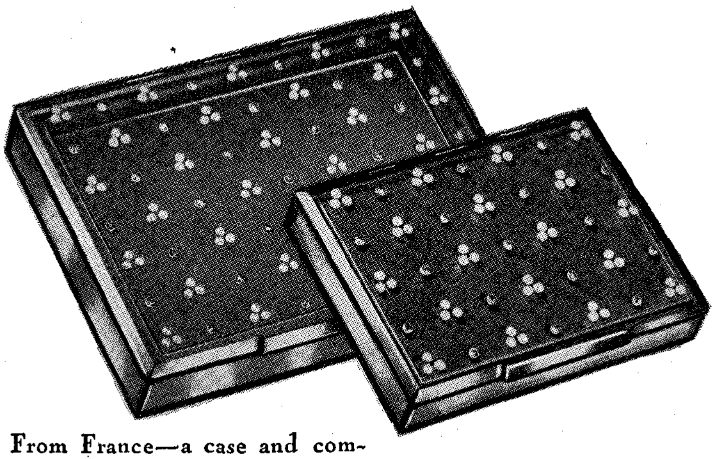
Now . . . face your mirror . . . and determine to keep this vibrant look for years and years! The entire Basic Treatment may be had for $3 . . . at your favorite store.

New York Salon, 714 5th Ave. CIrcle 7-5818

Marie Earle

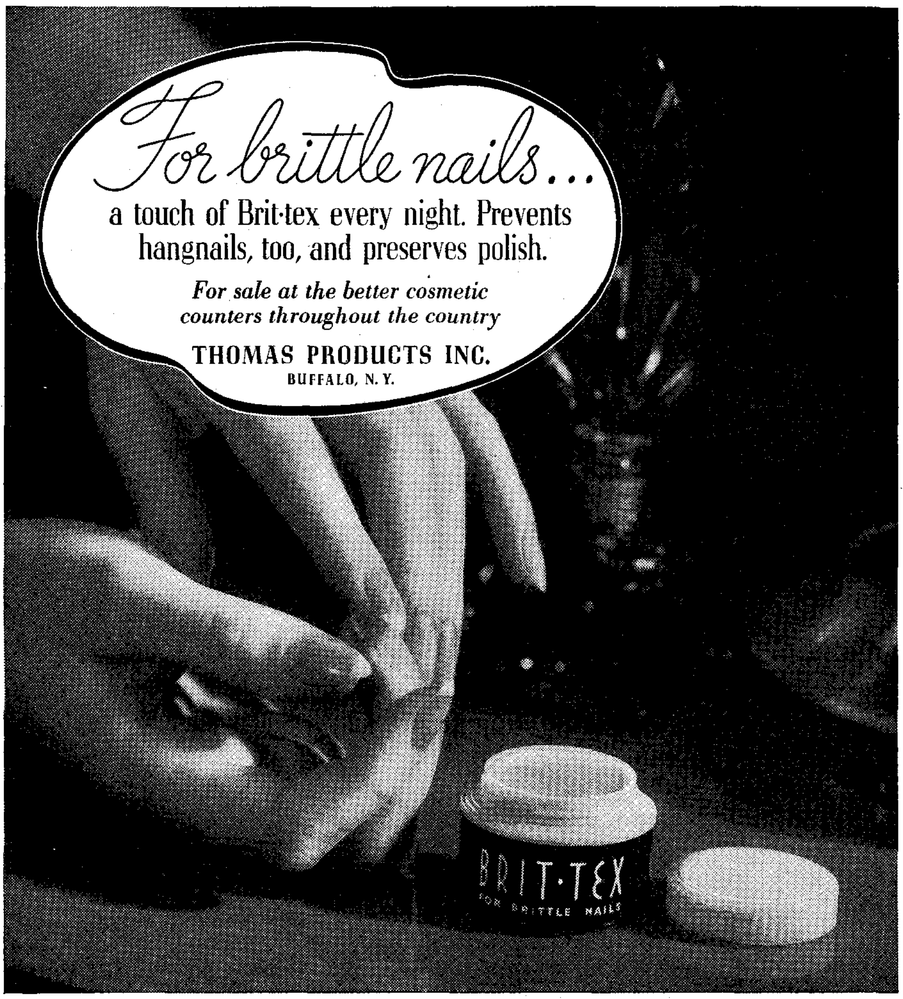
Macy's Accessory Shop ☆

The women *other* women copy find their fashionable accessories, Parisian imports, and engaging trinkets in Macy's Accessory Shop, amid leisurely, comfortable surroundings, at prices surprisingly moderate.



From France—a case and compact of shell* adorned with tiny pearls* and colored stones. The case holds 12 cigarettes, 10.98; compact, 9.39. MACY'S *Accessory Shop, 35th Street Balcony.*

**Simulated*



For brittle nails...

a touch of Brit-tex every night. Prevents hangnails, too, and preserves polish.

For sale at the better cosmetic counters throughout the country

THOMAS PRODUCTS INC.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Imperial's rooster-and-morning-glory paper last year, you'll love this.

A country place of the manse type could use Vienna, which has great, fat tassels and ribbon streamers looping all over it (silver with white and green, shell pink with turquoise, gray with slate blue and white), or Balloon Ascension, a Directoire gem with ivy, Greek urns, Napoleonic figures, doves, and a soaring, beribboned balloon, all put together in one of the most appealing papers of the year.

ACKNOWLEDGING my discovery of The Fourteenth Street Store at this late date, I am risking the sneers of thousands of thrifty shoppers who have known about the place for years. It's always touch and go what you'll find there, for job lots of sheer cotton curtaining, upholstery linens, slipcoverings, homespuns, and marvellous glazed chintzes are constantly pouring in and selling out on the spot. If, however, you are geared to accept with good grace the possibility of a fruitless trip or two, the chances are you eventually will land a phenomenal bargain—enough stuff to curtain a whole house, for instance, for what you ordinarily would spend on perhaps two rooms. I saw 36-inch chintzes down there, heavily glazed and in really beautiful colors and patterns, selling for thirty-nine cents a yard; shadow-patterned organdies at the same price; 54-inch heavy linens, plain and patterned, for from fifty to seventy-five cents. They'll make up curtains from these fabrics, too, to your specifications. The best way to handle chance shopping like this, of course, is to be forehanded. Old customers shop at The Fourteenth Street Store as much as a year in advance of an anticipated need, then have the store hold the purchase; the management has lots of space and is good-natured about storage.

The Fourteenth Street Store is at 132 West 14th, right next door to the Salvation Army. —B. B.

●

FOR REFERENCE.

Recent Social Trends. (1933) 2 Vols. 1540 pp. (Has all the virtues and vices of American Research.)
Recent Economic Changes. (The Swansong of the Hoover regime.)
The Survey Graphic. (Monthly.) ("A Magazine of Social Interpretation.")
The New Yorker. (Weekly.) (Also a social document.)—*From a list of recommended reading published by the Le Play Society, London.*

We print jokes, too, and funny sayings.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION, AMPLIFICATION, AND ABUSE

To the Editors of *The New Yorker*,
SIRS:

I GOT thirty-two letters from people agreeing with me about touring cars, see your March 6th issue. This is encouraging, although many of the letters were in longhand. There was also a supporting editorial in the *Daily News*, which I understand has a circulation of 2,000,000. This brings the number of people who hate modern cars up to 2,000,032, or 2,000,033 if you count me in, too. With one-third of the country ill-fed, ill-housed, and ill-clothed, and the other two-thirds owning automobiles which are distasteful to them and dangerous, I feel that now is the time to continue the discussion of automobile design instead of talking about how to grow vegetables by dipping the roots in chemicals. So with your permission I will quote briefly from some of the letters I received. Besides the thirty-two favorable letters, I got one dissenting letter—from a high-school student in Centreville, Alabama, who says rear windows have *never* been as large as they are this year—and one noncommittal letter from Arthur Lee Newton, of the Glidden Buick Company, who admits that Buick doesn't make a touring car and explains why. It is interesting that two of the letters were from people on trains. Several of them were obviously crank letters, like the one from a man who says he always carries cord wood in the back of his car on rainy days to give him traction, and the one from a man named Gluyas (or Glaumas) Williams, who tried to dig the radio out of his instrument panel with a pair of ordinary pruning shears. These people are eccentrics, but they are citizens and consumers, and I love them. The excerpts follow.

P. B. PUBLICO

DEAR MR. PUBLICO:

May I offer my congratulations on . . . your letter to Mr. Newton in the March 6th issue? I believe that many people share your views with respect to the present "bathtub" model of car—many more people than the automobile manufacturers are aware of. I greatly hope that *The New Yorker* will continue in its enthusiasm for a more rational motorcar design.

WILLIAM J. COX,
Dept. of Engineering Mechanics,
Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

DEAR MR. PUBLICO:

Keep up your sensible remarks in the paper. A man can't back out of his garage

Two Busy Women

a famous Actress and a Housewife take this Barbara Gould Shortcut to Beauty

Her very living depends on keeping her loveliness! This busy actress finds that Barbara Gould Simplified Beauty Care protects her looks, takes little of her time.

THE Barbara Gould Simplified System of Beauty Care was created especially for busy women . . . to help them keep their youth and loveliness in the limited time they can spend. It consists of only two creams . . . and it takes but a few minutes each day to use. Barbara Gould Cleansing Cream, because of its scientific formula and blending, keeps the skin radiantly clear and lovely. Barbara Gould Tissue Cream is made on one of the most penetrating bases known. Its beneficent elements are those the skin needs for youth and loveliness.

Simplified Beauty Treatment

Barbara Gould Cleansing Cream
(Use "Special" for Dry Skin)
Barbara Gould Tissue Cream
Barbara Gould Skin Freshener
Barbara Gould Face Powder

This time-pressed young matron also finds Barbara Gould Simplified Beauty Care helps her keep her youthful loveliness in the limited time she can spend.

Takes less time to use; saves money

That's why the Barbara Gould Simplified Beauty Treatment takes less time to use . . . shows results more quickly than many more complicated and expensive treatments. It should be followed by Barbara Gould Skin Freshener—a toning, conditioning lotion that removes every trace of cream from the skin . . . keeps pores healthy and tiny.

Because the finish is the final step to complexion loveliness, the velvety, clinging, Barbara Gould Face Powder is included in this Simplified Beauty Treatment. In six shades for every complexion type.

Barbara Gould

Town and Country Classic by Mayflower
Mayflower FROCKS
SHIPSHAPE SANFORIZED SHRUNK
BUY YOUR CORRECT SIZE
Look for this label

$3.98

WEAR it shopping, traveling, to business, to classes, at home, at the country club. Clean cut, cool as a breeze is this Plaetyme polka dotted lawn suit. Scalloped linen collar and pocket flaps. Being Sanforized-shrunk, it can be tubbed time and again without shrinking. Navy, wine, brown, copen, green. 12-20. Buy it in several colors at leading stores or write for nearest store to Mayflower Dress Co., 1350 Broadway, New York City.

John Wanamaker	New York City
Kresge Dept. Store	Newark
Gimbel Bros.	Philadelphia
Conrad & Co.	Boston
Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.	Chicago
Stewart & Co.	Baltimore
Lansburgh & Bro., Inc.	Washington
Stix, Baer, & Fuller, Inc.	St. Louis
Flint & Kent, Inc.	Buffalo
The J. L. Hudson Co.	Detroit
Bullock's Inc.	Los Angeles
Sage Allen & Co., Inc.	Hartford

and other leading stores. Also at many New York Suburban stores.

Sanforized-Shrunk
BUY YOUR CORRECT SIZE

unless all the children are locked in the nursery and the premises have been reconnoitered for strays.

ARCHIBALD EDWARDS,
Box 424—Route 1,
Oklahoma City.

DEAR MR. PUBLICO:

General Motors DOES make a real honest-to-goodness touring car. In fact the New York State Police use a few of them. They are Chevrolets. Best regards from a

Phaeton Addict
[no address]

[EDITORS' NOTE: Mr. Publico is scared of the New York State Police, as they are after him in connection with the Ardsley bank robbery, in which his car participated; hence he is not in a position to verify the Chevrolet statement.]

DEAR MR. PUBLICO:

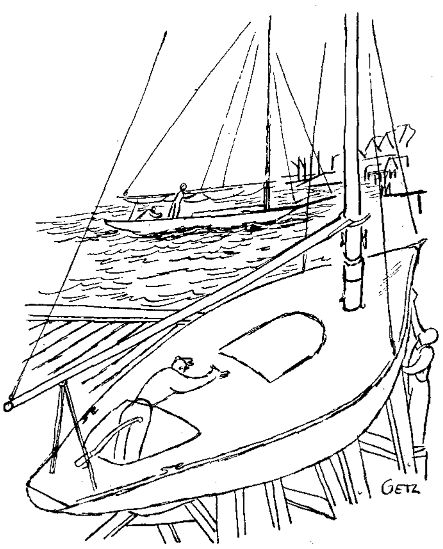
I thoroughly enjoyed your article in the March 6th issue of *The New Yorker*, in which you still stick to the fact that Buick does not build a TOURING car; and technically, I admit you are quite right. For years, we built a 7-passenger open phaeton that was very satisfactory; but the sales dropped off, so that we in New York could not sell over two or three a year, and the entire Buick Motor Company could only sell about a dozen of these cars. On account of this low volume, it cost a great deal to build dies for such a small production and this would have run the cost up to a prohibitive figure; and, as this type of car could only be continued as a special body job at a very high expense, we dropped it from the line and substituted the convertible phaeton, which is both an open and closed car with the type of modern body that a great majority of people prefer.

ARTHUR LEE NEWTON,
President,
Glidden Buick Corporation,
Broadway at 55 Street.

[EDITORS' NOTE: What would happen if somebody built a *new* car using *old* dies? Inflation?]

DEAR MR. PUBLICO:

Exactly how I feel. If your suggestions were taken to heart by the mad automobile manufacturers, your article would



Beau Bacchus
SAYS:

Palm Springs, beautiful Movie lassies, and enough **MOËT** champagne. Do you wonder I never grow old?

MOËT
& CHANDON
ESTABLISHED 1743
Champagne
IMPERIAL CROWN — WHITE SEAL

LABOURDETTE IMPORTING CORP.
745 Fifth Avenue, New York

CONTENTS 32 OR MORE SLICES
THE ENGLISH CRISPBREAD
PEEK FREAN'S
All-Wheat
CRISPBREAD
IN DIVIDED PIECES
Peek Frean
GUARANTEED MADE FROM 100% WHOLE WHEAT
by
PEEK, FREAN & Co. LTD
LONDON, ENGLAND
NET WEIGHT 15 OZS
All-Wheat Crispbread is made from 100% Whole Wheat containing all the bran Free from adulterants

"All-Wheat"

IS SO GOOD FOR YOU!

It is made from whole wheat, baked into delicious crisp slices at Peek Frean's famous bakery. 'All-Wheat' contains no uncooked starch to affect the system. It keeps you fit and slim and aids digestion. Get it at your grocers or stores.

PEEK FREAN
"All-Wheat"

Distributors: Renken & Yates Smith Corporation
99 Hudson Street, N.Y.C.

do more to minimize the ravages of the automobile than the much publicized "And Sudden Death." Yours for visibility without periscopes.

M. A. McMillen,
7008 Forsythe Blvd.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Publico:
Heck, I can remember an old Winton we had...

Warren Gibbs,
109 Windsor Avenue,
Berkeley, Cal.

Dear Mr. P:
I wish I had been bright enough to keep the old 1927 Hupmobile which had leg-room and windows a person could see out of. I'm afraid that you and *The New Yorker* can't stem the tide.

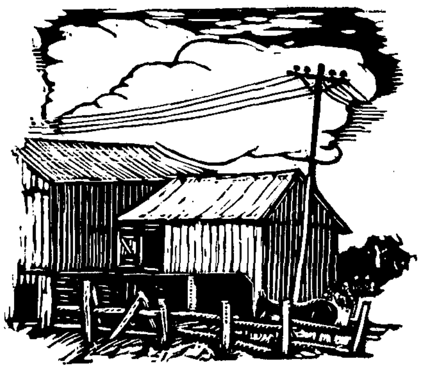
Dorothy Atwood Yarnell,
Dept. of English,
Little Rock Junior College,
Little Rock, Arkansas.

[Editor's Note: Mr. Publico has stemmed many tides, and will again.]

Dear Mr. Publico:
I drive at present a 1923 Lancia Lambda. General Motors willing, I extend to you a most cordial invitation to come riding with me the next time you are out my way.

LeRoy Kramer, Jr.,
1320 North State Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Publico:
I wish I could bring one of those automotive designers out here in February when the melting snows have swollen the little streams into torrents, have him stall his streamlined car in the middle of one of these washes, and watch him get out and stand in the icy water and fiddle away at his flooded motor. Isn't it possible for engineers to reduce the centre of gravity, so that people can kill themselves more safely at higher speeds, and still keep the road clearance around, say, nine or ten inches for those of us that have to ford streams, plough across the prairie, and climb mountain roads?... Manufacturers seem to be stumped as to what to do about new body changes to attract the public and persuade car owners to buy a new car. Henry Ford has solved this, apparently, by alternating the direction the doors open. In my 1931 Ford roadster the doors hinged on the front. In my 1934 roadster they hinged on the rear, and now the doors on my 1936 Ford hinge on the front. [Editors' Note: Mr. Pub-



Known the World over as a perfect Scotch

Made by the same Edinburgh family since 1807

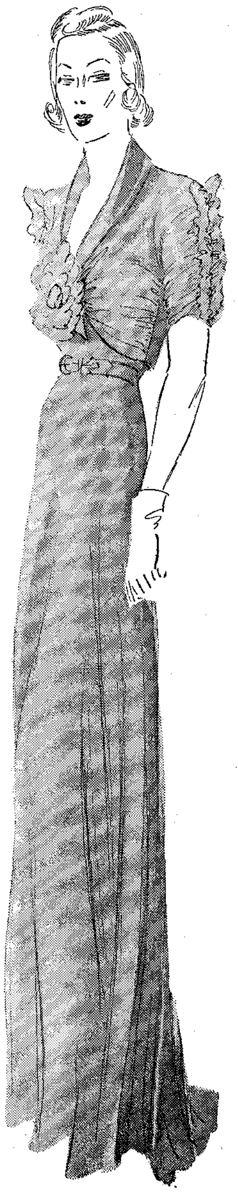
McCallum's
Perfection
Scots Whisky
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES EIGHT YEARS OLD
4/5 QUART
86.8° PROOF
McCallum's
Perfection
Blended
Scots Whisky
D. & J. McCallum Limited
EDINBURGH (FOUNDED 1807) SCOTLAND
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

The same high quality
in Oval or Round bottle
86.8° proof

McCallum's Perfection

THE SCOTCH THAT CIRCLES THE GLOBE

IMPORTED BY CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA
HERMAN ELSBACH & SONS, INC., SAN FRANCISCO



e
v
e
n
i
n
g
•
excitement

in a formal gown chiselled to your figure . . the little jacket worn for informals . . ensemble exclusive with Salymil . . and divine in a new crepe . . white, smoke blue, dusty rose, sizes 10 to 20 (fourth floor) $35.

Salymil Shop
MILGRIM
SIX WEST FIFTYSEVENTH, NEW YORK
CLEVELAND • DETROIT • MIAMI BEACH
WHITE PLAINS • EAST ORANGE

lico wants to say right here that all doors should hinge on the front, so that when they accidentally spring open, the wind will blow them shut.] I notice that the 1937 Ford features a split windshield, something that used to annoy my father back in 1921 or thereabouts, on his old Lincoln. Perhaps car manufacturers intend to enlarge this alternating idea. If so, may I suggest that they alternate, year after year, the side the steering wheel is on? Left-hand drive one year, right-hand the next. It will at least help to reduce the automobile casualty rate by sending the borderline cases, who drive so many of our cars, just where they belong—to quiet, shaded rooms in state institutions. . . . I know of only one thing more valuable in city driving than to be able to see my port quarter, and that is to have other people just about to turn left be able to see theirs. Yrs for fewer cars designed by criminal negligence.

Sherman Baker,
Stronghold Ranch,
Cochise, Arizona.

Dear Mr. Publico:

My upkeep on fenders since I no longer can see the curb is enough to get me the subscription to *The New Yorker* I've had to deny myself.

(Signed) Lady travelling on a train en route Washington to New York

Dear Mr. P:

That makes two of us.

John Al Williams,
2760 Ewing Ave. So.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Mr. Publico:

Like you I had to buy something I didn't want . . .

Donald Scott, Jr.,
University of London,
Gower Street, London W.C.1.

Dear Publico:

Your letter struck a responsive chord in one who is still driving a car of ancient vintage for the advantages recalled with such wistful nostalgia. I see so much of the tragic consequences of high-speed motors and poor visibility that it isn't very funny.

Walter W. Mott, M.D.,
Maple Ave. cor. Davis,
White Plains, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Publico:

You ought to have my 1930 Pierce-Arrow touring car.

Mr. Blank,
Blank Street,
Baltimore, Md.

•

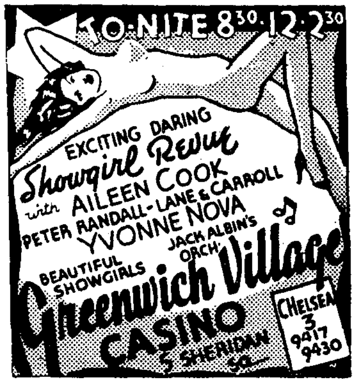
DESTINY

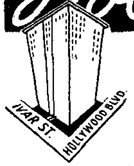
Thus rounded is your destiny,
Any of you:
At night, with regularity,
Off comes one shoe
And then the other, while you use
This mortal strain,
And then with daylight both your shoes
Come on again.

—Witter Bynner

RUBY NEWMAN
and his smart orchestra, favorites of the younger set . . . playing their distinctive rhythms . . . HOLLAND and HART, international dance stars . . . ALEC TEMPLETON, wizard of the piano . . . Also: EDDIE LE BARON'S music . . . Call CIrcle 6-1400.

Rainbow Room




IVAR ST.
HOLLYWOOD BLVD.

. . STAY IN
Hollywood
Filmdom's smartest . . . amid Hollywood's colorful shops, theatres and studios. Rational Tariff.
M. O. Kehrlein, Managing Director
Hollywood
KNICKERBOCKER

Chez Lina 70 West 52nd STREET
A real FRENCH restaurant for epicures who appreciate fine food, properly cooked, à la Française. *No music or noise.*
Luncheon from 50c: Dinner de luxe from 85c

THE CURRENT CINEMA

"Hostesses"

"MARKED WOMAN" isn't exactly the kind of picture to take a party to see. It's a film really not made so much for parties as for committees. I don't mean by this, however, that it's dull; it's a lively film, and the purpose of entertainment hasn't been lost in any bog of social problems and civic consciousness. It deals with risky material, though, and perhaps it creaks at times with discretion and the higher moral perceptions. Committees, organizations, ladies' societies, and the like can endorse it, as a result, and, on the side, get something of a shock now and again. Not up to Warner Brothers' celebrated "Public Enemy," this new film, which deals with the ladies of the underworld, or, in the speech of some fairly conventional people today, just "hostesses," is rather on the same pattern. It's a low-life picture with a message, sentiment, and plot.

The message reminds citizens that vice is run by overlords and that it's the men on top the law must catch if the cities are to be purged and made safe for tourists. By way of interesting detail, the workings of the "clip joint" are here explained to visiting committees in the audience. The sentiment stresses the hearts of gold that beat beneath the chiffons of the hostesses. The plot has a little too much courtroom detail—two long sequences—for my taste, as courtrooms pall upon me quickly in movies, but it is chiefly concerned with the fight of a hostess and a "vice lord" of a clip joint, and runs to murder and mayhem. Bette Davis is this heroine, and wispy and frail though she is, hardly an actress on the screen can set her jaw in so firm a line or fix a villain with so steely a look as Miss Davis when she presents outraged womanhood. Even a scene of an innocent schoolgirl, astray for a moment, smacked on the jaw and flung down a stairway, didn't have quite the vigor in it that a glance or two from the Davis eyes managed to convey. Her talent is the one best employed in "Marked Woman," for the others seem somewhat stock gangsters and "hostesses." Humphrey Bogart, as a noble district attorney, isn't happy in a genteel rôle. Well-shaved and white-

BRITTANY
— renowned for quaint towns and picturesque costumes.

NORWEGIAN FJORDS
— with their magnificent mountain scenery.

IRELAND *— a charming country that few travelers know.*

SCOTLAND
— with historic Edinburgh and the romantic Highlands.

All these and other interesting countries, including Germany, Holland and Denmark, are on the program of the Raymond-Whitcomb

Northwest Europe Cruise

Sailing June 26 in the French Line S. S. "Paris"

A new summer cruise along the shores of Northwestern Europe and the British Isles, from France to the Fjords of Norway. With stops at twenty historic, picturesque and important ports in eleven countries, and excursions to many other notable places that ordinarily it is impractical to visit.

This is an exceptional opportunity to visit, with all the traditional comfort of Raymond-Whitcomb cruises, a famous and fascinating section of Europe much of which is not on the usual travel routes or on the programs of other cruises.

At sea, the luxuries and the delightful holiday atmosphere of a great French liner that is an authentic bit of France . . . and the largest ship to make a cruise to Europe this summer. 32 days from New York over the 8000-mile cruise route to Southampton and Havre, with return passage to America by French Line steamships through the year.

Rates, including return, $565 up

NORTH CAPE — RUSSIA CRUISE
The annual Raymond-Whitcomb summer cruise to Iceland, Norwegian fjords and cities, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Danzig and Russia. To sail June 26 in the Cunard White Star liner "Franconia." Rates, $525 up, including return passage to December 31.

CORONATION OF GEORGE VI
Accommodations from May 11 to 14 in the "Orion," largest of liners to serve as floating hotels in the Port of London during the Coronation . . . Rates, May 11 to 14, $75 up. *Choice seats for the Coronation Procession on May 12 in Westminster Abbey Stand. Prices, 18 to 50 guineas.*

INDEPENDENT TRIPS IN EUROPE
Independent trips that are especially planned to meet the wishes of the traveler in date, places visited, program and other matters. The cost is also directly in his control, for he can set his own total figure or specify a rate per day. Send for the new Raymond-Whitcomb European folder, "*Europe on Your Own,*" containing a useful, color travel map of Europe.

For particulars see your local travel agent . . . or

RAYMOND-WHITCOMB

New York: 670 Fifth Avenue (at 53rd Street)
Boston: 145 Tremont St. & 122 Newbury St.
Philadelphia: 1517 Walnut Street
Cleveland: 841 Union Trust Building
Chicago: 320 North Michigan Avenue

GILBERT MILLER Productions

CEDRIC HARDWICKE in
"The AMAZING Dr. CLITTERHOUSE"
HUDSON Theatre, 44 St. E. of B'way. BRy. 9-5582. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

HELEN HAYES
in
Victoria Regina
BROADHURST Theatre, West 44 St.
Eves. 8:30 Sharp. Mats. each Week; Tuesday, Thursday & Saturday 2:30
No Performance Mondays

TOVARICH
with
MARTA ABBA and JOHN HALLIDAY
PLYMOUTH Theatre, West 45th St.
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

GEORGE ABBOTT PRODUCTIONS
1ST YEAR SMASH HIT
"★ ★ ★ Here's Fun."—*Mantle, News*
BROTHER RAT
By John Monks, Jr. & Fred. F. Finklehoffe
BILTMORE, W. 47 St. Mats. Thurs. and Sat.
2ND YEAR SMASH HIT

BOY MEETS GIRL

By BELLA and SAMUEL SPEWACK
CORT Thea. W. 48 St. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:50

KATHARINE CORNELL
presents
CANDIDA
Empire Theater

Guthrie McClintic presents
Maxwell Anderson's
HIGH TOR
BURGESS MEREDITH PEGGY ASHCROFT
N. Y. Drama Critics Circle Prize Play
Martin Beck Theater

"One of the most fascinating plays of the season."—Lockridge, Sun
MAX GORDON presents
THE WOMEN
Comedy Hit by CLARE BOOTHE
CAST OF 40 — ALL WOMEN
Ethel Barrymore Th., W. 47 St. Ch. 4-2728
Eves. 8:40● Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:40

"I laughed like a fool and had no end of pleasure."
—*George Jean Nathan*
BEATRICE **LILLIE** ▲ BERT **LAHR**
In VINCENTE MINNELLI'S NEW MUSICAL
THE SHOW IS ON
REGINALD **GARDINER** · MITZI **MAYFAIR** · PAUL **HAAKON**
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St. Evs. 8:30 Sharp
Mats. Thurs. & Sat., $1 to $2.50

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

STORM OVER PATSY
by BRUNO FRANK, adapted by JAMES BRIDIE with SARA ALLGOOD, ROGER LIVESEY, CLAUDIA MORGAN, IAN McLEAN, LEO G. CARROLL
GUILD THEA.
52nd St. W. of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

Maxwell Anderson's new play
The MASQUE of KINGS
with HENRY HULL, DUDLEY DIGGES, PAULINE FREDERICK, GLENN ANDERS, HERBERT YOST
MAJESTIC TH., 44 St. W. of B'way Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40. Eves. 8:40
300 Seats $1.10

ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr. Presents
Yes, My Darling Daughter
By Mark Reed
with
Lucile WATSON—Peggy CONKLIN—Violet HEMING and Nicholas JOY
PLAYHOUSE W. 48 St. Eves. 8:45. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:45

"★★★★ (Four Stars)" *MANTLE, NEWS.*
MAURICE EVANS
in
KING RICHARD II
St. James Theatre, W. 44 St., Lac. 4-4664
Eves. 8:30. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday. 2:30

SAM H. HARRIS presents
"SEASON'S FUNNIEST COMEDY"
—The New Yorker
"YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU"
by MOSS HART & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
BOOTH Thea. 45 St. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Marc Connelly *presents*
"Having Wonderful Time"
That Comedy by Arthur Kober
Seats for all performances to June 19 on sale NOW
LYCEUM-W. 45 St.
Tel. BRY 9-0546

MOTION PICTURES

JEANETTE **MacDONALD** ● NELSON **EDDY**
in M-G-M's **"MAYTIME"**
Coming, Harlow, Taylor, "Personal Property"
CAPITOL B'WAY & 51st ST.

● **PLAZA** 58 St., bet. Park & Madison ●
Sat., Sun., Mon., Apr. 17-18-19
"WINGS OF THE MORNING"
with HENRY FONDA & ANNABELLA
Tues. to Fri., Apri. 20 to 23
GRACE MOORE in "WHEN YOU'RE in LOVE"

Starts Saturday, April 17th
ANN **HARDING** in BASIL **RATHBONE**
"LOVE FROM A STRANGER"
From the B'way. success by FRANK VOSPER
UNITED ARTISTS **RIVOLI** Broadway at 49th Street
Doors Open 9:30 A. M. ● MIDNITE SHOWS

MOTION PICTURES

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
PAUL MUNI MIRIAM HOPKINS
in
"THE WOMAN I LOVE"
with LOUIS HAYWARD
Gala Stage Revue ● Symphony Orchestra
1st Mezzanine Seats Reserved. CO. 5-6535

ASTOR
BROADWAY at 45th ST.
ALL SEATS RESERVED
Twice Daily, 2:45, 8:45. Sun. & Hol., 3:00, 6:00, 8:45. Midnite Show Sat. Prices (plus tax): Mats. (ex. Sat., Sun. & Hol.) 50c to $1. Eves. 50c to $2. Saturday Midnite & Sunday 6 P. M. 50c to $1.50.
PEARL BUCK'S PRIZE-WINNING NOVEL
The GOOD EARTH
AN M.G.M. PICTURE

Loew's LEADS IN NEW YORK
LEXINGTON Lex. Ave. at 51st
ZIEGFELD 54 ST. and 6 AVE.
72nd ST. and 3 AVE.
83rd ST. and B'WAY
PARADISE 188th ST. BRONX
STARTS THUR. APRIL 15
Norma Shearer
Leslie Howard in
"ROMEO and JULIET"
with John Barrymore
at Paradise
"ROMEO & JULIET"
plus
"MAMA STEPS OUT"

From an Old Vermont Farm This Delicious Maple Syrup Comes Direct to Your Table

Just taste the tempting flavor of this pure Vermont pure maple sap syrup—pour it on your waffles and pancakes—they'll melt in your mouth!

This honey-golden syrup is made right from the fresh sap of the sugar maples in Southern Vermont—nothing added—not a blend—just the pure, healthful, delicious syrup for which the Green mountain country is famous.

Yet the cost of this unusual delicacy is less than you often pay for ordinary maple syrups which do not possess the rich, full-bodied flavor of Vermont Vintage. Sold only direct from our farmhouse to you—that's the secret of the low price.

Just send your check for $2.95 a gallon; $1.75 for half-gallon; or, 85 cents for trial quart. All charges prepaid to you—nothing more to pay. (West of Miss. Riv. add 60 cents on gallon basis.)

HOPEWALDON FARMS
Box 41F **East Dover, Vermont**

VERMONT
food delicacies
VINTAGE

collared, he merely goes through the needed paces.

FOR entertainment, or relaxation after the committees have disbanded, you can steal off to either "Swing High, Swing Low" or "The Soldier and the Lady" and relax. In the first of these, you will find Carole Lombard, Jean Dixon, Fred MacMurray, and Charles Butterworth, scenes in Panama (Canal and bars), and scenes in New York (night clubs). All active and familiar. Unless you insist on this giddy, light kind of cinema fare, you will do better, I feel, if you try "The Soldier and the Lady." This is drama of Czarist Russia (Alexander II), and is a movie concocted from Jules Verne's "Michael Strogoff." There's hardly a single characteristic in this film which isn't hackneyed, but put together with some life, the story seems fresh. Here again are the beautiful blonde spy, up to her tricks, and the messenger of the Czar stealing his way, with the papers in his pocket, through the Tartar tribes. There are wild flights in droshkies and on horseback. Cities are besieged by the barbarians, and the Cossacks plunge across the plains. "Give up Omsk? Never!" is one of the fine lines. There is torture, too, and true love as well. And Eric Blore again, who turns up everywhere these days. Mr. Blore merely relieves the tension when everything becomes too agonizing. It's the usual Blore message, and a welcome one.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

The witness denied their married relations were "cold and indifferent," as her husband had testified, and she said she had always encouraged him in his Junior Chamber of Commerce work.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Case dismissed.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From an adv. in Advertising & Selling*]

THERE ISN'T ENOUGH OF ANY ONE BRAND OF CHEWING GUM TO SUPPLY THE HEARST MARKET!

THE HEARST NEWSPAPERS reach more than 30,000,000 readers—all bound together by mutual interests and by a common responsiveness to a common news and editorial appeal.

This one gigantic audience is greater than the market needs of most manufacturers. Regardless of the product—regardless of the capacity of its producer—the Hearst market should be more than ample to absorb it.

If any manufacturer of chewing gum, for instance, sold all the Hearst market, he would run out of gum!

Country Estate of Approximately 298 Acres

SHARON, CONN.

Harlem Valley in the Foothills of the Berkshires

Georgian Colonial Mansion. Beautiful lawns, old trees, flower garden, vegetable garden, green houses, and approximately 250 acres of farm land with brook.

Priced at $100,000 to Liquidate Estate

Immediate Disposal Necessary

Apply

UNITED STATES TRUST CO. of N. Y., Executors
45 WALL ST., N. Y. C. HANOVER 2-4600

FOR WEEK-ENDS
away from home

take along a 25c Travel Pack of Jalma. There are 8 neat little envelopes—each a washing sufficient for one of those little personal laundries you work in at odd moments. Removes ink, lipstick, grease, iodine.

jalma

LEWIS & CONGER MCCUTCHEON'S
LORD & TAYLOR B. ALTMAN
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

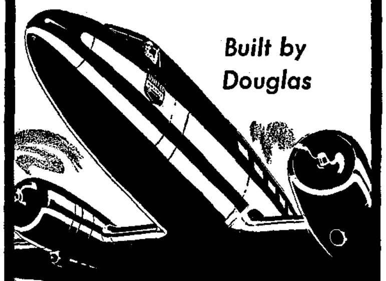
Jalma, Lexington, Mass.

FLOWERS! If you are a telephone subscriber, you may phone your order and be billed later without the formality of opening an account.

MAX SCHLING, Inc.
VOl. 5-7800 765 5TH AVE.

L'Escargot D'or
(GOLDEN SNAIL)
CUISINE FRANCAISE
DINNER — SUPPER
ENTERTAINMENT — DANCING
NO COVER

The Penthouse at 254 W. 54 St.
COlumbus 5-9107



UNITED'S SKYLOUNGE

Built by Douglas

To CHICAGO
NON-STOP
4 HRS. 45 MIN.

The best for those who demand the best!

LV. 1:00 P. M., 5:10 P. M.

UNITED AIR LINES

A REPORTER AT LARGE

TO BELLEVUE FOR OBSERVATION

WHEN one of our simple citizens takes it into his head to stroll up Central Park West in the nude, or assures a policeman, who has found him denouncing a Nedick's man, that he is God, the newspaper account of the incident usually ends with the line "Jones was taken to Bellevue for observation." That seems to be the end of it, as far as the papers are concerned. No matter how quaint or spectacular the conceit which brought Jones this brief notice, they are seldom interested in following him further.

I have always been curious to know what happens to people who are thus taken to Bellevue. So I asked a friend of mine, a doctor. He told me that if I wanted to learn the sort of work that is being done in the clinic, I might attend one of the psychiatric conferences that are held twice a month, under the direction of Dr. Bowman of the Psychiatric Hospital, for the benefit of staff members and outside doctors. These meetings are not open to the public, of course, but a layman can get in with special permission.

The meeting I went to was scheduled for eight-thirty in the evening. I arrived a little early and spent a few moments looking at the prancing stallions and screaming eagles in the murals which cover the walls of the reception hall, compliments of the WPA. Then I went on into the conference room. There is a small stage at one end, with a movie screen for a backdrop, and flanking the stage there is a glass call-board where numbers flash occasionally, summoning doctors and internes who are needed promptly elsewhere in the hospital. In front of the stage rises a tier of seats.

There was an engaging spirit of informality about the audience gathered there. I was rather surprised at the number of women attending. On the stage was Dr. Bowman, and with him a dark, mustached man who turned out to be Dr. Schilder, the Austrian psychiatrist who made the front pages not long ago by declaring "Alice in Wonderland" a pernicious influence on the child mind.

Things got under way with agreeable dispatch. Dr. Bowman stepped to the front of the stage, glanced vaguely at us through rimless glasses, and said, "The first case—alcoholism, with hallucinations. Presented by Dr. Borsky."

Dr. Borsky was young and tall and competent-looking. He placed a sheaf of papers on the stand and tried to turn on the light. It didn't work. Someone from the audience stepped up and plugged the cord in the socket.

The doctor spoke clearly and definitely. "This patient was admitted to the Ward two weeks ago, suffering from acute alcoholism. He was born in Hungary thirty-eight years ago and came here at the age of sixteen. His employment record is good; he has made as much as fifty dollars a week as a waiter." The doctor thumbed through his papers. "Medical diagnosis revealed negative Wassermann; reflexes were slow; heat therapy was indicated. The patient's conversation is wandering; he exhibits a definite paranoiac complex. This paranoia shows the usual hallucinatory reactions. The patient thinks he is being followed, fears disfigurement at the hands of his pursuers." He cleared his throat. "I would prefer to have you hear the patient's story in his own words." He walked to the wings and beckoned with his finger.

A small, meek-looking man loosely wrapped in a hospital bathrobe came out on the stage. He walked hesitantly, twisting his dark head this way and that. His hands moved convulsively together.

"Sit down, George," said Dr. Borsky.

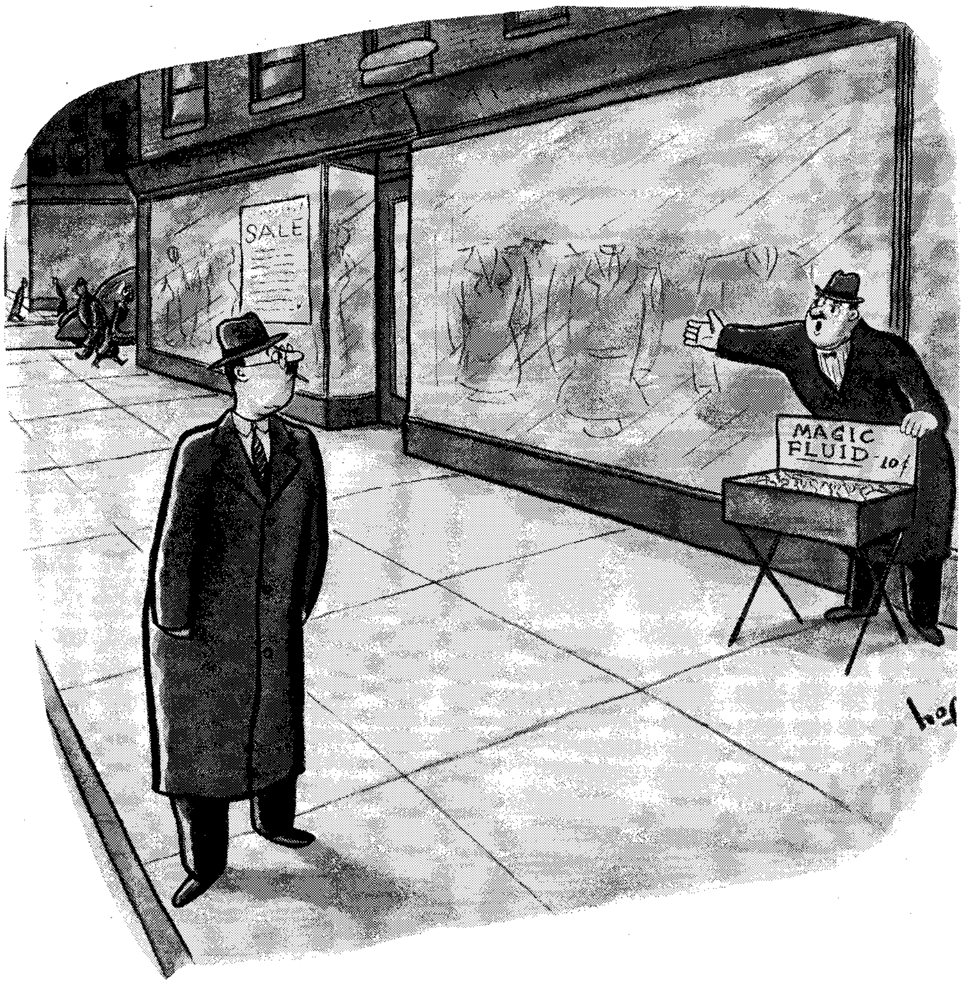
The man shrank back. "No, no. I don't want to be electrocuted."

The doctor took him by the arm. "It's all right, George. I'm your friend. No one's going to hurt you."

George was still suspicious. "You get inside my mind," he said accusingly. "You listen to what I think."

Dr. Borsky explained to his listeners, "The patient has a terror of all medical equipment. He shows a definite paranoiac development. For example, he thinks a stethoscope will draw out his thoughts, that it's a sort of radio that penetrates his mind. . . . All right, George, sit down."

Gingerly, George placed himself on the edge of the chair, looked at us wide-eyed, his head still moving irresolute-



"Step in closer, please! Don't block the sidewalk!"

ly. The doctor stood beside him. "Now, George," he said, "do you know why you're here?"

George nodded. "Because I'm immoral."

"And what makes you immoral?"

George looked up at him, looked away.

After a short silence, the doctor said, "Do you drink a lot, George?"

The man nodded.

"Why?"

He looked excited. "I can forget about them when I drink."

"Forget about who?"

"You know."

"Yes, George. But I want you to tell these other doctors about it. Go ahead, tell them in your own words."

George leaned forward eagerly. "These men are trying to get me alone. They follow me everywhere. I see them. I can't go home alone or they'll get me."

"What do they want to do to you?"

"They want to operate on my face. They want to cut my face."

"Why?"

He pressed his hands together nervously, his voice rose. "They want to cut my face so it will look like a gangster's. And then the other gangsters will shoot me."

"But why do these men want to cut your face? Why don't they like you?"

George looked unhappy. "They're the brothers."

"What brothers?"

His voice trailed off. "The brothers of boys and girls I take home with me."

"Why do you take boys and girls home with you?"

George looked at the floor. "Because I'm immoral," he whispered.

"Have you ever been arrested, George?"

He shook his head.

"Have you ever been in a hospital before?"

George looked up. "Once."

"What for?"

"I was drunk."

"How long did you stay?"

"Two days."

Dr. Borsky looked out at us. "Any questions?"

A heavy-featured man asked, "When did you start drinking heavily?"

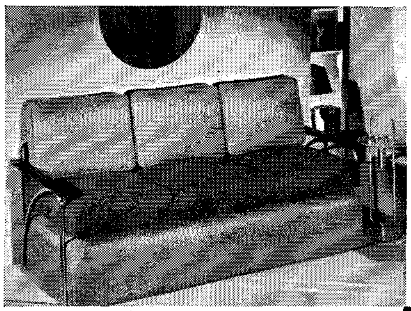
George thought. "About two years after I came to America."

"Why?"

George thought about this, too. Then, "I didn't know anyone here. When I went to a saloon, I could talk

PERFECT SLEEPER MATTRESS
FOR PERFECT SLEEP

EVENLY SOFT...
IT'S Tuftless
SCIENTIFICALLY TUFTLESS

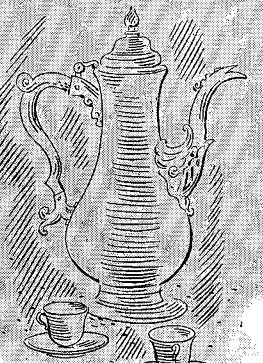


Quantity of sleep is important; *quality* is doubly so. The complete elimination of tick-tearing stitched-through cords makes the Perfect Sleeper smooth-surfaced, even-cushioned, "form-fitting"—the most luxuriously comfortable mattress that ever lulled a tired body into dreamland! No "biscuit-like" puffs, dust-catching pits, restrained springs or padding compressed in spots! At department and furniture stores —$39.50 (slightly higher on West Coast). Other Sleeper mattresses still lower priced.

Beauty, luxury and new convenience are combined in SLEEPER'S chrome-armed twin studio couch, the GOTHAM. Swing the "Ezy-Out" lever —out rolls the lower bed. There are 20 styles in SLEEPER studios.

WRITE for pictures and descriptions of Sleeper mattresses and studio couches. Sleeper, Inc., American Furniture Mart, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

The Perfect Sleeper
MATTRESS
SLEEPER, INC. 35 FACTORIES FROM COAST TO COAST



AN Epicure NEVER FORGETS!

AFTER COFFEE...
A BÉNÉDICTINE D.O.M

LIQUOR
D.O.M
VERITABLE BENEDICTINE LIQUEUR
FECAMP

LA GRANDE LIQUEUR FRANCAISE
Julius WILE Importers SINCE 1877
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., NEW YORK
PROOF 86

PLIANT POLISH
NOW STARRING

9 Shades

☆ Nine glorious shades are now to be had in Barbara Bates Pliant Nail Polish—rich tones and pretty tints. And never was finger-tip beauty so style-correct. Ordinary polish may be stiff as a dowager. But this Pliant Polish has maidenly suppleness. It *flexes* with the nail...to prevent crack-

ing, peeling and chipping...and your nails keep healthy. Be sure to see *Rose Mist, Rose Tan* and *American Beauty Rose.*

This craze over buffers is all Barbara Bates' doing, for she knows what's *good* for your nails. See her new Ball Buffer with its wondrous pearl-like handle. A hidden spring allows quick change of chamois. Used with her cunning Powder Polish Stick it gives a slick foundation to your liquid polish. But don't stop here...

Complete youthfulness and healthfulness for the hands are found in this Barbara Bates family. Pliant Liquid Polish, 50¢; Lubricant Polish Remover, 25¢; Powder Polish Stick, 50¢; Cuticle Beauty Cream, 50¢; Zephyr Nail File, 40¢; Crystolive Stick, 50¢; Smoothie, 10¢; Ball Buffer, $1.50.

Barbara Bates

BARBARA BATES Dept. N4-7
565 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Enclosed please find 20¢ for a sample of PLIANT Nail Polish and Lubricant Polish Remover. (Check Shade)
☐ Pastel Rose ☐ Tea Rose ☐ Rose Petal ☐ Colorless ☐ Rose Mist ☐ Crushed Rose ☐ Rose Tan ☐ Rose Geranium ☐ or American Beauty Rose.
Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State__________

to people if I bought them drinks. Then, when the men tried to cut me, I had to drink so I could forget them."

"Do you get courage when you drink, or are you still afraid of the men?"

George nodded vigorously and inhaled sharply. "Yes, yes, I'm afraid of them. I saw them just before I came here. They came into the saloon. One of them had a gun. He pointed it at me. I saw him!"

"What did you do?"

"I waited until the saloon was closed. The bartender took me home."

"Won't they hurt you if you're with someone?"

"No. They want to get me alone. They want to cut me so I'll look like a gangster and the other gangsters will shoot me."

Another doctor asked, "When did the men start following you?"

George was silent a moment. "About two years ago."

Dr. Borsky interrupted. "The patient's time sense in this regard is very unsteady. He continually changes the date when he began to be followed. At first it was two weeks ago, then three months; now it's two years."

A woman doctor asked if he had ever married. George hadn't; he'd wanted to, but he didn't know any girls. Dr. Borsky explained that George's only heterosexual relations had been with prostitutes.

"All right, George," said the doctor. The patient shuffled off the stage.

Dr. Borsky returned to his notes. "Paranoia as a result of alcoholism is rather common. But this case has some interesting features. Homosexuality is indicated, but there is a complete absence of the castration complex usually associated with aberrations of this type. Incidentally, I find it particularly interesting that, although the patient insists he has seduced hundreds of children in his neighborhood, he has never been arrested for such a crime. Nor is there any police record in that vicinity of excessive child molestation. Obviously the patient is potentially dangerous, but it is extremely likely that, as yet, he has committed no offences of this nature. Despite his years of drinking, we may conclude that the patient's alcoholism is not in an advanced state, although it is certain to develop unless therapy is successful. Since the patient has been in the Ward only two weeks, it is impossible to say what success we shall have."

Dr. Borsky picked up his papers and stood aside for Dr. Bowman, who stepped to his place and asked, "Any discussion?"

Several hands were raised.

Dr. Hirsh, who was also young, but compact and bristle-haired, declared he thought the case was less complicated than Dr. Borsky imagined; to his mind, it was purely a case of alcoholism following the invariably gradual psychotic development. "I'll admit," he said, "that the patient has not exhibited the clearly defined reactions that we expect in cases of alcoholism, but I'd like to suggest a reason for this. All too seldom do we consider the question of racial traits in matters of this kind. As you all know, nearly ninety per cent of alcoholics are Irish; since this man is a Hungarian, it is entirely probable that, racially, he has a better defence against alcoholism."

A hand waved wildly.

"Yes, Dr. O'Reilly," said Dr. Bowman.

Dr. O'Reilly wanted to remind Dr. Hirsh that just because there was a preponderance of Irish alcoholics at Bellevue, it by no means definitely proved that ninety per cent of all alcoholics were Irish. There were factors to explain the Irish majority in New York, but Dr. O'Reilly felt it unnecessary to go into them. "On the other hand," he pointed out, "it is indisputable that in every psychiatric centre in Europe and America the overwhelming majority of neurotic cases are Jewish or of Jewish descent."

Dr. O'Reilly sat down with a how-do-you-like-that expression.

Dr. Bowman suggested that while racial trends were undoubtedly interesting, they were hardly pertinent to the case under discussion.

Another physician asked Dr. Borsky if he had considered the possibility of schizophrenia—"the patient seems to indicate a definite personality split."

Dr. Borsky remarked that while he had considered schizophrenia, he had not mentioned it in his diagnosis because "To be perfectly frank, I think the label 'schizophrenia' is rather a waste of time—especially since no one is too sure exactly what schizophrenia is."

DR. BOWMAN announced the next case, to be presented by Dr. Felder—"sadism and masochism."

Dr. Felder was a slim, dark-haired woman in her thirties. Her patient was a boy of eight who had been brought to Bellevue suffering from convulsions. She passed around a set of drawings done by the child while in the Ward. They were crudely done and pretty bloody—dead Indians and cowboys, people leaping from tall buildings, bathroom scenes, guns and hatchets and hammers. Prominent in many of these was a fat man who was always represented as lying on his back with a knife protruding from his stomach. This fat man, the doctor explained, was the boy's father.

"The patient," said Dr. Felder, "has been in the Ward for three months and has responded favorably to therapy. The child comes from a poor environment. Both parents are neurotic and quarrelsome. The father often beats the mother in the patient's presence. Prior to the convulsions, the patient's only illness had been measles. The boy, described by his family as a daydreamer, early conceived a violent hatred for both parents. Conversations with the patient revealed that in a favorite daydream he imagines he has killed both his parents and stuffed their bodies in the toilet. This unlikely depository was suggested to the patient because he felt that, by flushing it, he could be rid of his parents forever.

"Consequently, when the toilet overflowed while the patient was alone in the bathroom, he expected the bodies of both parents to be regurgitated and fell into a convulsive fit." She paused. "I can best indicate the patient's improvement by demonstration."

Dr. Felder brought the child—a small, bright-appearing lad—on the stage. He was followed by a tall man carrying a hand-manipulated crocodile and two sticks.

Dr. Felder indicated the crocodile. "Do you know who this is, Johnny?"

Johnny, eyes fastened on the squirming reptile, nodded. "It's Peter," he whispered.

"Are you afraid of Peter?"

Johnny shook his head sidewise doubtfully.

Dr. Felder gave him one of the sticks while the manipulator retreated behind the reading stand. Johnny, holding the stick resolutely, advanced. Soon the crocodile nosed around the corner of the stand. Johnny struck, rather feebly. The crocodile disappeared, reëmerged. Johnny struck more forcefully. The next time the crocodile appeared, it held the second stick in its mouth and sought to fence with Johnny.

The boy squalled in indignation. "That's not fair!"

"You're not afraid, are you, Johnny?"

"Naw." He hesitated. "But it's not fair," he complained. Nevertheless, he

What is this "alkaline pause"?

Yes, everyone's talking about the "alkaline pause" — because it *works!* It's a round or two of Vichy Celestins — between other "rounds". Counteracts the acid-effect of gay beverages. Makes you feel fine—tomorrow! *Try it! Bottled only at the Spring in Vichy, France.*

American Agency of French Vichy, Inc.
198 Kent Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.

VICHY
FRANCE
CONTENTS: 1 PINT 13 FLUID
VICHY
CELESTINS
BOTTLED AT THE SPRING AT VICHY

VICHY CÉLESTINS
The World's Most Famous Natural Alkalizing Water

ALL NEW YORK APPLAUDS

Lennie Hayton
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

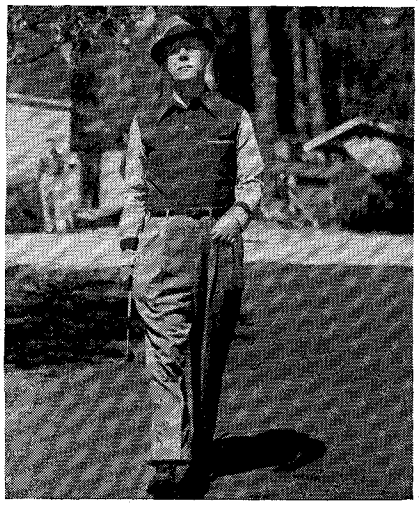
Now appearing nightly at dinner and supper and Saturday at luncheon in the Terrace Restaurant.

CONTINUOUS ENTERTAINMENT WITH
PEPPINO & BEATRICE • NELSON'S BOXING CATS
ANDY IONA AND HIS HAWAIIANS

De luxe dinners from $2. Supper couvert (after 10 p.m.) only 75c, except Saturday and holiday eves, then $1.50

HOTEL NEW YORKER
34th STREET AT 8th AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.
Ralph Hitz, President • F. L. Andrews, Manager

DEL MONTE GOLF

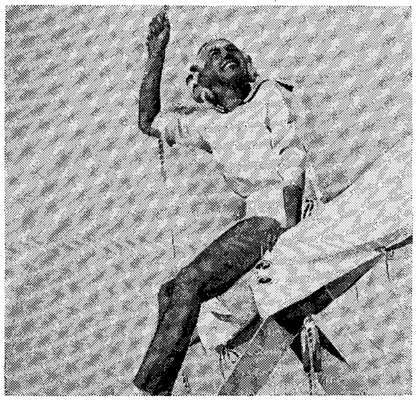


Grantland Rice

An Ace at Pebble Beach

In every golfer's heart lurks one supreme ambition—to make a hole in one. No exception is Grantland Rice, skilled golfer and world authority on sports. Fortnight ago, on Del Monte's famous Pebble Beach links, he teed off on the spectacular seventh, saw his ball plop onto the velvety green, roll squarely into the cup for his first ace.

Like thousands of other golfers, Grantland Rice seldom misses a chance to play Pebble Beach when he visits California. Yet Pebble Beach is only one of *five* superb golf courses surrounding Del Monte, California's best-loved resort.



Del Monte Fun

People come to Del Monte for one thing—fun. And whatever they require for fun, Del Monte has. For Del Monte is far more than a hotel. It is a resort area of great scenic beauty, containing golf courses, tennis courts, swimming pools, miles of beach, bridle path and scenic motor roads. The climate is exceptionally mild and invigorating.

For a booklet describing Del Monte, write Carl S. Stanley, Manager, NY-4, Hotel Del Monte, Del Monte, California.

HOTEL DEL MONTE
on the Monterey Peninsula
California

attacked timidly and, as he seemed successful, redoubled his efforts, knocked the stick from the crocodile's mouth, and caused the monster to beat a hasty retreat.

Now he strutted proudly. "That's fine, Johnny," Dr. Felder told him. "Do you still have your cowboy suit?"

Johnny nodded.

"And gun," he said.

"Who gave it to you?"

"My father."

"Do you love your father?"

He nodded, beating the stand with his stick.

"And your mother?"

"Yeah."

"Do you want to kill them?"

"Naw," he said contemptuously.

"All right, Johnny. You can go."

"Can I go home?" he asked eagerly.

"No, not just yet. But soon."

"O.K."

When he was gone, Dr. Felder remarked, "In addition to his pronounced sadism and masochism, this boy had a violence phobia. When first brought to the Ward, he was nervous, excitable, easily frightened. When witnessing a Punch-and-Judy show, the patient would go rigid at the first scene of violence; his eyes would dilate and become fixed. Any threatening gesture would induce hysteria.

"Now he gets along quite well with the other children in the Ward; he has overcome his timidity, become somewhat more aggressive. We can only hope that a return to his home environment will not result in a return of his phobia."

There was a lull while Drs. Shilder and Bowman discussed something in whispers. I asked the doctor sitting next to me how patients were committed to the Psychiatric Hospital. Some, he told me, are transferred from the Medical Units; many are found unconscious or acting peculiarly on the city streets; others are sent by social-service workers. Nearly all are pretty far gone in their particular neuroses or psychoses before admittance, and little lasting therapy can be accomplished anyway, for the hospital is usually overcrowded. It is often necessary to discharge mild or partially cured patients to make way for more violent ones. Thus some patients turn up chronically—luminal addicts, alcoholics, neurotics, schizophrenics—none of them sufficiently psychotic to be removed to a state institution, but most of them irrevocably sunk in their aberrations.

With the existing facilities, my companion said, it seems hopeless to try to do any lasting good for the thousands of borderline cases that might easily be rehabilitated.

THE last case of the evening was presented by Dr. Branch, a dark, intense fellow with a bright-blue shirt. He stood at the lecturer's stand leaning on his arms, staring at us for a full minute. Then he began briskly, "The patient is a young colored woman, twenty-eight years of age. She presents a remarkable example of transference induced by amnesia resulting from a particularly painful childbirth. The infant was born one month ago; up to this week, the patient was unable to remember her own name or recognize her husband or relatives.

"She can now make identification of self, but is obsessed with the impression that her own body was taken away and another substituted.

"An interesting manifestation was evident during her amnesia. The patient developed a phobia toward light bulbs. She said a man, variously identified as 'the Judge' or 'Conrad,' lived inside the bulb; she felt he was trying to get out and shoot her. The patient's drawings of this *bête noire* reveal only two large red eyes shrouded in a black cloak. These hallucinations have now ended."

Dr. Branch walked to the wings. "Come in, Emily."

Emily was a slim, coal-black Negress with a puzzled, heavy-featured face. When she had seated herself, pulling the edge of her bathrobe over her knees, Dr. Branch asked, "What's your name?"

"Emily," she said softly.

"Emily what?"

"Emily Fenton."

"Do you know where you are?"

She looked around, then again pulled at her robe. "Bellevue."

Dr. Branch leaned forward, touched her shoulder. "Is this *your* body?"

She looked at him worriedly. "I don't know."

"What do you think?"

She shook her head anxiously. "I don't think it is."

"Well, what happened to your body?"

"That nurse took it," she whispered.

Dr. Branch looked out at us. "Emily feels that one of the nurses in the Ward took her body and left her own for Emily. Isn't that right?" he asked her.

"Well, I don't know." Emily got a little agitated. "This may be my body," she said, as though trying to convince herself. "But I don't think it is. My body wasn't this black. It was dark, but it wasn't this black."

"Do you remember having a baby?"

She nodded. "Yes, yes, I do. I'd like to see it. I'd like to go to church, too," she added.

Dr. Branch patted her shoulder. "All right, Emily. You'll be going home soon."

"As you can see," he continued when she'd gone, "the patient is responsive. She's going progressively through the stages of recovery. At first she was violent about what she considered the theft of her body; now there's an element of doubt in her mind. Therapy is made easier by the fact that she is considerably above average intelligence, and that her transference and self-projection are immediately linked to her recent childbirth."

"What color is the nurse she thinks stole her body?" asked Dr. Schilder.

"White."

Dr. Bowman stepped to the centre of the stage. "Any discussion?"

No hands were waved. Dr. Bowman looked out at us, nodded briefly, and stepped down from the stage.

We all stood up, getting into our coats. There was some laughing and talking, one or two argumentative groups gathered, but most of us filed out soberly.

I found myself looking into people's faces with a new interest.

—Robert McLaughlin

•

LINES IN A COCKTAIL BAR

Long-legged Adam on a mural bright
Prances after Eve I guess all night.

Her hair streams back in a golden banner
But her legs race on in a track-meet manner.

Adam's smile is wise and cunning;
If Eve looked back she might stop running.

With never a glance for her Biblical mate
She runs like hell, no matter how late.

Come on, Adam! Go it, Eve!
One more drink before I leave.

—F. B. Gregg

•

The bride's sister, who assisted in receiving, wore black silk lace with an orchid corsage. The groom's brother wore printed chiffon with a corsage of gardenias.—*Ridgewood* (*N. J.*) *News.*

Too, too divine!

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Fine Quarters for Fine People

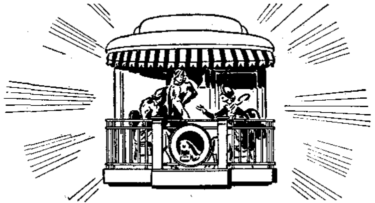
YOU MAY INDULGE IN ROYAL TASTES AT MAYFAIR HOUSE WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF PRINCELY EXPENDITURES... CONSIDER THE CONVENIENCE OF HAVING A PLACE IN TOWN—ALWAYS IMMACULATE AND READY!

PANTRIES
CENTRAL REFRIGERATION
AMPLE CLOSET SPACE
WOOD BURNING FIREPLACES

EDWARD H. CRANDALL

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Mayfair House
Park Avenue at Sixty-Fifth St.
New York



Back Fence TALK ON "THE CENTURY"

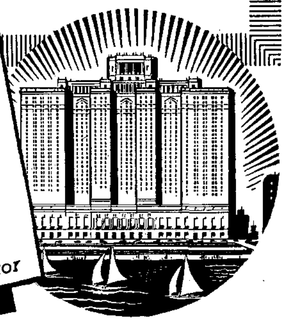
"Oh yes, Jim had a grand time, too. He's in the club car spreading the Stevens Gospel—he's so enthused about the truly finer things . . . "

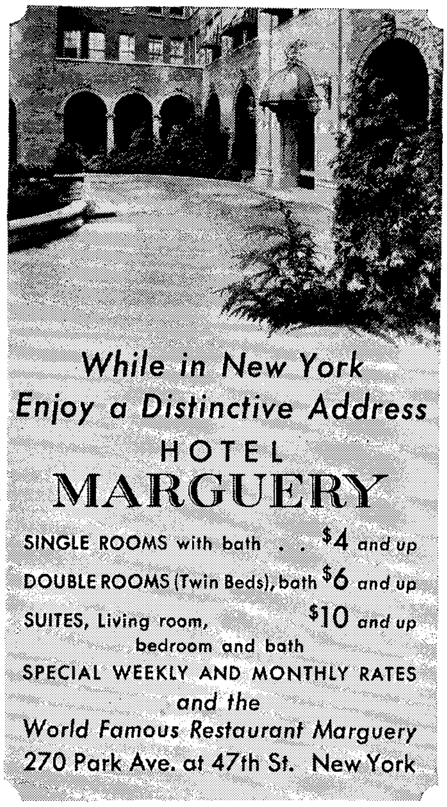
We're mighty proud of our friends like Jim. On the extra fare trains you'll find them—the executive type who want more than average living yet know the real value of a dollar. They get it at The Stevens—and they like to talk about it.

They tell about new services that smooth their busy days . . food for virile appetites . . restful nights that keep them fit . . added conveniences that make for ease and comfort.

The praise of busy men who know how to work and how to live has done much to make The Stevens Chicago's Outstanding Hotel.

Stevens
HOTEL
CHICAGO
OTTO K. EITEL, Managing Director

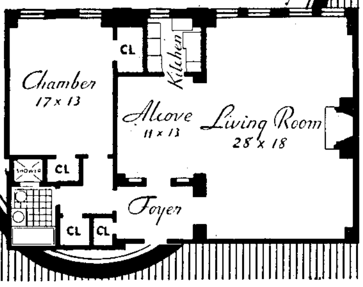


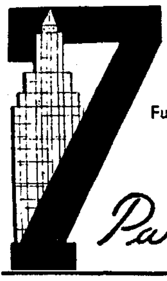

While in New York
Enjoy a Distinctive Address
HOTEL
MARGUERY
SINGLE ROOMS with bath . . $4 and up
DOUBLE ROOMS (Twin Beds), bath $6 and up
SUITES, Living room, bedroom and bath $10 and up
SPECIAL WEEKLY AND MONTHLY RATES
and the
World Famous Restaurant Marguery
270 Park Ave. at 47th St. New York

Spacious

Spaciousness is a notable feature of Parc Vendome apartments. Perhaps you never have seen living rooms 28x18 feet or chambers 17x13 in a 3-room suite. You may have such roominess here and such other features as seven windows, stall shower, model kitchen, enormous closets — and in addition, the gardens, swimming pool, restaurant, optional maid service and shops. Reasonable rentals make these apartments the best "buy" in town. Be sure to see them today.

Parc Vendome
57th Street . . . West of Broadway
(340 WEST)




The GREEN PARK
1-2-3 Rooms
and Kitchen
Furnished and Unfurnished
Terraces
Maid Service
•
Unusual Values
Park Avenue at 34th St.
ON FASHIONABLE MURRAY HILL

THE BARBARY COAST

It wasn't until the film "San Francisco" got around to the neighborhood theatres that my friend Jimmy, an alumnus both of the Barbary Coast and of the San Francisco earthquake, went to see it. He found the film, he said, an idealized version both of the Coast and of the quake. "It sure handed me a laugh" was his exact criticism. "Can you imagine a twist like this Jeanette MacDonald running around the old Coast without nobody making a pass at her? Why, listen, even the cops would have been on the make for her!"

Jimmy is a middle-aged, respectable citizen now, but he spent his formative years as a pharmacist's apprentice and night clerk in a Pacific Street drugstore on the fringe of the old Coast. There he learned not only the first principles of medicine but also how to lay open a man's skull from ear to ear and still not kill him. Being night clerk was one-fourth pharmacy, three-fourths bouncing. The place, according to Jimmy, was as much a clip joint as the adjoining saloons, houses, and dance halls. It did a thriving business in aspirin, poultices, Mickey Finns, and aphrodisiacs.

"I was only a punk kid," Jimmy recalls, "but there was plenty of nights when I knocked off a hundred bucks. And none of that went to the boss, either, because I got it on stuff I didn't sell. That sounds kinda funny, but this is how it worked. The girls used to pick up drunks on the street, and while they were taking the drunks up to their rooms, they would drop into the store. 'I just remembered, honey, I got to get something in here,' they would say, and before you know it, the drunks would be buying them perfume and hairbrush sets and candy and boxes of talcum powder. The drunks would pay for the stuff, and the girls would ask me to have it delivered, giving me a phony address. Of course I knew it was phony and the merchandise never even left the shelves. The girls would generally slip away from the drunks outside the store, although sometimes they would take them up to their rooms if they figured they could roll them for more.

"The drunks always come back to cancel the order and get their money back when the girls gave them the slip. They used to come back even when the girls had had them up in their rooms. I always said it was too late, the stuff was being delivered. And if these guys started getting tough about it, I'd throw them out into the street. I never worried about these guys. They used to get taken every time they came into the Coast, but they always come back for more.

"I used to split fifty-fifty with the girls. And these are the kind of babes this Jeanette MacDonald in the picture was supposed to be running around with!"

The funniest thing that ever happened on the Barbary Coast, as far as Jimmy is concerned, was on the night he half killed The Nigger. The Nigger was apparently something of a super-menace on the Coast, the owner of one of the lowest dives. His competitors stopped somewhat short of murder, but The Nigger was not so inhibited. It was frequently said that he was giving the whole Coast a bad name.

"The Nigger come into the store one night to telephone," Jimmy begins, with relish. "And he called up some white girl which lived over in Alameda. I used to keep a baseball bat under the counter for customers which got too rough, and while I stood there, watching this smoke talking to this girl over in Alameda, I begin to get pretty sore. And anyway, I haven't had no fights with anyone that night."

So Jimmy walked over to the telephone and without warning struck his colored customer over the head with the baseball bat. The Nigger fell to the floor, but only briefly. In a fine burst of righteous indignation, he regained his feet, picked up a five-pound jar of cold cream, and threw it straight at Jimmy's head. Jimmy ducked, and the jar smashed through a display counter.

"Then I really give it to him," Jimmy explains. "There was a couple of cops outside, and when they hear the noise, they come inside and kick his teeth out. I heard later he got six months, but he never come around to the Coast again."

Jimmy's friends sometimes protest that the incident sounds pretty much like unprovoked and unjustified assault and battery.

"It was either him or me," Jimmy always assures them blandly.

—Douglass Welch

•

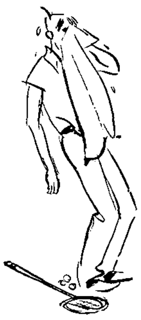
OHIO WELCOMES FAMOUS NOMAD

[*From a review of the "Ziegfeld Follies" in the Cincinnati Enquirer*]

Others in the company are the famous dance team, Harrison and Fisher; also the juvenile performers, Cherry and June Preisser; the famous juggler, Stan Kavanaugh; Jane Pickens of radio fame, and the famous gypsy, Rose Lee.

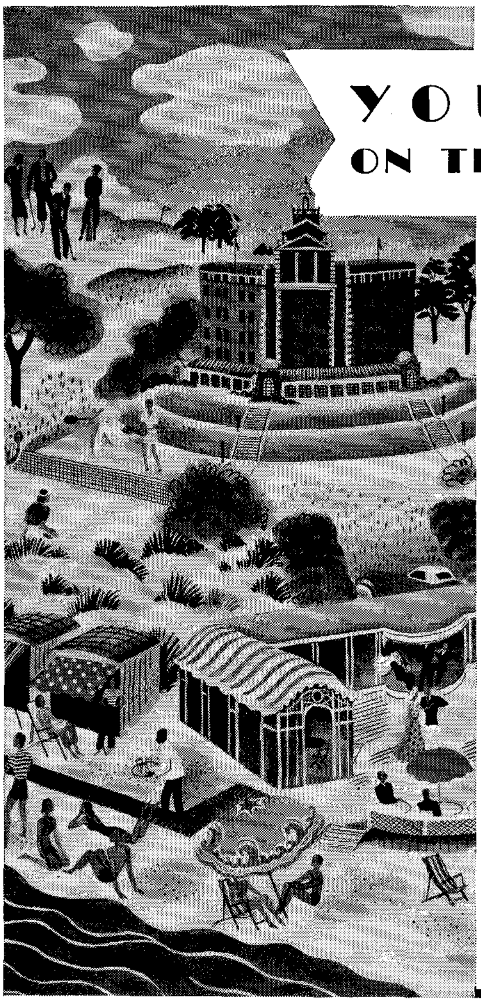
COURT GAMES

Grand Finale



THE remarkably fine showing of Rowland Dufton, New York A. C. pro, in the later rounds of the world open squash-tennis championship at the Shelton makes it clear that the opinion, held up to now by this department, that Tom Iannicelli is head and shoulders above all the other pros except Frank Ward must be revised. In his quarter-final victory over Leo Collins of the Harmonie Club, Dufton, showing extraordinary endurance, withstood Collins' ordinarily withering speed without batting an eyelash. Older by many years than his opponent, he played a game that demanded a minimum of movement and outlasted Collins in a five-game match whose closeness is reflected in the composite point score, 68–55. In the semifinal, he defeated Ed Standing of the Yale Club by the preposterous score of 15–1, 15–1, 15–5. Standing, incidentally, had advanced to this round through the default of Harry Wolf, who had injured his ankle in an earlier match.

In the final of the season's last fixture, Iannicelli beat Dufton only after an unexpectedly close and brilliant match. At the beginning, Dufton had the better control, and for a good part of the first game it looked as though there might be a new world champion. However, Iannicelli, who had thrown off the effects of a recent attack of flu, was at the top of his magnificent form in the second game. In the amazing play which marked the third, Dufton rallied to such effect that until the end of this game there was still some doubt as to who would win the tournament. During this period, rallies were so fast that it was often impossible to follow the flight of the ball. The darting, dodging movements of the players were so rapid that not only the hand but the whole body seemed quicker than the eye. If Dufton had the greater variety of clever, acing strokes, Iannicelli hit the ball harder and had the greater speed of foot and sureness of eye in returning shots that looked impossible. In the fourth game, following the rest period, after two points had been played, a shortage of balls caused a delay of several minutes, and it may have been



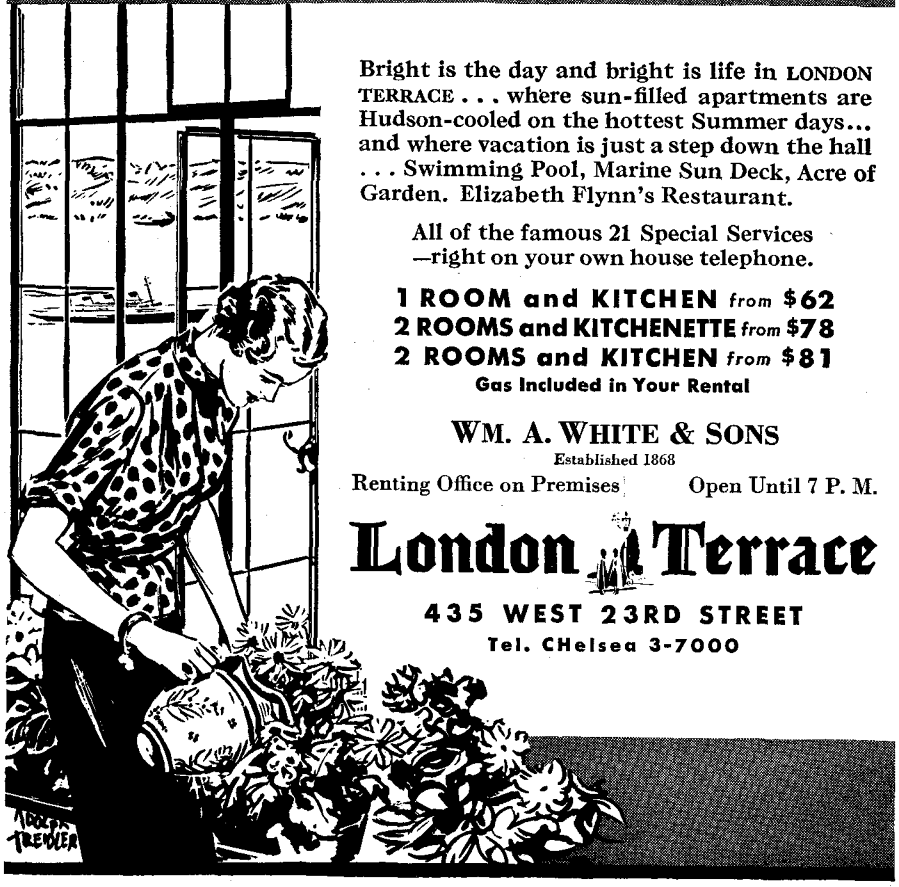
YOUR HOME ON THE OCEAN SHORE

It awaits you always, every month of the year. In spring it offers the delights of a mild, equable climate, with pure and invigorating sea air, and the pine scent of our great forest. Here is your seashore home, The Cavalier, the friendly hotel. You are at once made a guest member of the Cavalier Country Club. Every outdoor sport at your door, an indoor swimming pool, a fine orchestra—all at your seashore home, at a cost not much more than living in your own home.

Consult your travel agent or our New York office, 1 E. 44th Street. Murray Hill 2-2907

The Cavalier
Hotel and Country Club
Virginia Beach
Roland Eaton
MANAGING DIRECTOR

WINDOWS THAT *Bloom* IN THE SPRING



Bright is the day and bright is life in LONDON TERRACE . . . where sun-filled apartments are Hudson-cooled on the hottest Summer days... and where vacation is just a step down the hall . . . Swimming Pool, Marine Sun Deck, Acre of Garden. Elizabeth Flynn's Restaurant.

All of the famous 21 Special Services —right on your own house telephone.

1 ROOM and KITCHEN *from* $62
2 ROOMS and KITCHENETTE *from* $78
2 ROOMS and KITCHEN *from* $81
Gas Included in Your Rental

WM. A. WHITE & SONS
Established 1868
Renting Office on Premises Open Until 7 P. M.

London Terrace
435 WEST 23RD STREET
Tel. CHelsea 3-7000

...Individually

appointed rooms and suites available for immediate or fall occupancy set The LOMBARDY apart from the average fine residential hotel. Withal, tariffs are surprisingly reasonable.

1 TO 6 ROOMS . . . FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED

DAILY FROM SIX DOLLARS

THE Lombardy

JOHN T. CRUICKSHANK . . . MANAGER

111 EAST 56TH ST • NEW YORK

JUST OFF PARK AVENUE

COMFORT CAN BE CASUAL

Cuisine, service and livability all reach a superlative standard at Hotel Pierre. You'll enjoy its friendly formality and lack of ostentation.

●

IN THE CORINTHIAN ROOM

HAROLD NAGEL & HIS CONTINENTAL ORCH.

DANCING DURING DINNER

Hotel Pierre

FIFTH AVENUE AT 61st STREET

harder for Dufton, the older man, to get his touch back after the rest. In any case, he deteriorated, while Iannicelli, with mounting confidence and increasing strength, ran out the game at 15–2. In spite of this rather tame ending, it was a great match.

THAT the tournament committee had little expected such a close and exciting final was indicated by their scheduling, on the same evening, two exhibitions for the customers' pleasure. In the first of these, Phil Moore of the Columbia Club and Joe Lordi of the New York A. C. were called upon to go through their paces, a tribute to their fine match in the recent amateur championships. In the second, Frank Ward of the City A. C. and James Reid, Crescent A. C. pro, were asked to repeat the comedy number which so tickled the gallery last year. This they did with enormous gusto, producing a burlesque affair marked by trick shots, serves which floated out of court, disputes over rules, anguished calls for lets, and deliberate blows at one another. W. K. Rice, who refereed this as well as the more orthodox match of the evening, entered into the spirit of the occasion by intentionally making mistakes in the score. In spite of all the horseplay and burlesque, Ward's fabulous old game shone through occasionally, and there were shots reminiscent of his almost incredible virtuosity. He has developed a pronounced *embonpoint*, appropriate symbol of his retirement from active competition, together with a serene and humorous attitude toward the game, now that he has no new worlds to conquer.

—G. T. H.

•

NON-STOP SENTENCE DERBY

[*From the Havana Telegram*]

Mr. Rapp, long in the public eye as a noted lawyer, it was but recently that he aroused international curiosity, at the trials in sequence of two of the most sensational cases in criminal jurisprudence, that of Betty Baker, a married woman, who killed her sweetheart, unquestionably convicted of her guilt, as published in Cuban papers in union with others of the world at large, principally the biggest daily organs in Detroit, and that of Grant Kinnel, an old-time policeman, whose step son stoically resisted his attempt to part away with his step daughter at the sacrifice of his own life in her protection, lost in a shooting engagement, injured, also, the old-timer, at the hospital for over a month to the end of recovery, a new drama to his assignment behind closed doors, prescribed for him by law with full conviction by prosecuting attorney Albert J. Rapp.

SMART APARTMENTS

FROM OCTOBER

●

1085 PARK AVENUE
6-8 Rooms . . . . 3 Baths
Attractive Corner Apartments

1111 PARK AVENUE
6-7-8-9 Rooms . . . . 3-4 Baths
Large Rooms—Unexcelled Layouts

1225 PARK AVENUE
5-6-7 Rooms . . . . 2-4 Baths

31 EAST 72nd STREET
14 Rooms . . . . 5 Baths
Corner Apartment—Excellent Plan

112 EAST 74th STREET
8-10 Rooms . . . . 3 Baths

49 EAST 96th STREET
4 to 7 Rooms . . . . 2 to 4 Baths

Reasonable Rentals

Inspect these houses with an established reputation for excellent management

BYRNE & BOWMAN INC.

370 LEXINGTON AVE. AShland 4-2600

Representative at each building daily and Sunday

CAFE NAUGHTY-NAUGHT

presents

RAPHAEL

World Famous Concertina Artist
at Dinner and Three Times Nightly
AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT
Dancing to Howard Johnson's Music
TABLE D'HOTE DINNER $1.50
(No Cover Charge for Supper Show)

UPSTAIRS

IN AMERICAN MUSIC HALL at 9:15
NAUGHTY-NAUGHT ('00)
Virtue and Villainy at Grips at Yale—with
Music and Beverages
141 E. 55th St.
Phone PLaza 3-2157

NEWLY decorated apartments of one, two, three or more rooms. Some have terraces. All have serving pantries; full hotel service. Excellent restaurant and Duplex Cocktail Lounge.

Permanent or Transient

The Beverly Hotel

ONE TWENTY-FIVE EAST FIFTIETH STREET
William A Buescher, Manager

BOOKS

Mr. Peattie Again

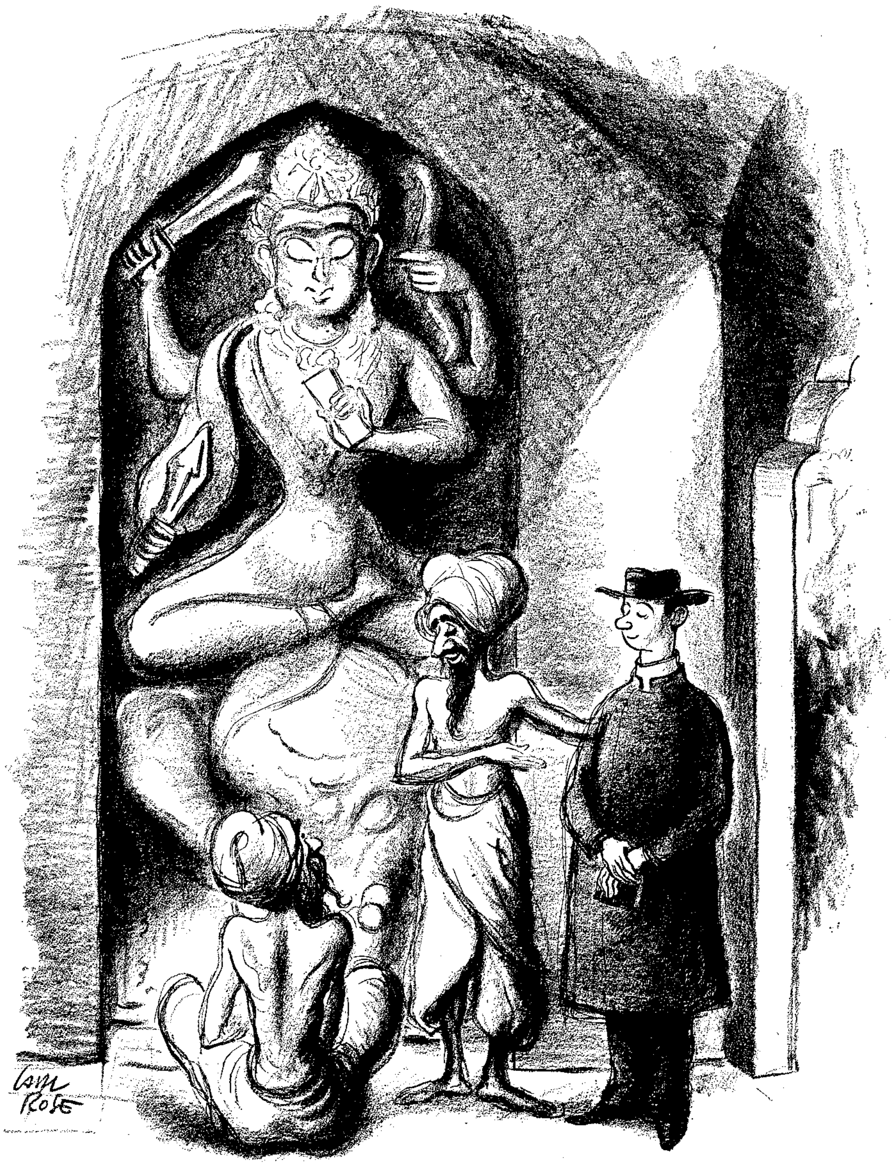
> Its enormous bulk forever heaving out of nether darkness, the earth is turning toward the sun. The leaf, the flower, the thought, the granite back of the continent, the systolic and diastolic oceans, face another day. Light will act upon each one of them, and cannot leave any of them unchanged. At the least it must take youth from all of them save the ocean—from the ocean it takes the clouds, in the perpetual convection of water.
>
> A thousand miles an hour, day flies the Atlantic. It finds the tossing lightship, and picks up the white signal numbers on its gray flanks. It gives back to lonely driftwood, prophetic of land, and to sargassos of red kelp floating lazy and succulent, their existent shapes. It eats out darkness, leaving only the etched lines of the spars and masts of the fishing fleet. Meeting shore, it runs a finger of cold shine down marginal sand. Now the sea marsh grasses, stiff with the brine in their veins, shake light from their swords, spilling toward the turf of rush and samphire in long runnels from the gutters of the blades. It smiles wanly on the crooked tidal creeks in their ebb, where the clapper rails prod in the black mud with sensitive bills.

THIS is a sample passage, not necessarily the best, from Donald Culross Peattie's new "A Book of Hours." A hairline, admitted, separates this precise and beautiful prose from the overdone, but it separates it. "A Book of Hours" underlines the guarantee of "An Almanac for Moderns." Mr. Peattie is a stylist, and a good one. There are not so many of them around these days that we can afford to neglect him.

The task of writing this little book must have been rather a facer: to compose a small essay for each of the hours of the day and night, essays that would be chronologically apt, would not repeat each other, and would not slip over into wall-calendar sentiment. A trick book, if you will, but the trick is beautifully performed, and one detects not a single gesture of insincerity or mere showmanship. In the sparse contemporary literature of meditation (not, mind you, philosophy), it will take a high place.

Mr. Peattie, a naturalist, calls constantly upon his wide field and laboratory experience, yet "A Book of Hours" is much less concerned with such matters than was "An Almanac for Moderns," and perhaps loses a certain definiteness thereby. If 3 A.M. makes him mindful of the birds of dawning, it also, by some subtle twist of association, bids him reflect on the threat of Fascism. 7 A.M. suggests a delightful comment on the business of the naturalist, but 8 A.M. causes him to condemn the futility of the morning newspaper. And so, hour after hour, the things of man and the things of nature jostle each other in Mr. Peattie's curious and considering mind: Linnaeus and his Floral Clock, the precious gift of individuality, country graveyards, the homecoming of commuters, the mysteries of bats and moths, the singularities of American oratory, the values of civilization, the song of the thrush, the onrush of night, the pathetic insufficiencies of our senses.

There is nothing wildly original in what Mr. Peattie has to say of these matters, though always something very specially his own in the manner of saying it. His prose gives you that constant and pleasant sense of novelty communicated by good poetry. And it is not merely a matter of avoiding the cliché, not merely sound craftsmanship. It is largely, I think, a question of terminology. Mr. Peattie is a literary man who owns the great advantage of a scientific vocabulary. The language of science, when employed with care and even a certain suspicion, now boasts that romantic suggestiveness the language of common speech yielded to Wordsworth a hundred and forty years ago. Of course, for a scientist, or anyone mildly learned in the sciences, it does not possess this value. For the lucky rest of



"I want you to meet the Reverend Doctor Pilkham. He's a convert."

Success Story!

Fourteen months ago, a young English burglar was released from prison. Today the American critics, like the English, are outdoing themselves in praise of his book. Four large printings in three weeks.

Angels in Undress

"To Mark Benney, the world divides itself into the Mugs and the Wide People. You and I are the Mugs; Mark and his friends are Wide, or try to be . . . 'Angels in Undress' collects within its cool and even reflective pages a remarkably picturesque group . . . He is witty, intelligent, curiously dignified about himself and his associates and an acute observer of human nature at its most natural . . . 'Angels in Undress' is something special, with a flavor all its own."
—*The New Yorker*

Angels in Undress

"Mark Benney won't need to commit burglaries so long as he can write books as good as *Angels in Undress* . . . It belongs in the first rank of modern picaresque literature." — *N. Y. Times.*

"You will find yourself offering Mark Benney all the laurels with which the English critics were so generous. 'Witty,' 'subtle,' 'profound,' 'a sudden revelation,' 'will be the envy of novelists' — the book is all that." — *Saturday Review of Literature.*

Angels in Undress

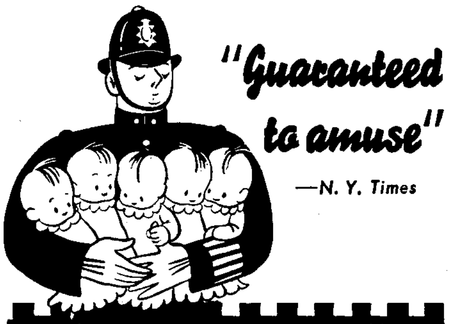
THE AMAZING AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
Mark Benney
$2.50 RANDOM HOUSE

us, it does. When Mr. Peattie wishes to speak of a variety of moth, it is cunning and effective to write "the great cecropia, the mysterious soft giant of all his tribe." The technical word sets off and enhances the more conventional poetic phrase, lends the words weight and even a sort of mystery. To call modern cities ant heaps is journalese; to call them "human termitaria" is not furiously original, but the words give just that faint push to the imagination which removes them from banality. Take another sentence: "Now in this handful of earth are all life's primal characteristics: the protean shape always individual, the lingering smell of it in the nostrils, the feel of it, resilient, elastic, mucous and colloidal in the fingers." What might have been a literary fancy is suddenly given precision, and therefore poetic value (poetry being speech at its most precise), by the words "mucous" and "colloidal." Or am I imagining things?

I am so fervent and unashamed an admirer of Mr. Peattie's prose that I am sure he will forgive me for pointing out the dangers that lie within his very talents. There is, first of all, the peril of mannerism; Robert Louis Stevenson is here the classic warning example. Mr. Peattie escapes this peril constantly, but just barely. Allied with it is the peril of lyricism; that is, the kind of lyricism proper to lyric poetry, but which gives the effect of strain when it is fed into prose. Finally, there is a kind of emotional vagueness, the Thomas Wolfe note, to which Mr. Peattie is prone, though he is much quieter about it than is Mr. Wolfe. The universe is no doubt terrible and the universe is no doubt wonderful, but it is pretty hard to make new and fresh comments on these facts. Mr. Peattie is most admirable when most concrete, when reflecting on "the first premises of Nature." His is not the cosmic line, and he will do nicely to avoid it. I believe also that he might well give freer rein to his wit. A man who can call Gray's celebrated rhymed editorial a "condescending elegy for the lower classes" can say other things as salty and apposite, and I for one should like to hear more of them.

But these are minor cavillings. "A Book of Hours" is lovely—that seems to be the thing to remember—even though not quite as fine as "An Almanac for Moderns." It is illustrated by Lynd Ward, in a would-be Blake manner with a dash of Rockwell Kent. These drawings are amiable enough, but I doubt that the book needs illus-

THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW
SPRING 1937
Dictatorship and Property Calvin B. Hoover
The Angelic Vices . . G. R. Elliott
The South's Unbalanced Budget David Cushman Coyle
High Road to Heaven James McBride Dabbs
Letters of Edwin Arlington Robinson to Daniel Gregory Mason Edited by Daniel Gregory Mason
Poetry . Robert P. Tristram Coffin, Robert Francis
Mary Austin, Woman Alone Dudley Wynn
Prude's Progress . Lionel Stevenson
Blake and the New Age Kerker Quinn
Discussions of New Books . Julius W. Friend, R. P. Blackmur, Walter L. Myers, Ford K. Brown, Charles Frederick Harrold, J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton, Thomas Perkins Abernethy, Eugene M. Kayden
The Green-Room
3.00 The Year 75 cents a Copy
PUBLISHED AT
THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA



I Would Be Private
By ROSE MACAULAY
"Not quite respectable"—that was what Officer McBrown and his young wife felt when quintuplets arrived. All they wanted was to be alone. But the world thought otherwise, and pursued them—even on the amazing tropical island to which they fled. "Pure unbridled farce . . . fast, funny, inventive."—*N. Y. Times* $2.50
HARPERS

SPRING called to this sensitive butcher . . . artist in sausages . . . novice at intrigue. It dropped him plump in the midst of smugglers, thieves and a siren, all intent on stealing his unwelcome package, THE MISSING MINIATURE. Get this Continental favorite at your bookstore today. $2

Advertisement

trations. They supply a kind of keepsake, even precious, note; just the thing to be avoided, I should say.

ARCHIE BINNS' "Lightship," a memorable book, wasn't a novel at all, but at least it was a collection of pretty good short stories whose masquerade as a novel you could easily forgive. "The Laurels Are Cut Down" is not a novel, though it looks like one, and it is not a collection of short stories, either. I fear its flaws of structure will make the reader so uneasy that he will tend to overlook the virtues of a few fine episodes in the first half of the book.

The subject is familiar: the superiority of our pioneer ancestors over us wretched mortals. I do not believe that the pioneers were any nobler than the post-pioneers, but Mr. Binns does, and if you aim to swallow his novel, you'll have to swallow the thesis too. He demonstrates it first by offering a short, and I must say confusing, brief narrative of the early settlers of the Puget Sound country. Then we are introduced to two likable young fellows, George and Alf Tucker. George and Alf represent, I guess, the reappearance in modern dress of Mr. Binns' beloved frontiersmen and frontierswomen. The narrative reaches its high point (and a very satisfactory one, too, if you are able to divorce it from the rest of the book) when George and Alf, yearning for adventure, sail the Bering Sea in their small sloop, with sleet and ice weighing the boat down, and Arctic silences all about them. This is first-rate action stuff. But when Alf and George come back and fall in love with the same girl, we seem to be in sadly familiar country.

Then the story breaks abruptly in two. The boys go to Siberia as members of the expeditionary force under General Graves. There they learn that they must fight to subdue an unidentifiable revolution and that they must ally themselves with White Cossack sadists. This doesn't make sense to them. George is murdered by one of the Whites and Alf comes back to find the girl hasn't waited for him, and also to find a Red-baiting America which affronts his honest soul. It all fades away into vagueness.

There are really two stories here: the youth of Alf and George, which naturally forms a long short story and which Mr. Binns handles well, and the Siberian episodes, which somehow don't seem to fit into a fictional pattern. They cry out, rather, for the disentangling hand of the historian. But Mr.

Comfort in the clouds . . .

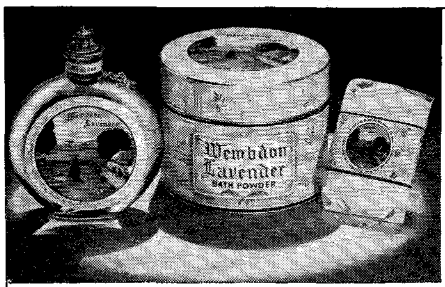
Imperial Airways' 28 new double-decked Empire flying-boats are the most comfortable in the world. Each has four large cabins, including a smoking-room and a spacious promenade. Meals are served from a kitchen on board. With four engines developing a top speed of 200 m p h, they offer the speediest travel over the British Empire and from London to the Continent.

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

EUROPE · AFRICA · INDIA · THE ORIENT · AUSTRALIA
Bookings and information from any office of Cunard White Star Ltd., who are General Agents for Imperial Airways in the United States.

ISIS

Since the days of Nefertiti and Cleopatra, Egyptian women have used Kohl to beautify their eyes. Here is ISIS in modern form—safe, tear-proof, smear-proof, clinging. In seven colors—black, brown, mystery, blue black, green, blue, violet. Sold in the better shops, $1.50.
NILE COSMETICS, 400 EAST 59th STREET, NEW YORK



Wembdon Lavender

Cologne	$.35 to $1.35
Soap (box of 3).	.45 to 1.00
Talc	.35 and .85
Sachet	.65 to 1.25
Bath Salts	.45 to 1.35
Body Powder ...	.85

At better drug and dept. stores

Fields of Lavender Brought to You . . .

House of Wembdon, Inc., New York

Restaurant
LARUE
PRESENTS
By Popular Request
the Return Engagement of

FRANCES MADDUX
APPEARING NIGHTLY AT 10:30
AND FOR SUPPER
featuring
EDDIE DAVIS
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
INTERNATIONAL TANGO ORCHESTRA
Nightly for dinner and after theatre
LUNCHEON SERVED
SATURDAY ONLY
45 E. 58 ST. VOlunteer 5-6374

CAFE CONTINENTAL
Luncheon . . . $1.25
Club Lunch . . . 1.00
Dinner 2.00
Specialties included in the Prix Fixe
Supreme of Guinea Hen Continental
Croustade of Red Partridge
Pheasant in Pineapple
ADLER & TAUBMAN
Violin • Piano • Miniature Organ
play during dinner till closing
10 E. 52d St. • Wickersham 2-8952
CAFE CONTINENTAL

"OLD" NEW ORLEANS CHICKEN DINNER
$1.00
CREOLE GUMBO
HALF SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN
CANDIED YAMS
CORN FRITTER WITH MAPLE SYRUP
SALAD BOWL HOT BREAD
CREOLE RUM CAKE
POT OF COFFEE OR GLASS OF WINE
Served from 5 to 8.30 P.M.
AT THE
Sazarac
NEW YORK
10 WEST 47th ST.,
112 GREENWICH ST.,

Binns can write. Perhaps in his next novel he may learn to construct as well.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

•

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

PEOPLE ON THE EARTH, by Edwin Corle. What happens to an Indian with a white man's education? Mr. Corle says he is neither red nor white, he has lost the old culture and cannot understand the new. But the author provides a solution for his Navajo boy that seems reasonable and happy. A book which makes the palefaces sound rather mean and describes the Indian way of life as something very gentle and beautiful.

RIVER GEORGE, by George W. Lee. And what happens to a Negro with a white man's education? Like the Indian, he has lost identification with his own people and is not accepted by his white brother, and Mr. Lee will admit no happy ending. The two books complement each other in a thoroughgoing way.

BOY IN BLUE, by Royce Brier. More Civil War, if you don't mind, this time from the Union side. At the battle of Chattanooga, a common soldier thinks about not getting killed, about seeing his girl again, about not getting killed. Mr. Brier fills in the background credibly and writes some stirring battle scenes.

THE COCK'S FUNERAL, by Ben Field, with an introduction by Erskine Caldwell. Short stories, crisply told, about farmers and farmhands who work too hard and don't have any fun. Mr. Caldwell says, "With this book Ben Field has . . . established the working-class story on a solid foundation in America."

BREAD AND A SWORD, by Evelyn Scott. The problem of an artist in an unsympathetic world, particularly in our industrial civilization. Miss Scott's young man wants to write, but he is faced with the necessity of supporting his wife and children at the same time, and the two things seem to be mutually exclusive. Although she is as skillful and as serious as one has learned to expect her to be, Miss Scott is pretty bitter, too. She doesn't give her artist any breaks. Nevertheless, a worth-while book.

GENERAL

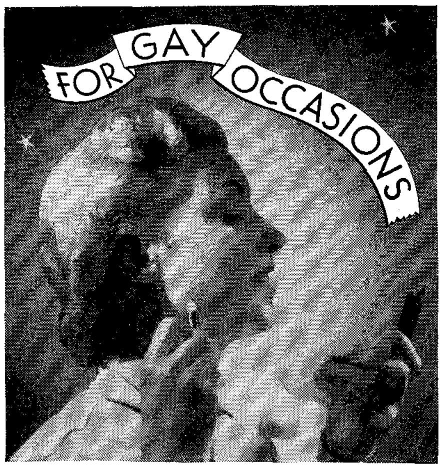
THE WOODROW WILSONS, by Eleanor Wilson McAdoo in collaboration with Margaret Y. Gaffey. A quiet,

COSTUME COLORS FOR FINGER-NAILS
THIS is the spring when old shades won't do . . . you're going to have these new "rosy shades" in finger-nails to set off your delicate beige, rose-quartz or Coronation blue ensemble.
● ASK YOUR MANICURIST to apply these smart new shades, or buy a regular-size bottle (50 cents) on our money-back guarantee.
PEACH
BLUSH
ACORN
SUNRISE
SUNSET
PLUM RED
MAROON
La Cross
NEWARK, N. J.
CREME NAIL POLISH

NEW YORK'S
CAPEHART
SPECIALIST
THE
Gramophone Shop INC
18 EAST 48th STREET • NEW YORK CITY

PAINTINGS BY
IRENE RACZ
April 15—April 30
TRICKER GALLERIES
19-21 W. 57th St.

For 25 years—leading American Quarterly of Literature and Public Affairs.
THE YALE REVIEW
Ask to see a copy at Brentano's, Doubleday-Doran's, or your own bookstore. You will be agreeably surprised.



COVERMARK
SPOT-STIK

Play a more glamorous role from dinner-at-eight till dawn with Spot-Stik at hand to keep your complexion ever-flawless! Conceals blemishes instantly! Smart to use anywhere, any time. Use Covermark *Cream* for birthmarks, etc., or for evening makeup. *Stays* on, without retouching! (8 shades)

COVERMARK
SPOT-STIK

At Dept. and Drug Stores
Patented © 1937 L. O'L. Inc.

Lydia O'Leary INC.
SALON: 551 FIFTH AVENUE

The NEW
RESTAURANT
de la PAIX

DINNER PRIX FIXE
from $1.50 to $2.25
Delicious, different and succulent dishes from famous French recipes . . . served in the Continental manner.
JACK SHERR and HIS ORCHESTRA
Cocktails • Dinner and Supper Dancing
at the ST. MORITZ *On-the-Park*
50 CENTRAL PARK SO., NEW YORK

ROGER SMITH
Restaurants
Food and drink fit for New York's epicures—at an unequaled low price!
There's a Roger Smith near you.
Luncheon 50c Dinner $1
Double Sparklers from 25c

domestic, affectionate account of life with Father. Father was a professor, then university president, then governor, finally President of the United States, but Mrs. McAdoo stresses the man, his family, and his friends rather than the steps in a great career. Photographs.

We Cover the World, edited by Eugene Lyons. Proceeding on the nervy assumption that the public is hungry for more stories by foreign correspondents, fifteen of the best of them contribute yarns throwing light on what has seemed most significant to them in their careers.

In the American Jungle (1925-1936), by Waldo Frank, with photographic decorations by William H. Field. An interesting collection of essays, speeches, literary pieces, and personality sketches, by one of the most thoughtful and exploratory of current American writers.

Garden Rubbish and Other Country Bumps, by W. C. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman. More wild and woolly puns and japeries anent gardening and the outdoor life, by the authors of "1066 and All That." Will Cuppy provides reflective footnotes, somewhat funnier than the text.

Denmark: Kingdom of Reason, by Agnes Rothery. The third of Miss Rothery's pleasantly informative books on these little Scandinavian near-Utopias. Good photographs.

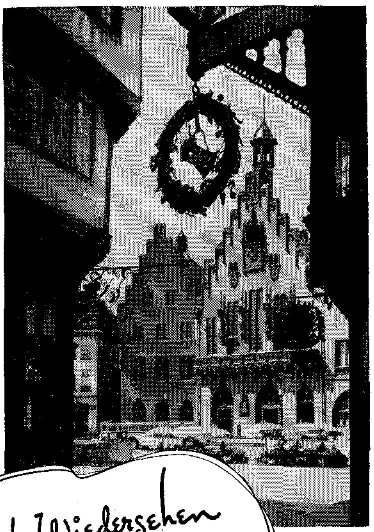
Yoga: A Scientific Evaluation, by Kovoor T. Behanan, Ph.D. An authoritative appraisal and description which seems more sensible than similar guides to infinity.

The Conquest of Power, by Albert Weisbord. Two heavy and learned volumes, giving you the complete lowdown, from the Marxist viewpoint, on the meaning, history, and variations of all the isms that may have been bothering you—Liberalism, Anarchism, Syndicalism, Socialism, Fascism, and Communism.

Washington, City and Capital. The second of the larger volumes to be published in the American Guide Series, prepared by the Federal Writers Project of the WPA. It contains 1,140 pages of information, covering apparently everything—and we mean everything—concerning the Capital. Clumsily designed, but otherwise an admirable super-Baedeker.

VERSE

Eugene Onegin, translated by Dorothea Prall Radin and George Z.



Auf Wiedersehen in Germany

Let us meet in Germany where Old World grandeur and 20th Century travel comfort, magnificent scenery and the gay spirit of a festive year form a splendid combination for a grand vacation. Happy holidays in the Black Forest, the Bavarian Alps, in Munich and Berlin—with streamlined trains and glass observation cars as modern as tomorrow. Joyful trips along the romantic Rhine, famous in song and story. For this is—

FESTIVAL YEAR IN GERMANY

Revel in the tradition of Wagner at the world's finest presentations of his immortal works during the Bayreuth Wagner Festivals. Dream with the romantic melodies of Mozart and Strauss at the Munich Opera Weeks. Visit the great Art Expositions at Berlin, Dresden and Munich, and the Exposition "Nation at Work" at Duesseldorf. Join the festive throngs in ancient Nuremberg. Re-live your student days at dear old Heidelberg. Enjoy the reconstruction of health at Germany's world-renowned spas. Let the spirit of merrymaking captivate you at picturesque folk festivals in medieval walled towns. Warm-hearted hospitality will add charm to your pleasant travel adventures.

GERMAN RAILROADS INFORMATION OFFICE
665 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

All at surprisingly small cost. Railroad fares in Germany reduced 60%. Travel Marks in the convenient form of travelers checks are available at about 40% below regular Reichsmark quotations. Consult your travel agent or write for special folder, "Auf Wiedersehen in Germany" to Dep't 21.

Ship Ahoy!

● A prominent sea searcher reports to us that he has never found sightlier sea searching than at The Claridge, Atlantic City's seaside skyscraper. No searching is needed, however, to discover the hospitality, comfort and charm of The Claridge.

European Plan: Single from $4.50 Double from $7. *Also American Plan.* Joseph P. Binns, Mgr.
N. Y. Office: 500 5th Ave. · CHick 4-6699

Hotel
CLARIDGE
"The Skyscraper by the Sea"
ATLANTIC CITY

ISHAM JONES
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Enduring favorite of millions of Americans who sing his song hits, thrill to his broadcasts and dance to his music ...Now playing nightly in

The BLUE ROOM

Special Dinner $1. Deluxe Dinner from $1.25. No cover charge at dinner. Supper cover: Weekdays 50c, Saturdays $1.

Hotel LINCOLN
44TH TO 45TH STS. AT 8TH AVE. · NEW YORK

Patrick. A workmanlike version of Pushkin's masterpiece which follows the strict form of the original less closely than the Deutsch-Yarmolinsky translation.

MYSTERIES

THE CASE OF THE DANGEROUS DOWAGER, by Erle Stanley Gardner. Perry Mason, who never was one to take the easy way out, meets a client with an equally devious mind. Even faster and more furious than previous books of the series, and just as likely to satisfy admirers of the hard-boiled lawyer-detective.

ONE MAN'S MUDDLE, by E. Baker Quinn. The first creditable British representative of the tough school makes a tardy appearance. This is a tightly woven, exciting account of the misadventures of an ex-convict, related by him in a jargon that he presumably picked up in America.

THE CANDLE, by Linton C. Hopkins. Several reputable citizens of Atlanta, Georgia, find their lives disrupted by the loss of a priceless secret formula. Confusing at first, this one settles down into well-organized, if slightly hysterical, form.

THE RED BOX, by Rex Stout. Nero Wolfe leaves his orchids for the first time to solve the case of the poisoned fashion model. This one has practically everything the seasoned addict demands in the way of characters and action; you may guess the motive, but the mechanism is properly obscure.

THE CLUE OF THE SILVER CELLAR, by Miles Burton. Scotland Yard tracks down the missing wife of a country medico. Method rather than madness is the keynote, making it a mystery for those with a detailed turn of mind.

CHALLENGE, by H. C. McNeile. A colossal international plot is uncovered by our old friend Bulldog Drummond. An expert handling of familiar material, ending with an escape which would be a credit to Pearl White.

(*NOTE: For our readers' convenience a list of recently recommended books appears on this page in the first issue of each month.*)

•

WANTED—A MARRIED MAN ON A LARGE poultry farm to brood chicks in the spring. References required. Box 264.—*Adv. in Vancouver Daily Province.*

There must be some squatter in the neighborhood who'd do it.

Bit of all right, that place

An old campaigner like Colonel Chipperhale learns to find the best of everything anywhere he goes. "... so in Philadelphia I put up at the Warwick. Fellow I'd met in Paris told me of their really superb food by a chap named George Lamaze. Soon discovered everything else was top-hole, too. Stayed on quite a while. Bit of all right, that place!"

The hotel Warwick
THE PLACE TO STAY IN
Philadelphia

NATIONAL
Premium
PALE DRY BEER

NATIONAL PREMIUM PALE DRY BEER

- one of the world's costliest beers

•

The correct drink
with the meat course

•

NATIONAL BREWING COMPANY
of Baltimore, Maryland
New York Office, 3 Bedford Street
Phone, WAlker 5-7283
CHARLES & CO. · NEW YORK DISTRIBUTORS
· DISTRIBUTORS PLEASE WRITE DIRECT TO BALTIMORE ·

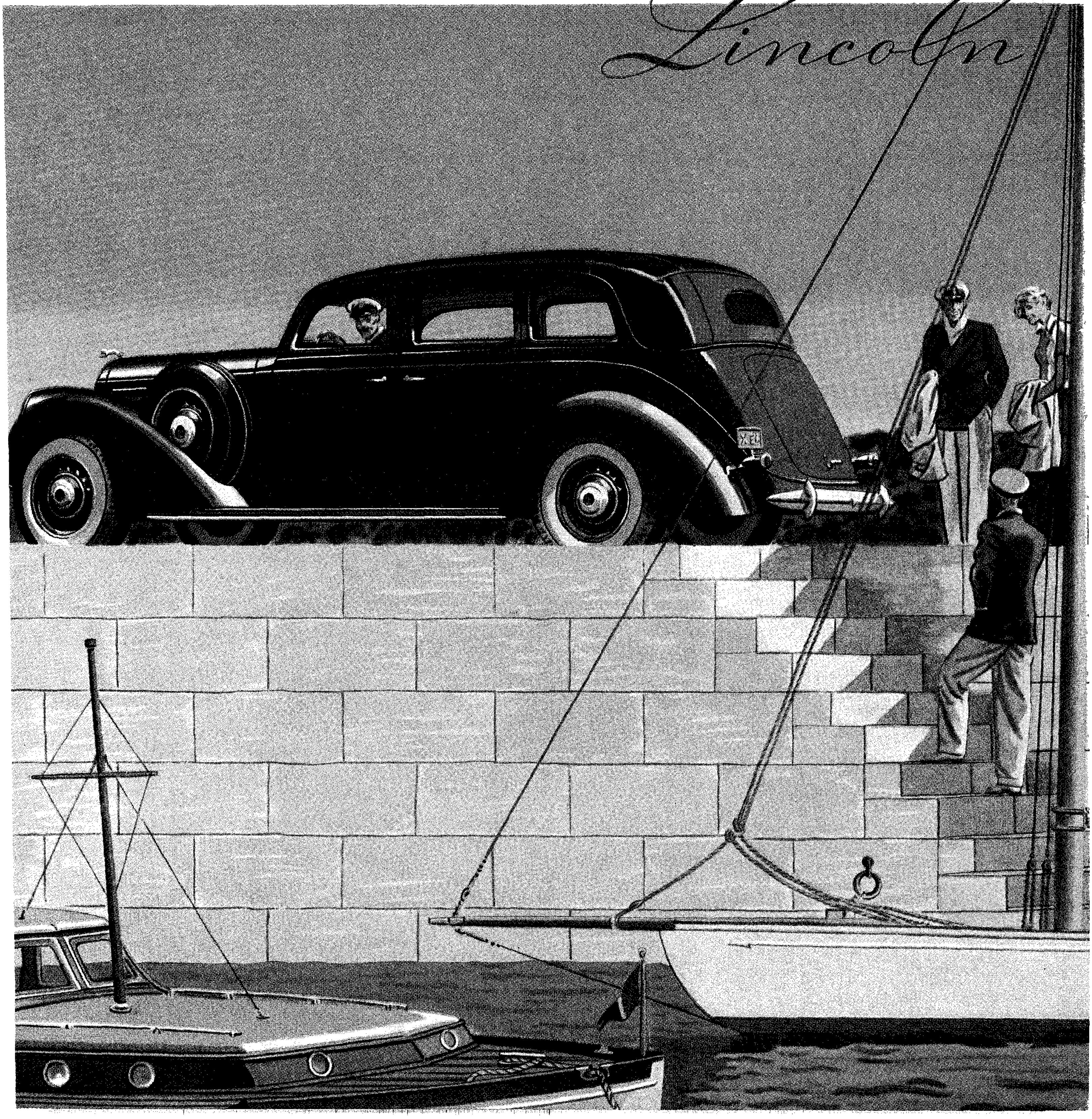
★ AS RANCH ENTHUSIASTS ★
We gladly give first hand information on reliable North and Southwestern ranches and make reservations for them.
Vacation Advisers
9 East 46th St., New York, N. Y. WIckersham 2-2730
Naturally, no charge for service

DINE AT
PORTOROSE
FAMOUS FOR ITS
CAPRI PARTRIDGES
ORTOLANI BIRDS
Finest Italian Kitchen
154 WEST 13th STREET
STuyvesant 9-9122 Ask for Harry

More than ability to purchase enters into the ownership of any fine thing—seaside home, or sloop, or motor car. Taste and judgment must play their part. They are reflected clearly by those who choose the Lincoln. And they guide unerringly all those who design and build it. . . . There need be no mystery about the position that this motor car holds in the American scene, and throughout the world. It has only one standard of engineering, of designing, of workmanship — and that the highest. In its building there is no hurry, no straining. Every last detail shows finished, patient workmanship. No appointment, however small, that can contribute to luxury or comfort or safety is overlooked. Sweeping, graceful lines heighten that distinction which is Lincoln's tradition. . . . The famous V-12 cylinder engine welcomes every test of the road. . . . There are twenty-one body types, including custom designs by Brunn, Judkins, Le Baron and Willoughby. Lincoln Motor Company, builders of Lincoln and Lincoln-Zephyr motor cars.

THE *Lincoln*

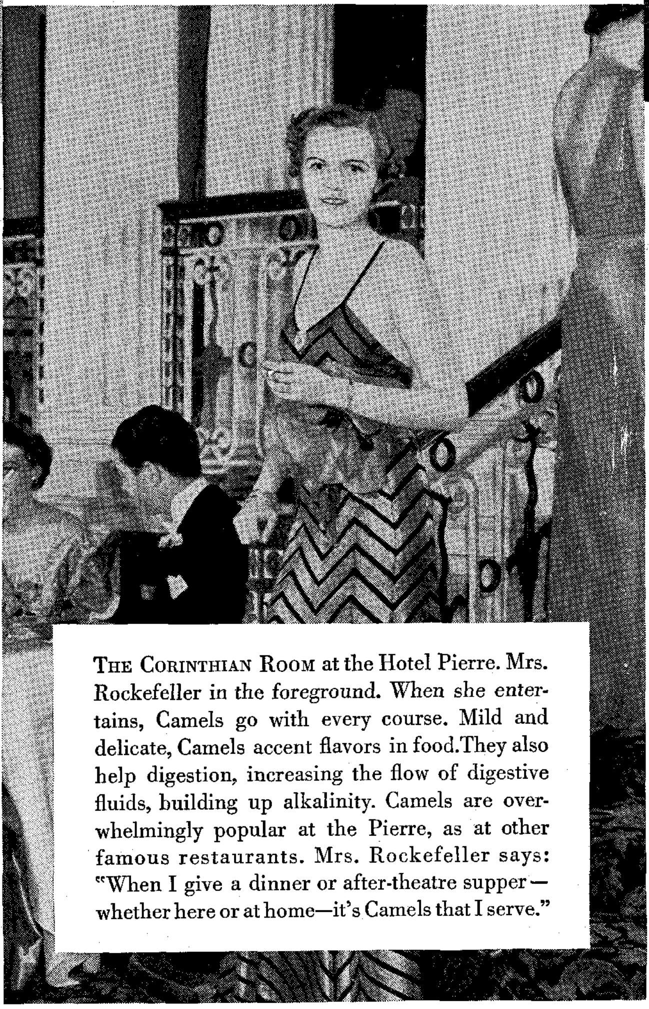
THE WILLOUGHBY LIMOUSINE



ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUNG MRS. ROCKEFELLER PILOTS A LOW-WING MONOPLANE

MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., of New York and Allenhurst, is an aviation enthusiast. She favors jodhpurs, windbreaker, and close-fitting helmet. Flies a low-wing monoplane. Has had several thrilling experiences in the air. "I've been caught in heavy fog," she says. "That's enough to shatter anybody's nerves. My first thought, when I put my feet on firm ground, was to smoke a Camel. Smoking Camels eases up my nervous tension—sets me right again. I can smoke all I like—and they never tire my taste. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel'—and *fly* a thousand!"



THE CORINTHIAN ROOM at the Hotel Pierre. Mrs. Rockefeller in the foreground. When she entertains, Camels go with every course. Mild and delicate, Camels accent flavors in food. They also help digestion, increasing the flow of digestive fluids, building up alkalinity. Camels are overwhelmingly popular at the Pierre, as at other famous restaurants. Mrs. Rockefeller says: "When I give a dinner or after-theatre supper—whether here or at home—it's Camels that I serve."

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Alexander Black, *Los Angeles*
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *New York*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, *Boston*
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, *Virginia*
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, *New York*
Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, *Baltimore*
Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., *Chicago*
Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, *Pasadena*
Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, *New York*

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE... SMOKE CAMELS!

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Costlier Tobaccos

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.